Collier's

MARCH 21, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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A SHORT ST

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This Fine Whiskey Is Not Expensive

YOU would expect G & W Whiskey... with its rich flavor, rare aroma and 110-year tradition of excellence . . . to rank as high in price as it does in quality. Yet the pleasant fact remains that G & W is not expensive at all! ★ This happy combination of honest goodness and low cost has won for Gooderham & Worts countless thousands of enthusiastic supporters over nearly six generations. And today, *more people call for liquors bearing the G & W label than ever before.* ★ Try G & W Five Star or Private Stock—featured at better taverns and retailers everywhere. You'll find these mellow, distinctive whiskeys as pleasing to your pocketbook as they are to your taste.

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LTD., PEORIA, ILLINOIS
Makers of Fine Whiskeys for More Than 110 Years

Insignia of Excellence

DRESS ACCESSORIES AND CREST OF CANADA'S FAMOUS "ESSEX"

ON THIS honored Canadian regiment's Balmoral—shown above with skean dhu, gloves and pipe major's belt from the dress uniform—is the famous crest inscribed with "Always Ready," a motto as true of the Essex Scottish today as during the first World War. ★ Honors won at Ypres, the Somme, Amiens, Cambrai and other great battles speak for themselves as to why this jaunty crest is an outstanding symbol of superiority the world over. ★★★ For 110 years, critics have looked to the G & W label as the insignia of excellence in distilling and blending fine whiskeys.

G&W *Whiskeys*

G&W Private Stock, 86 proof, 72½% grain neutral spirits ★ G&W 2-Star Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits ★ G&W 5-Star Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits

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A farm, a factory, a finished engine —and 243 days

AS THIS is written Buick is now in regular production on airplane engines for Army bombers.

They are, we are told, outstandingly good engines —*the first one put together finished its "green" run, its "tear-down" inspection, and its "final" run with a perfect score.*

That is something of a record, and every engine that has come off the assembly line since is, we are also told, *distinguished in its every part by workmanship and finish that are exceptionally fine.*

That this is true is in no small measure due to the helpful and patriotic cooperation of Pratt & Whitney under whose license we build, and we wish publicly to acknowledge it here.

Just 243 days sped by, from the morning the ceremonial spade first broke ground on the prairie farm that was our new factory site, to the night the first finished engine went to the Army.

In that narrow bracket of time, new plants were built, old ones converted, special plant layouts devised, machines and tools designed, ordered and installed, crews trained, techniques perfected.

Six months after ground was broken on one vast new factory, the keys were turned over, and into that plant alone had gone 10,000 tons of steel, 3,000,000 bricks, 145,000 panes of glass, more than 250 miles of electric wires and cable.

Two months later productive work started, and today in the roaring test cells of that factory the great engines in steady procession proclaim with mighty voice that this vital war project is a producing reality.

VICTORY is our Business GM GENERAL MOTORS

Meanwhile, the original production program was doubled, then doubled again, until it quadrupled the initial schedule.

And this is only one phase of the part Buick has undertaken in the nation's war effort — we are driving ahead on the production of heavy tanks, gun mounts, shells and other war goods toward a volume that will absorb the skills and energies of 40,000 men.

We believe that in the swift progress we have so far made, our countrymen will discern anew the undefeatable capacity of America.

We men of Buick like to look upon it, also, as our way of remembering Pearl Harbor.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES (war goods) ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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Picture OF THE MONTH

GREER GARSON
WALTER PIDGEON
"MRS. MINIVER"

DIRECTED BY:.....*William Wyler*
PRODUCED BY:....*Sidney Franklin*
BASED ON *Jan Struther's novel*
SCREEN PLAY BY:
James Hilton and R. C. Sherriff
STARS: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon*
FEATURED ARTISTS:
Dame May Whitty, Teresa Wright, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

REVIEW IN BRIEF: Every once in a while the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer embark on "something important." In the case of "Mrs. Miniver" they have entrusted Jan Struther's heartstring tug to scenarists James Hilton and R. C. Sherriff, both biggie authors on their own. Mr. Hilton wrote the well-known "Mr. Chips" and Mr. Sherriff the equally w.k. "Journey's End." Sidney Franklin, the producer who did the entrusting, is noted for his meticulous supervision, and William Wyler is no mean man with the megaphone. To play the main parts no more perfect duo could have been decided upon than Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. In fact the whole cast is right out of "Who's Who" in the theatre. It is a really fine result and one that this column can do handsprings about which is no snide feat even for this acrobatic mentality. "Mrs. Miniver" is simple—as aren't all great things?—human, personal, true and therefore exciting to the maximum degree. Love and laughter are there. Surface light-heartedness and deep down significance. Who can be stonily immune from such a contemporaneously stirring work?

NOVEL NOTE: Added attendance should result from the faithful (in spirit) adaptation of this Book-of-The-Month.

EPISODE OF SLY AMUSEMENT: Mrs. M. buys a chapeau and feels a little funny about it.

DREAM TEAM: Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon make a couple you'd be pleased to spend the evening with. Of course Greer alone wouldn't make a bad evening either.

HATS OFF DEPARTMENT: To all concerned for a grand film. To M-G-M and the entire movie industry.

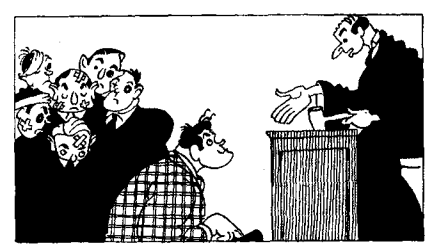
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	South America
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor		

Collier's

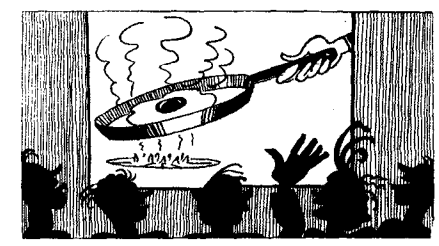
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

ANY WEEK

IT IS our somewhat painful duty to report that there are Americans who have nurtured the war spirit with a little too much body and not quite enough soul. We gather that our official propaganda is responsible in that it lacks co-ordination. There are plenty of propagandists in Washington but, if we read our mail aright, they're not playing together. There are plenty of co-ordinators too—lacking co-ordination. We've got a long letter from Mr. George Resnor Haynter of Denver, Colorado, about it. A sentence will give you some idea of the quandary that has reduced his morale batting average to hat-size figures. "Honest," cries Mr. Haynter. "I've got so that I'm afraid to take a good long drink of water for fear that Leon Henderson and the F.B.I. will be sweeping out a cell for me." From another confessedly confused but more than merely satisfied reader of this alert magazine, Mrs. B. F. Merriwin of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, we receive the complaint that only those who write our government's financial legislation are obeying the President's injunction to look at our current situation with realism. As we see it, Mrs. Merriwin objects to newspaper and radio condemnation of everything done and said by our enemies as treachery and falsehood, and everything by ourselves or our allies as brilliant and truthful. She wishes that printed and broadcast information about the sinking of United Nations ships by Axis submarines would omit the invariable words "without warning." So do we. We're on Mrs. Merriwin's side in that she'd "bet my last pound of sugar and my soon irreplaceable girdle that no United Nations warship gives its Axis victim warning before blasting it to kingdom come. If they do," she concludes, "they're saps." If we're asked to name what we'd do about all this, we'd urge that our government's propagandists be sent to the Post Office Department for training. In December we wrote a letter to Mr. Dick Wilson, United Press correspondent in Manila. The post office has just returned it to us unopened. Neatly stamped upon the envelope were the words: "Returned to Sender. Service Temporarily Suspended."



AND that's about all we have on that subject except that Mr. Bert De Witts of Detroit, Michigan, says that a gentleman named Hans Bertinch was arrested in that tireless city for assault and battery upon the persons of six steel workers all of whom were in court in various stages of ruin. Mr. Bertinch, however, looked quite spruce. Mr. Bertinch whose mother is Dutch and whose father is Russian was released upon his promise to enlist at once in the Army. "Go and may God have mercy on the souls of our enemies," said the judge.



RECENTLY we've been suspicious (shrewd old dog that we are) of the enthusiasm of letters about the unprecedented excitement that the Grable-Ameche picture, Moon Over Miami, has caused in London. We haven't seen it. Nevertheless we didn't believe that it made Englishmen forget the war and that it had a more salubrious effect upon British morale than would the arrival of a million Yankee soldiers. Therefore we've kept quiet about it—and discover now that we've been wrong. We've just heard from Mr. Elkan Allan of Fleet Street, London. Moon Over Miami is perishing the Limies, says he. "It isn't Grable nor is it Ameche, the dances, the songs nor the moon that fills the theater night after night," reports Mr. Allan. "In a way you might say that the film has laid an egg because audience-collapse sets in when somebody in the middle of the show fries one. There it is for the multitudes to see, a glorious close-up of an egg frying in technicolor. Egg-a-fortnight England returns night after night to scream at the sight of that almost forgotten delicacy. That fifty feet or so of fried egg is the talk of the best, still-standing West End mansions. The lower classes are spending their last shilling to fetch unbelieving children to see it. The Home Office was thinking of banning the picture because audiences were leaving shouting 'Give us fried eggs.'" And so on. Since writing this it has occurred to us, with that shrewdness mentioned above, that maybe we've fallen for something after all. But it's too late now.

IT WAS our intention to say no more about this but after hearing from Mr. R. C. Saufley of Phoenix, Arizona, and Mrs. Marie D. Kimble, of Quitman,

(Continued on page 28)

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THIS WEEK

MARCH 21, 1942

SHORT STORIES

CHARLES L. CLIFFORD
Philippine Incident. The Filipino who almost made a mistake. Page 1

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR
A Mighty Man Was He. And he met the happy fate of all of his kind. Page 1

JOSEPH KESSELRING
The Antic Assassins of Geary. Direct action by some enterprising octogenarians. Page 2

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Death of a Truck, by Talbot Johns Page 1

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Masquerade in Miami. Conclusion Page 1

PEARL S. BUCK
China Gold. The seventh of eleven parts. Page 3

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI
Three Men and a Girl. The foursome that rules Brazil. Page 13

KYLE CRICHTON
The Corporal Sees His Duty. Further notes on the astonishing career of Cobina Wright, Jr. Page 15

SAM BALTER and HANNIBAL COONS
Iron Man McGowan. The grand young man of ice skating. Page 16

HENRY L. JACKSON
March into Spring. You might as well be well-dressed. Page 18

FRANCIS BIDDLE
Taking No Chances. The Attorney General tells you what we're doing about enemy aliens. Page 21

LESTER PETRIE
The New Honolulu. The mayor of Honolulu speaks for his determined people. Page 22

OUR FIGHTING MEN. Page 50

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

WING TALK. Page 8

EDITORIALS
What We Are Fighting.
Keep Dies on the Job.
How to Be Popular though Married.
Page 66

COVER HARRY MORSE MEYERS

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"We're backing them up"

Marching right along with the armed forces of this country are thousands of telephone workers.

They work side by side with the Army and Navy. Wherever the need is communications, you are likely to find telephone men and their trucks and materials.

Day and night the order is for speed and more speed.

They wear no uniforms, these telephone workers, but men in uniform know how much they are putting into the Nation's biggest job. They see it first-hand and they know it is first-rate.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER THE N. B. C. RED NETWORK

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Show him yourself at your very best . . . chances are your date will be roses and star dust. But remember—you're far from your best when you have "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath). It's something you can't afford to be careless about in a world where your competition is often just as attractive as you are.

What to Do About It

Be on guard against this double offense with Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic—the delightful double precaution that so many popular women use.

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's the result of 8 years' work on the part of experts in the field of oral hygiene. This new paste was created especially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many women say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

And for a sweeter breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

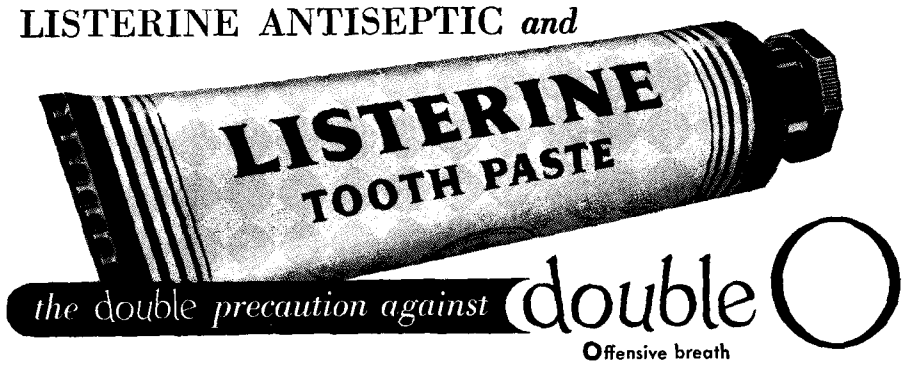
Delightful Daily Double

If you want to make a good impression on others, never neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: Listerine Tooth Paste for an attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *and*



the double precaution against double O

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

One of the oddest tattooing jobs known was that done on a London gentleman a few years ago when he had a hinge with screws tattooed on every joint of his body.—*By Jack Baylis, New York, New York.*

A recent study of various kinds of literature, made to determine the frequency of the use of adjectives, revealed that, for every 100 verbs employed, plays contained an average of 11 adjectives, business letters 19, laws 20, private letters 20, poetry 30, fiction 35, scientific works 76, advertisements 70 and Ph.D. theses 88.

Unlike most fish, certain species of shark, mackerel and tunny do not have an air or gas bladder which would enable them to remain motionless. Therefore, these fish, being heavier than the water which they displace, must constantly keep swimming or they will sink to the bottom.

The first successful "jet-propelled" airplane without propellers, overhead blades or rockets, has just undergone tests in Italy, one of which covered the 168 miles from Milan to Rome at 130 miles an hour. The machine obtains its power from air which flows into its nose, is compressed and heated and then ejected from its tail.

In Tel Aviv, Palestine, whose population of 150,000 consists wholly of Jews, the beginning of the Hebrew Sabbath at sunset on Fridays is heralded by the blowing of trumpets, and all industrial plants, offices and shops, with the exception of restaurants, close their doors within a few minutes. —*By Alice Hale Morris, New York, New York.*

Thirsty camels, when given free rein in the desert, have been known to lead their lost caravans to oases more than a hundred miles away. Furthermore, one of these animals will often drink, within a few minutes, as much as twenty-five gallons of water, weighing more than 200 pounds.

An increasing form of pneumonia is contracted through the daily use of large doses of various kinds of medicinal oils taken internally over a period of time. Not infrequently the oil runs from the throat or nose into the lungs, especially in cases of struggling children and infants lying on their backs, and produces an "oil pneumonia" that is difficult to diagnose or to treat successfully.

The fastest speed ever reached by a human being under his own power was the 108.92 miles an hour which Alfred Letourner attained on a bicycle behind a wind-shielding motorcar at Bakersfield, California, on May 7, 1941.

A very ingenious burglar alarm protects the Chioin Temple in Kyoto, Japan, having been installed when the building was erected as a military headquarters in 1697. The reverberations caused by an intruder walking across the wooden floor produce sound like birds twittering in the rafters.—*By Roscoe Rider, Buffalo, New York.*

Among the many English words whose meanings have been changed in the past two or three centuries are girl, which was originally used to designate children of either sex; hussy, which meant only housewife; villain, which meant a boor; and lumber, which meant discarded or superfluous things.—*By George L. Hadley, Manchester, New Hampshire.*

Probably the most feeble-minded monarch in history was Abdul-Hamid I, Sultan of Turkey from 1773 to 1789. In fact, Abdul was such a violent imbecile that he had been locked in a cage for forty-three years before his elevation to the throne.—*By Richard Cutts, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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Stout hearted men need *strong minds and bodies*

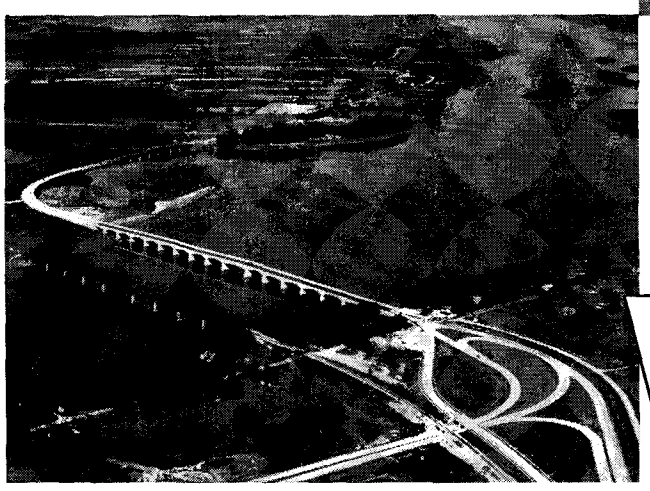
TAKE A TIP FROM YOUR PARTNER, CANADA

SINCE SEPTEMBER, 1939, when Canada went to war, she has accomplished vast things in the mobilization of machinery, money and manpower for Victory. In this sustained effort, she has learned much about the necessity for normal living . . . even in abnormal times.

Tired bodies and jaded minds create dangerous bottlenecks. Work hard but rest intelligently. You will rest better, if, when your work permits, you get away from accustomed sights and sounds to a new and fresh environment.

Beyond the smoking chimneys of Canada's war industries lies the same alluring vacationland Americans knew in times of peace. The same blue lakes, golden prairies and pine-scented woods, the silver-crested mountains, sun-drenched beaches and cool, invigorating air of a Canadian summer. And with all this goes the warm, open-hearted hospitality of Canadian friendship—a friendship stronger than ever . . . now that we are partners in the fight for freedom!

THE VASTNESS OF CANADA—its mountains and endless forests—create a restful setting for every activity. Its great inland lakes and rivers—sunny coastal waters—the great outdoors—plus all the delightful recreational facilities and comforts a modern people have created, are here for your enjoyment.



If you cannot come to Canada by motor car this summer, remember that popular vacationlands throughout the Dominion are easily reached by other transportation facilities from all principal points in the U. S. A.

IN THE BRACING CLIMATE and scenic grandeur of Canada, golfing, hiking, camping, riding, swimming, sailing, canoeing, or loafing are more exhilarating. In the lakes and streams you'll find trout, salmon, muskies, bass, pike—wily fighters to boast about when you're back at work. Game is here, for hunting with gun and camera. And the rustic cabins and camps make an interesting contrast to the modern accommodations in Canada's up-to-date hotels, inns and resorts.

Refit yourself in **CANADA**

YOUR VACATION DOLLAR GOES FARTHER

NO PASSPORTS REQUIRED FOR U.S. CITIZENS
ALL PRICES IN CANADA ARE CONTROLLED BY LAW

Information may be secured from Canadian Railway, Steamship, Airways or Bus Line Offices in the United States, or by writing the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada.

VICTORY MOTOR TRAVEL IN CANADA

Our two nations are united now in an all-out war effort. Due to the war, it is impossible to state definitely what motor travel restrictions will be necessary this summer. Gasoline rationing in Canada becomes effective April 1st. The supply to motorists will depend upon ever changing conditions. If you are planning a trip by motor, we suggest you inquire at your local Automobile Touring Service, or write Canadian Government Travel Bureau for exact information. *This advertisement was prepared in February under the then existing war conditions in Canada.*

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UP TO 28 SELECTIONS IN DECORATIVE ALBUMS

Once in a lifetime comes an opportunity like this! Famous Victor Records . . . Tschaikowsky, Toscanini, Tommy Dorsey, Friml, Horowitz, Strauss . . . all of them yours absolutely free with the purchase of an Admiral Radio Phonograph. Both Red Seal and Black Label 10" and 12" Records included. Titles have been selected for widest popular appeal.

FREE EXCHANGE PRIVILEGE!

If you prefer selections other than those included, you can exchange them for any records of equal value in the complete Victor catalog of over 7000 titles.

AT ALL ADMIRAL DEALERS

See and hear the new 1943 Admiral Radio Phonographs now on display at your Admiral dealer (his name is in your classified phone book). *Continental Radio and Television Corp., 3800 Cortland St., Chicago, U.S.A.

*World's largest manufacturers of automatic record changers. Originators of Slide-A-Way . . . Aeroscope . . . AC-DC-Battery Bantam . . . Tilt-Tuning . . . Touch-O-Matic.

WING TALK

WILLIAM T. HOFF

Ralph S. Damon, ex-boss of American Airlines operations, goes back to manufacturing as Republic's new president. He'll make fighter planes

FORWARD-LOOKING C. R. Smith, president of American Airlines, was in need of help as the year 1935 drew to a close. His far-flung airline system was growing, and growing pretty much like Topsy, too. A level-headed man with a heavy hand at running airline operations was desired and, as the new year dawned, the aviation industry learned that an aircraft manufacturer, of all people, had been selected for the job.

Ralph Damon, successful president of Curtiss Aeroplane & Motor Company, had hardly warmed the vice-president-in-charge-of-operations chair when the most tragic accident in the history of airline transportation in this country up to that moment occurred, on the evening of January 14, 1936, near Goodwin, Arkansas. The plane belonged to American Airlines in regular scheduled flight and fourteen passengers and the crew of three lost their lives.

"Poor Ralph," said his friends in the industry. "What a beginning! Yet you certainly can't blame it on him." In fact you couldn't blame it on anybody. The Department of Commerce and the F.B.I. sweated for weeks trying to find a clue. Neither the Department nor American Airlines wanted the word to go out that the cause was "unknown." Yet the final official government report on that accident concluded: ". . . the probable cause or causes thereof cannot be determined."

But there were enough things discovered in connection with that fatal flight to make remedial measures possible and chief among these was federal prohibition against passengers going into the pilots' compartment of airliners in flight. No airline accident of the nature of the one in question has occurred since.

With that black beginning, Ralph Damon went to work and we will now dissolve the scene and bring it up to May 1, 1941. On that date he was elected president of Republic Aviation Corp., of Farmingdale, N. Y., a concern which has been building fighter planes for the past nine years. What has happened since those dark days of January 1936? Well, the record speaks for itself as far as American Airlines is concerned. Say that everybody in the organization gave Ralph Damon excellent cooperation. They must have, otherwise he would not have been able to integrate a very loosely knit airline system into the splendid organization American Airlines is today.

So what makes him turn up at Republic? Industry gossip says quite frankly that the Army put him there. Put an *airline operations* officer into a job of manufacturing military fighter airplanes? Remember, Ralph Damon had had 15 years of airplane production experience before "C. R." (he likes to be called that) pulled him into his organization. And the record shows that he is "on leave" from his post as operations vice-president of American Airlines.

Ralph has a good product, the up-and-coming Army P-47 which, with the Army Lockheed P-38 has been given the job of patroling the skies from 25,000 feet upward against high-altitude enemy air raiders. Both have been developed specifically for high-altitude operations. He's got a good organization and an experienced chairman of the board in Wallace Kellett. When the war has been accomplished to the satisfaction of everyone on this side of the line, Ralph Damon can, with all modesty, allude to himself as Doctor of Aviation Trouble. But it is most likely that C. R. Smith will give a heavy yank on that string he holds.

FORTY-TWO young women are giving instruction to young men in the Civilian Pilot Training Program. Five of these are assigned to advanced flight instruction, which means an additional 40 to 50 hours for the student on top of the 35 to 50 hours he received in primary training. The advanced course lays emphasis on acrobatics or precision flying; radio navigation and cross-country work.

Here are the five lady advanced instructors, the nucleus of a much larger group to come as the shortage of instructors becomes more acute:

Evelyn Kilgore, San Bernardino, Calif., Lulu Shank, Washington, D. C., who instructs at near-by Congressional Airport, Rockville, Md.; Virginia Snodgrass, Washington, Iowa; Catherine Hickey, Compton, Calif., and Lillian Monasterio, Inglewood, Calif.

Four of Evelyn Kilgore's former students came back for a visit a few days ago. They all wore the uniforms of ensigns in the Navy and each had the precious gold wings of naval aviators

(Continued on page 52)

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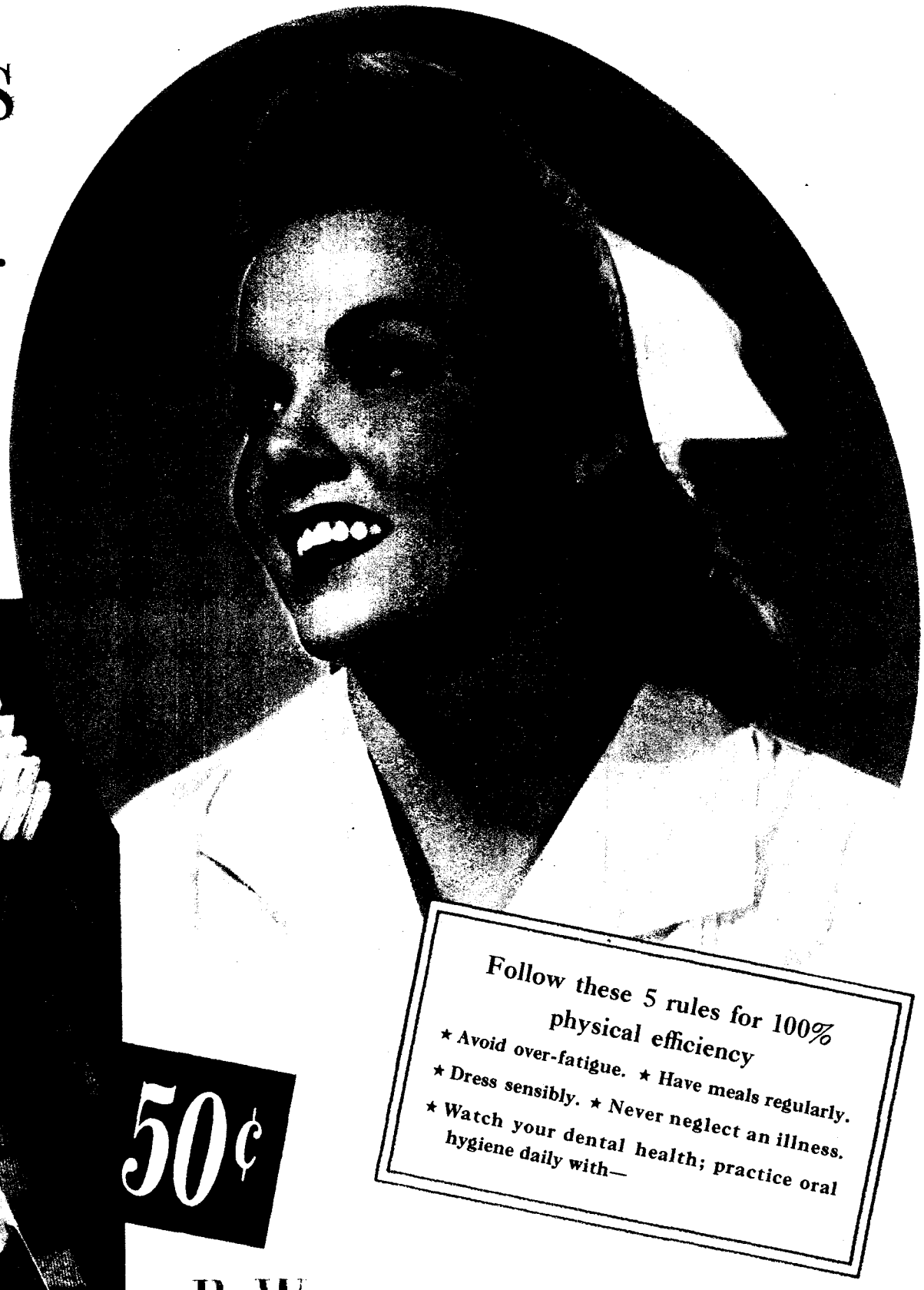
America has a job to do... keep fit!



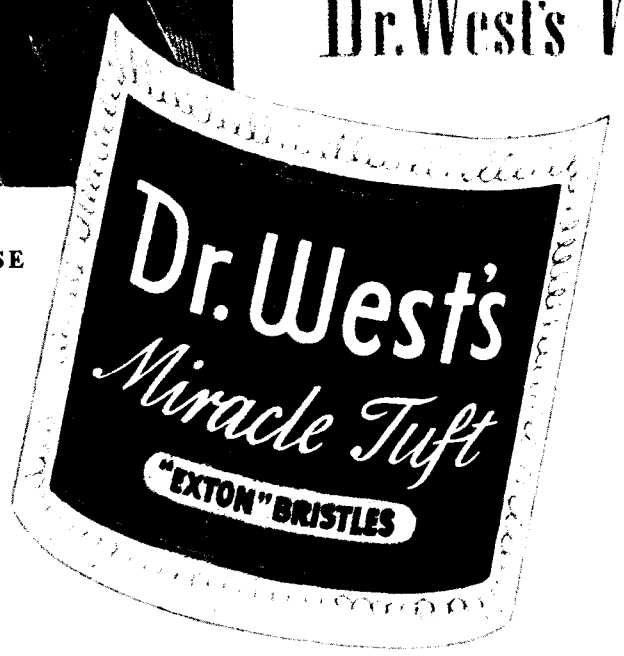
50¢

Follow these 5 rules for 100% physical efficiency

★ Avoid over-fatigue. ★ Have meals regularly.
★ Dress sensibly. ★ Never neglect an illness.
★ Watch your dental health; practice oral hygiene daily with—

Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush

. . . the only brush with amazing "EXTON"



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Exclusive Features

EXCLUSIVE! "Exton" brand bristling for longer life, more efficient tooth-cleansing.

EXCLUSIVE! *Surgically sterile* glass packaging—for 100% germ-free delivery into your hands.

EXCLUSIVE! The only toothbrush proved by millions and millions of sales to give *a full year of effective service.*

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On the firing line, on the production line, or on the home front, keeping fit helps you do your part of America's biggest job—and do it better.

One simple, yet vitally important precaution in any health protective program is proper care of the teeth. And the sure way to cleaner, brighter teeth is a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft.

Miracle-Tuft is a definitely superior tooth cleansing instrument because of several exclusive advantages. Its "Exton" brand bristling gives it extra cleansing power, longer life. An important health guard is its delivery to you in glass—surgically sterile, *germ free.* For one full year of *proved* effective service, get this superior brush today.

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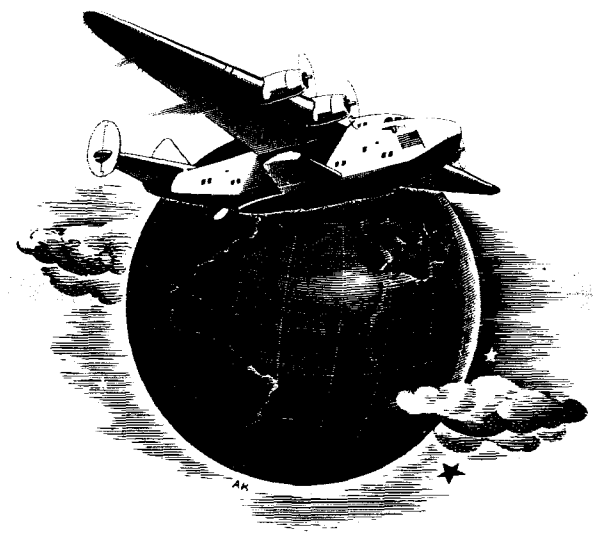
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

answers your questions about its international Clipper services in a world at war



Are regularly scheduled Clipper Ships still operated?

YES—Pan American is maintaining regularly scheduled flights between all points served prior to the United States' entry into the war, except in a few areas where hostilities prevent. The routes of the Flying Clippers have, in addition, been extended to many new destinations, and schedule frequencies increased to others.

Today Pan American's regular services cover a route network of 90,000 miles, and link the U.S. with Europe, Africa, Alaska, Hawaii and with nearly 200 points in the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America.

Is regular passenger service still available by Clipper Ships?

YES—the recent air travel priorities plan announced by the Military Director of Civil Aviation assures a minimum of interference with civilians. On no regular Clipper services are priorities an absolute requisite for passage, though current government need for Atlantic, Pacific and Alaska transportation is such that priority passengers on vital missions require most of the available space. These conditions are subject to fluctuation or change, and anyone desiring Clipper passage—regardless of destination—is hence advised to apply for it in the ordinary way.

The frequency of Clipper service to Latin America provides a substantial amount of accommodations for business and other travelers, expediting stronger commercial and cultural ties between all the American nations, and implementing the Good Neighbor Policy by keeping open these vital arteries of swift, convenient communication and transport.

Is foreign air mail still accepted for transport by Clipper?

YES—Mail is being accepted and transported on all regular Clipper services. It is, of course, now subject to official censorship.

Are international air express shipments still accepted?

YES—Air express shipments are still accepted on all regular Clipper services, except on Pacific and South Atlantic routes. These exceptions are dictated by government requirements for all available cargo space.

Precisely where, when and how frequently are Clippers now operating?

For the present and until announced to the contrary, no further Pan American maps, timetables nor schedule information in any form will be published except for Latin American services. All schedules, public or secret, are being operated on Meridian Time, which is one hour earlier by the clock than "War Time." Passengers booked to destinations not included in published timetables are informed sufficiently in advance when to be ready for departure, and are urged to make no disclosures of that or any other specific information about their Clipper trip. Mail and express to destinations now similarly excluded from published data are handled in routine manner through any Post Office or Railway Express Agency office respectively.

What special factors now enter into Clipper trips?

Subject to any official priority needs, this Company observes precedence of reservation. Persons traveling alone or in couples are most easily accommodated, and the handling of groups is facilitated if they book passage by the alternate routes often available. We are naturally unable at this time to guarantee that confirmed reservations or planned itineraries will not be subject to revisions caused by military necessity. In such cases every effort will be made to serve the public's interest and convenience.

* * *

Today the U. S. Government has first call on every service of the Clipper Corps—the planes, the facilities, the men and women of Pan American Airways. Now our primary job, like that of all American enterprise, is to be an efficient instrument of government policy and strategy for successful prosecution of the war. It is a service we are glad and proud to perform.

We are, nevertheless, keenly aware that civilian patrons of Clipper services are temporarily subject to some inconveniences and sacrifices for which, in wartime, no one wishes apologies. But we are doing, and shall continue to do, all in our power to expedite your passage, your shipments.

One guarantee we can make unreservedly. Pan American's uncompromisingly high standards for maintenance of equipment and for safe operation will continue to be observed at all times, in every detail. And aboard every Pan American Clipper you will find the same considerate attention and friendly service to which those who have traveled with us have been accustomed.

PAA

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 21, 1942

INCIDENT

BY

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A story of heroic resistance in the Philippines, by an author who was once an officer of the Scouts

SIXTO met the bitter look of his father quite calmly. Better yet, he decided, he was managing to color that calmness with something of superiority. His father was dressed in his best khaki, highly starched. The collar ornaments and belt buckle gleamed in the dimness of the room.

The old grandfather, whom everyone called "Viejo," sat back on a worn cane chair enjoying it all. And at his grin, Sixto was emboldened to say:

"You have told me what you think of me; here is what I think of you. I will leave it to Viejo here to decide which of us has the soundest judgment in the matter."

The father frowned and turned his eyes from his son. "It is that lawyer talk. What you may say will be based on fancy words. It can have no concern of the heart."

The grandfather chuckled. "The boy has the making of a brilliant advocate. I have said all along he will become a great politico. Let him say his words, false and flighty as they be. An ilustrado in the family!"

"You have served over thirty years in the Scouts," Sixto said, encouraged. "You have fought against the Spanish before that. You have been wounded: once for Spain and twice for America. At Baksak . . . at Bud Dajo?"

The father, not looking at him, said in a low voice, "Yes, wounds and honor."

"And they gave you an honorable retirement, the Americans. With pay for the rest of your life. So the account is closed."

"And the medals. All those bright medals!" the grandfather broke in.

They all looked at the left breast of the father's stiff blouse. The medals were there, shined, too. And above them the colors of the supporting ribbons. The old man loved those emblems of his son's service. He knew the names of all of them and began to call them out.

"Never mind!" his son said sharply. "I have shame now remembering them. Shame that my only son turns to business and a woman when his country needs him."

Sixto looked at the bamboo floor.

"That is a harsh thing to say. There is no war in my country, as there was when you were my age. And because in time of peace I see no sense in joining the Scouts, becoming a professional soldier, why should this feeling of shame come to you? There are many young men who like the glitter and the false glory of soldiering. Let them go. *I* do not care for such things."

THE father rose and picked up his campaign hat. He stood looking down at his husky son. He said slowly in a low, deep voice:

"I thank God that your sisters are all married to soldiers of the Scouts. What I have in the bank at Vigan is yours. I have arranged that. I would wish to God also that you ride with me now; that a false idea of ambition and a woman had not turned your heart from the proper career for a son of a soldier of the Scouts. Goodby, my son. Goodby, my father."

Outside in the hot sun his horse—Lagarto—stood, head down, his halter shank tied to an old papaya tree. The McClellan saddle was "full packed," the blanket roll neatly strapped to the cantle, the slicker to the pommel. The saddlebags lay full, tautly strapped, ready for the march. In the scabbard, snugly fitted, was the old Krag, picked up years ago, but oiled, smoothly working, as accurate as any he had known.

Sixto reached for her but Paulita would not lay the child down. She clung to the small body and the tears blinded her eyes

The old man and the son followed Sergeant Gruspe to the door of the nipa house. The sunlight hit their eyes, blinding them. The old man cackled, pointing to the horse. "Boy," he called to the father. "A bad day to ride. Only last night I heard the *tik-tik*. In the dead of night. Yes, I heard the evil insect that tells surely of the coming of misfortune—"

"Shut up, Viejo," Sixto said and he was startled by the anger in his own voice. He followed his father to the horse. His father did not once look at him and he felt sad, and suddenly very lonely. But he thought, "They will not take him. He is an old man and crippled from his wounds. They will laugh at him, and that only Viejo can do. I would spare him that."

"Wait," he said to his father. "It is

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Paulita moved toward the Japanese. "My eyes!" he screamed. "She will tear them! Stop her! I am a prisoner of war"

true that love for Paulita makes me want to live in my own town. With my own people. And that the schooling I have had makes me hope for a successful life. Is that then, such a shameful thing? Were peace the lot you had known instead of troublous times, would not that have been a way of life you, too, would have chosen?"

THE father didn't turn. He untied the halter shank deliberately, lifted himself into the saddle, and rode away. All these years he had ridden each day. He had hunted the hills behind the town with the old Krag and he told himself that his body was still strong, his eye still as true as the day he first made Expert Rifleman on the range at Batangas. Almost as good as when he, with glory bursting in him, won the coveted Individual Trophy in competition firing at Camp Keithly, was crowned the highest scorer of the famous Philippine Scouts. But he, too, feared they might laugh and tell him that no way was open for a retired soldier to enter again into their ranks simply because a strange foreboding of battle could not be driven from his heart.

Sixto, his heart heavy, turned back to the house. He said to the old man, trying to grin naturally, "He'll be back in a few days. They'll tell him that he is too old."

"Yes," the grandfather agreed, nodding, "he is too old."

Sixto frowned. "Anyhow—where is this war he speaks of coming from? Some say the Japanese. Just silly talk over the radios. In the town, you know Nagato? Who runs the Japanese shop? Could one be more friendly, polite? Or the boatman, Nishi, with whom I have fished?"

The old man wagged his head and a sly, triumphant look came into his faded brown eyes. "A real ilustrado, that Japanese. Only last week he made me a little gift. A lantern, colored like the sunset for the coming Christmas. And —another gift . . . something precious."

He winked knowingly and pulled his worn *camisa* aside, baring his bony chest. He held his skinny hand as a shield over the v of the shirt. He lowered his voice to a pious whisper: "Come hither, young son. See it closely. My *anting-anting*. Of all I have possessed, this is the most beautiful and the most powerful."

Sixto gazed without awe at the charm. "You had better keep that from the sight of the priest," he said dryly, and as he spoke he remembered something, with a start. He hurried from the house and, disregarding the half-hearted calls of his grandfather, made for the town.

He walked fast along the palm-lined road. The air from the bay coming into his face made him feel good. He forgot his father. He thought only of Paulita and that her birthday was soon. She would be seventeen. Seventeen years he had known her, loved her probably.

They had gone to school together: had learned English, Spanish and all the rest. It was only when he had gone to the great city of Manila, to the university to study to be a lawyer, that they had been separated for even a day. And even then he came back on the little interisland steamer for the holidays and for the long, lazy summers. It was then that the real love came; then that they sailed in the dugout that was called a vinta: a Moro boat described by his father from his years of service in Mindanao and worked on day in, day out, by his grandfather and himself.

PAULITA had helped, too. She was better than either of them at the finer carving, the work on the lovely curved prow, the chiseling of the scrollwork and the cutting and sewing of the sails.

Right ahead now, in the town, Paulita would be in the classroom, teaching her young pupils. So he could get the present with no fear of her passing by and discovering him in the act.

He came to the town. It was sleepy, as always. The palms hung lazily over the small plaza, the dogs lay asleep in the cool of the shade.

He paused at the Chino shops and a few of the more prosperous Filipino places, but it was only to savor the glory of shopping. He knew where he would find what he wanted. Thanks to Viejo and his *anting-anting*. For what he meant to buy this day would be an *anting-anting* with real charm. Not a hidden thing to drive away some evil spirit, but a thing that could be displayed proudly and would advertise the fetish of the owner.

He reached the shop of Nagato, the Japanese, and entered proudly.

The man behind the back counter came forward smiling. He wore the eyeglasses of an ilustrado and he had the air of a rich and pleasing man. He bowed and talked pleasantly for a time. For years now Nagato had been a leading citizen of the town of Santa Maria, respected by all and beholden to no one. Many a gift he had made, and many a friend.

He was never too busy to listen, however trivial the story might be. Even to troubles, he listened: especially troubles, Sixto remembered now. And he had, in a way, trouble to confide. He knew this the moment he had seen the ring. It was a beautiful thing: a delicate network of gold in the setting, and the stone was the color of the translucent sea within the reef on certain days. It was the color that Paulita had so often exclaimed at as they sailed in the light wind over the bay in the early morning. . . .

"I cannot afford the ring," Sixto said as Nagato, seeing his complete love for it, put it delicately in his brown hand. "I have only thirty pesos."

(Continued on page 47)

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Three Men and a Girl

By Frank Gervasi

CABLED FROM RIO DE JANEIRO

These four are the brain trusters of Brazil, our biggest, most important neighbor. Brazil wants our lend-lease money and our planes, but she insists on using her own pilots—and don't send any A.E.F., please. Our own military men cast anxious eyes at the Panama Canal and at Dakar and wonder

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Here are three of the four real rulers of Brazil: President Getulio Vargas, Commander Ernani Peixoto, governor of the state of Rio de Janeiro, and his wife Alzira, Vargas' daughter

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Fourth of the inner circle is Air Brigadier Eduardo Gomes, right, conferring with President Vargas. Gomes wants American aid but objects to American fighters in Brazil

BRAZIL is supposed to be a dictatorship—strictly a one-man show. In the sense that bland little Getulio Vargas makes all decisions and issues all orders, this is true. But not all of Brazil's internal and external policies originate with the smiling dictator, who is so mild a fellow that he is neither loved nor hated violently and is therefore likely to rule hitherto politically brawly Brazil for the rest of his natural and healthy life.

Being a smart politician, he rules for the people, insofar as he can without yielding power, although he has suppressed government by the people. He insists that his own particular brand of dictatorship—which resembles the benevolent co-operative state of Portugal's Salazar and has some of the showy millinery of Italy's Fascism—constitutes government of the people. Like Salazar, Vargas isn't given to uniforms and remains strictly a civilian dictator but, like Il Duce's toughies, Brazil's police wear shields bearing the symbolic bundle of sticks and hatchet.

Vargas, who is pleasant, short, stout, with a hooked nose and copper-colored hair, contrasts sharply with the pompous Mussolini, who never asked interviewers nor any but the most important of visitors to sit down. Meeting Vargas is like meeting a man whom you know to be middle-aged but appears to be younger, and who might be a prematurely retired successful businessman or college professor or editor of some highly conservative journal dealing with economics. His manners, unlike Mussolini's, are impeccable. There is nothing of the brusque proletarian about him but he differs from other dictators in one more subtle way. He has his own little brain trust whose members feed him information concerning the state of mind of three principal sources from which Vargas derives his power—army, people and Brazil's economic political relations with the United States. This last source of power is very important. Vargas knows that the future of his regime and the future of Brazil depend at least as much upon his friendship with the United States as upon the good will of the nation's 45,000,000 people and the country's army.

So it develops that, while Brazil's government is outwardly totalitarian, actually it isn't. Vargas' power rests on those three legs. He can't bear down too heavily on any one of three supports without toppling off. And those who constitute the brain trusters, whose job it is to keep the legs of Vargas' tripod equalized, are three men and a girl. In a general way this sprawling, lush land that is bigger than all of the United States, plus an extra Texas, and that is profligately rich in raw materials of peace and war, is ruled by three men and a girl.

One of the men is well-known Oswaldo Aranha, Brazil's Foreign Minister. As a politician, only Vargas outranks him in Latin America. Since Sumner Welles called Vargas "the best politician in America," that rates the Spider, as Aranha is known south of the Rio Grande, pretty high. Some newsmen are still wondering whether Welles forgot one Franklin D. Roosevelt when he spoke of Vargas as America's top politician, but whether he did or didn't, you can see that Aranha rates at least close to the top. He is Vargas' leg in America, the man who steered Brazil away from Europe and toward the United States. Aranha is the man of whom Adolf Hitler said, "I and the German Reich haven't a single enemy in all Brazil except that American Oswaldo Aranha."

The other two men in Vargas' brain trust are relatively unknown to North Americans. They are Air Brigadier Eduardo Gomes and Commander Ernani do Amaral Peixoto, governor of the state of Rio de Janeiro and husband of Vargas' daughter, Alzira, who is the fourth member of El Presidente's intimate tight little oligarchy. Because at the moment he is the dictator's direct pipe line into the army, Gomes rather than Peixoto—who like Count Ciano suffers from the handicap of being the boss' son-in-law—comes next in importance to Aranha.

Gomes might be an unknown to citizens of Wilmington, Kankakee or Oakland, but he is known in Brazil from the jungles of the Upper Amazon to the coffee lands of São Paulo as a hero. He distinguished himself in a dawn-to-dusk revolution against the unpopular reactionary President-elect Arthur da Silva Bernardes, renowned ballot-box stuffer, in July, 1922. Then Lieutenant Eduardo Gomes held Copacabana fort in protest against the election of Bernardes, who was known to have dictatorial aspirations. Gomes, with a handful of fellow officers, was finally driven from the fort, which was assaulted by several hundred soldiers.

Gomes came out shooting. He was said to have been perforated by twenty-eight bullets. Actually he was wounded in one hand. Anyhow, he became the hero he is and the idol of Brazil's liberal element, which desires a return to republican government. This element is still very strong in Brazil, although so long as Vargas refrains from bearing down too hard and continues to follow the lines of his social reforms and industrial development *(Continued on page 59)*

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A Mighty Man Was He

By Samuel W. Taylor
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The intimate love story of an unusually gifted sheepherder

The calf bunted the bucket and Hattie went over backward, with milk all over her. "Why, doggone!" she cried

HOW they met was this way: Hattie Farr was wrestling with the calf, and Gabe just happened in for a drink. To look at Hattie, you'd know in a minute she wasn't cut out for such things. Too little and frail. Too pretty. Too graceful and ladylike, even with a bucket of milk between her knees and a calf ear in each hand. Even cussing in the soft and ineffectual way of a woman.

Gabe stopped by the calf pen to watch. His sheep were grazing among the sage and sulphur bush of the valley, and he'd come up to the dry farm on the foothill plateau to fill his canteen at the windmill. He put his elbows on a post and regarded the struggle studiously. Hattie Farr was wearing blue slacks, a man's shirt with the sleeves rolled up. She was trying to make the calf drink from the bucket between her knees. The calf had other ideas.

"Why don't you," Gabe observed after due consideration, "put one finger in the milk for it to suck on?"

" 'Cause I don't want to be bothered with that every day," Hattie Farr snapped. Then she turned her head quickly, to look at her audience. "Hello. Where did you come from?"

"Them's my sheep below in the valley," Gabe said. "Dropped in to fill my canteen."

Just then the calf bunted the bucket. Maybe Hattie Farr wasn't braced, half turned as she was; or again maybe it was what she saw that put her off balance. Because while Gabe was no movie star for looks, he was definitely a man, big, rawboned, with good shoulders. Anyhow, when the calf bunted the bucket, Hattie went over backward, with milk all over her.

"Why, dog*gone!*" she cried. "You—you—*you*—"

"Let me help you out, ma'am," Gabe said politely. And he proceeded to cuss out the calf for her. That was like Gabe. Whatever you tried, he could do it better. While Hattie got up and wiped herself off, he talked to the calf in picturesque terms—vividly and with force, but without forgetting a lady was present. Gabe was good.

"I believe that's adequate," Hattie said presently, "thank you." Then her lips twitched. Gabe's whole face wrinkled up when he grinned. He had good teeth, white against his deeply tanned skin. They both broke out laughing.

After a good laugh together, they were friends—would have been anyhow; you're friends with everybody in the dry-farm country until you're enemies. You don't see many people, is why. Anybody three, four, fifteen miles away is a friend, just because he's a neighbor.

BUT this was a little special to Hattie Farr. She filled Gabe's canteen from the bucket in the kitchen, and asked him to sit down while she got him a piece of cake. Though she didn't at the moment stop to think that this was the first time in two years—almost two years and a half, in fact, since Frank died—that she'd enjoyed the company of a man.

"You must be Gabe Billings," she said. Everybody knows a little about everybody else in the dry-farm country. In the three years since she and Frank had moved onto the dry farm she'd seen Gabe's sheep come past below for the weed range in the spring, before he took them into the mountains for the summer, and, as now, back again into the valley after fall rains, on his way to wintering in the desert. She knew he was a bachelor, and that he owned the herd of sheep he ran.

Gabe nodded. "Gabriel's Trumpet Billings," he admitted. "It was my name kept me out of the draft, though they called mine an essential occupation. And you must be the wid—" Gabe caught himself, and took a big bite of cake. "Mighty good cake!" he said.

"Yes; I'm the Widow Farr," Hattie said. She wasn't sensitive about it any more. She watched closely now, with bated breath, as Gabe chewed the first big bite of cake. With all due modesty she knew she could cook. And this cake had turned out exceptionally well.

As he chewed, Gabe's face assumed an expression of ecstasy. "*Mighty* good cake," he said, in a slow and almost awed way. He surveyed the piece in his hand much as a gem expert would examine the Kohinoor. "Ain't dry, like some devil's food."

"Too much shortening," Hattie said modestly, beaming.

"No; you can tell there ain't by the texture. I do some cooking myself, you know, living alone. I know cakes. And this one is just exactly right."

Hattie Farr wrapped up another big hunk for him to take with him. When he was gone she went out to the old car, jacked up the rear wheel, cranked it, and drove to town for a permanent.

(Continued on page 63)

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The Corporal Sees His Duty

By Kyle Crichton

When Corporal Beaudette put a wedding ring on Cobina Wright, Jr., the last of the real glamor girls went out of circulation. But Cobina has a movie contract, so you'll be seeing her from time to time anyway

WHEN Mrs. Palmer Beaudette stood on the staircase and threw her corsage to the bridesmaids below, something shivered and broke in the breast of America. It was the End of a Beautiful Period. It was the Termination of a Trend. It was Glamor enfolded in the arms of Duty.

And not a minute too soon, either.

The perseverance of Corporal Beaudette had not only proved to be romantically proper, but it was now seen to be classically correct as a historical gesture. The connubial kiss of Corporal Beaudette, implanted upon the chaste brow of Miss Cobina Wright, Jr., was the official notification that America had put its past behind it and stripped its decks for action. Miss Wright, as the lone symbol of an era of fantasy known as the Age of Glamor, could only have been a sad landmark in our history. As Mrs. Palmer Beaudette she was perfect.

The marriage some months previously of Miss Brenda Frazier and Mr. Shipwreck Kelly had been an indication of the trend. Miss Frazier and Miss Wright, Jr., had so firmly impressed their personalities on an era that when Bob Hope, a comedian, introduced a mysterious duo as Brenda and Cobina on his radio program not even the dimmest of his listeners had to have the significance interpreted to them. With the real Brenda and the real Cobina safely wed and out of circulation, the nation could put its mind on newer things. It was a tight squeeze.

In the light of this the career of Cobina Wright, Jr., can stand examination. After a month's honeymoon she returned to Hollywood. There are profound minds that consider the presence of Miss Wright on the screen as legerdemain not to be explained by mere reason. There are acid-minded critics who maintain that the motion picture career of Cobina, junior, is a triumph of mind over matter, the mind in this instance being supplied by Cobina, senior.

"Hollywood," say these cynics bitterly, "was pushed."

What they seem to mean is that Cobina, senior, launched a campaign on behalf of Cobina, junior, that for subtlety and finesse has not been surpassed since Grant's investment of Vicksburg. As a result Cobina, junior, is now playing opposite Tyrone Power for Twentieth Century-Fox.

The road to victory was long, the disappointments were cruel and regular, but Cobina, junior, is there, and the future will determine how long she remains. She had been a café-society celebrity; she had been a night-club singer; she had been the product of the Social Register—and yet Hollywood fought valiantly before surrendering.

Contrary to rumor, Hollywood is no sucker for a celebrity. It took some time for Cobina the Elder to realize that her connections with the lofty were getting the little one nowhere. Casual references to the Vanderbilts were of small avail in a community where Alfred, he of the horsy Vanderbilts, was as well-known as the lesser Ritz brother.

The fact that Cobina the Younger had arrived with a reputation as a night-club singer seemed only to irritate the community. The merest research was necessary to convince mother and daughter that a society chanteuse was regarded in Hollywood as only slightly less repulsive than a contortionist. After wasting almost a year in *(Continued on page 57)*

Cobina Wright, Jr., whose Twentieth Century-Fox contract proves that not even Hollywood can ignore a girl who is determined not to be ignored

JAMES DOOLITTLE

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KERLEE

Iron Man McGowan

By Sam Balter and Hannibal Coons

Three years ago Speed Skater Everett McGowan faced death. The only way his life could be saved was by breaking his back. Now he is again on the ice, performing miracles

Everett McGowan's sensational Apache Dance skating routine is proof of his comeback. His partner is Ruth Mack, his wife

DID you ever watch a cyclone, the way it hops and skips around like a perfect idiot, knocking over eight houses in a row and then missing that big brick beauty altogether? Athletic fame is like that.

Ever hear of Everett McGowan? No? Not at *all?*

Well, there you are. Everett McGowan was fully as great an all-round athlete as the mighty Jim Thorpe. For good measure he licked as unlickable a bug as the one that got Lou Gehrig, and today, at a somewhat moldy age, athletically speaking, he's still one of America's greatest athletes, currently wowing the populace with his ice-show miracles. And you've never heard of him? Well, it's time you did!

Your ignorance isn't altogether your fault. McGowan has just always gone so fast you've never had a good look at him. The doughty Scotch-Irishman has rocketed through the forty years of his life like an impatient torpedo boat. You could have got a good look at him about three years ago, though, while he was hanging by his neck in a horse doctor's harness for seven days. The fantastic episode, one of the darnedest things in all medical history, is only a fitting topper to McGowan's whole Frank Merriwell sports career.

McGowan was born a jack-of-all-sports. He was a schoolboy flash in St. Paul some twenty years ago, winning armloads of medals and headlines in football, baseball and whatever other sports happened to be scheduled for the day. Best witness of McGowan's amazing youthful sports prowess is Tom Lieb, Mac's high-school classmate back in Minnesota and now head coach of the University of Florida.

"I remember those days vividly," says Lieb. "What an unforgettable impression McGowan made upon us all! I have never seen an athlete endowed with such almost limitless ability."

Lieb and McGowan had two college years together at St. Thomas Military Academy in St. Paul. As sophomores they both made the 1920 Minnesota All-State eleven, McGowan at halfback and Lieb at guard, the position he was later to play at Notre Dame under Rockne. That same year McGowan, the 17-year-old football marvel, was also international champion in speed skating. He and Lieb were going on to conquer the heights of Notre Dame together.

And then the break came. A sports promoter stuck ten hundred-dollar bills into McGowan's hot young hand and asked him how he'd like to become a professional speed skater. Fumbling the strangeness of the hundred-dollar bills, McGowan told Lieb and college days goodby. If he'd gone on to Notre Dame with Lieb—who knows?

After leaving college, McGowan became probably the greatest speed skater of all time. But first, let's run over some of the trimming on his professional athletic career. He played shortstop in professional baseball; he pounded out a pretty fair reputation as a welterweight boxer. He switched over to ice hockey and for several years was head murderer with the mayhem boys, cavorting for Winnipeg in the Canadian League, and Springfield in the States, under the management of the New York Rangers.

But let's get back to that speed skating, to McGowan's real specialty. Did you ever see Everett McGowan flash across a finish line back in the early twenties, when he was cutting all existing speed records on the ice to ribbons? When he was setting the unbelievable world's record of 4.2 seconds for a hundred yards? (Motor-paced from a flying start.)

A Grand Slam on Ice

During his whole skating career—and if any skater in the world thinks it's finished he's welcome to a match race tomorrow—McGowan was a meteoric phenomenon. As a schoolboy of seventeen he was national and international champion. He had astonished the skating world by scoring the triple triumph, as remarkable as Bobby Jones' famous grand slam in golf; he bagged the three national and international speed crowns in a single year—National Amateur Outdoor at Saranac Lake, International Amateur Outdoor at Lake Placid, and International Amateur Indoor at St. Paul. This tri-title coup had never before and has never since been accomplished by any other skater.

When the ice events of the 1920 Olympic Games folded—Antwerp had no large outdoor arena and the European skaters refused to compete indoors—McGowan moved into the pro ranks, and for seven years was undisputed king of the professional skaters. Think of all the famous names of speed on ice—Charley Jewtraw of Lake Placid, Joe Moore of New York, Bobby McLean and Art Staff of Chicago, Norval Baptie of Bathgate, North Dakota, Ed Lamy of Saranac Lake, Morris Wood of Cleveland, Charley Gorman of St. John, New Brunswick . . . they're all world's champions, and at one time or another they've all finished with McGowan's ice in their eyes. The only great speed skater McGowan never defeated was a man he never faced—Oscar Mathieson, the Norwegian.

"I think I could have beaten him," says McGowan candidly, "for I fairly easily defeated a skater who gave him a close race."

It is with sorrowful candor that McGowan now mentions Mathieson; the famous Norwegian ice artist has since fallen before a Nazi rifle squad.

Anybody who knows that ice is something besides a highball decoration has heard of Irving Jaffee, the 1932 Olympic champion; most people still think of Jaffee as tops in speed skating. Shortly after the '32 Olympics, Jaffee turned pro and challenged McGowan's supremacy. In a series of three match races held at the Hippodrome in St. Paul on New Year's Day, 1933, McGowan beat Jaffee decisively, winning the 500 and 1,500 meter duels, and losing only the long 3,000 meters, which was far beyond his favorite sprint distances. And this was twelve years after the supposed peak of McGowan's career! Today he is nine years later than that, and if anybody in the world would like to race this afternoon, why let's find some ice, get the bets down, and get at it.

McGowan's world's records on the

(Continued on page 54)

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Death of a Truck

By Talbot Johns
ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Very well," the officer assented. "We will leave you at the side of the road. If you are not repaired in time, get on the last truck and save yourself"

"MY DEAR son," she wrote, "your father and I miss you in a way that my heart can hardly tell, but we rest here at home secure and as happy as we may be, and I am proud as only a mother can be of the great and brave work you are doing for the Fatherland. Herr Kapitan Sweiger came home on leave last week and brought word that he had seen you in Poland and you were well and happy. Your panzers, he said, will be the first to enter Moscow, an honor reserved for your division by Marshal von Brauchitsch himself because of 'extraordinary valor in the face of the enemy.' We all now realize that the Fuehrer brings us another great victory, but I yearn for you, my Liebchen. . . ."

THE boy dropped the spanner heavily on the rough floorboards of the great gray truck, and sighed wearily—a despairing sigh that sent a long white cloud of steam to mist the icy metal face of the dashboard and freeze instantly and magically in tiny crystals on the rough shoddy of his upturned collar. It was no use. Nothing was any use any more, because the lonely truck in the wide white desert of snow was dead. Just as Johann, sitting stiffly upright on the hard seat by his side, was dead. Johann, who had driven east twelve hundred miles, laughing, and singing of victory, and then had been five seconds late diving under the truck in this afternoon's early dusk when a wandering Russian hawk had spattered and blasted their crippled machine.

The boy felt Johann's hand. It was cold and stiff, like a clean white fish in the ice bin of the market on the Odinstrasse, and the boy shuddered for he, too, was cold.

The very world must be cold, he thought, and he could not remember when it had ever been warm. During the first weeks of this fantastic retreat he had dreamed of the round fat stove at home, the one with the little windows in the side where you could watch the flames merrily leaping. Once he had dreamed of his father's great steaming tankard of mulled ale, and his father's red, beaming face above it, but today that face was a face like Johann's, like the hundreds of other Johanns they had passed along the white road of cold and death.

The boy had been confused at first, for had not the Fuehrer himself said of the bearded giants, "I say that this enemy is already smashed and will never rise again!" That was months ago, when big blond Johann with the laughing blue eyes sat by his side, flipping cigarette butts scornfully at the dull, brutish prisoners who watched with open mouths the dingy, travel-worn truck from the side of the rutted road.

Now there was no confusion. There were no decisions to make. The cold and the truck were all. The boy still loved his truck—loved it as much as he hated his thin, useless coat. Crippled though it was, it now constituted his only last hold on life.

The boy did not know it was forty below zero; it would have meant nothing to him if he had. No shelter from the freezing blasts but the truck, no companion but Johann; and now Johann and the truck were dead.

"The war seems far away from us today, my Liebchen, and indeed it is hard to realize that we are steadily forging ahead toward the glorious conquest promised us. We hear that the weather is very mild in Russia for this time of year, and I can believe that, as we have had just one light snowfall. Just enough to coat the trees in a pretty mantle of pure white—you used to love them, remember? You called them candy-cane trees, and I used to tell you all about Jack Frost and his long white brush. . . ."

The truck had died that afternoon. With its high square nose buried in a drift, it died, and left a clear stillness broken only by the indiscriminate murmurings of death from the rear, and the weary chuttering of the rusty machines next in line. Shrill whistles blew up and down the column, a tired *oberleutnant* floundered up in a staff car. He stood, and the boy could see the tattered uniform coat, the legs wrapped in mufflers.

"Push it off the road!" came the sharp command to the crew of the following truck.

"*Herr Oberleutnant,* please," faltered the boy.

"Speak quickly! The column must move!"

"I can save my truck, sir," said the boy, "if I can have but half an hour. I know it well, and all its troubles."

"It carries valuable oil. Very well," the officer assented. "We will leave you at the side of the road. If you are not repaired in time, get on the last truck and save yourself."

"I must finish up my letter now, dear son, as your father is waiting for supper. Please remember me to that friend of yours—isn't his name Johann? A nice boy.

"Looking out into our yard with its beautiful carpet of white takes me back so many years (and yet, not so many, either) to one Christmas when you had a little toy automobile. How you loved it! You would sit there in the snow and pump with your little feet and get nowhere, and I remember once when some of the bigger boys came and tried to take your little car away from you, but you wouldn't let them. You held onto the wheel with your tiny hands so tightly until Mother came and chased the naughty boys away. Well, good night, my Liebchen, wherever you are, and sweet dreams. . . ."

FIFTY men on horseback plodded silently along the snowy white road. They were big and bearded and well-fed; they cursed and laughed softly as they drew abreast of a stalled truck standing intact among the junk and litter of a ruined supply column.

"Chief Lieutenant," said the colonel in the lead, "take a detail and investigate that machine. Look out for traps, now."

The small squad warily reined their steaming mounts closer to the big truck.

"All in order, sir. The crew is inside, frozen."

"Get them out of there," said the colonel, "and see if we can salvage anything."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the chief lieutenant a moment later. "The driver's hands are frozen around the wheel. It is impossible to move them."

The colonel rode closer to the high cab, and looked inside. The driver's cold fists gripped the big wheel rim desperately, the thin knuckles almost standing through the parchment skin.

"Poor kid," the colonel said to the chief lieutenant. "He's only a boy."

The chief lieutenant laughed. He was examining some torn and dirty papers. "They send us babies," he said. "This one is but fifteen."

The colonel shook his head. Struck by a sudden whim he slipped off his heavy gauntleted glove, leaned over on one stirrup and gently touched the boy's cold cheek.

He swung back into his saddle. His eyes still on the boy, he saluted. He snapped, "Follow me!" and rode on through the snow.

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March into Spring

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Five good bets for that new spring outfit: "Butter and cream" sports jacket of Shetland worn with slacks of gabardine; double-breasted gray flannel; a gabardine suit in the new "suntan" shade; a blue-gray suit of unfinished worsted and, last, a cavalry-color India whipcord suit

THERE'S a feeling around the country that unless you stock up on clothes in a hurry you may be caught short. The stores don't mind. They're reporting business better than usual.

Actually, clothing for spring and summer, in the usual quantity, was cut and tailored many months ago. Clothing manufacturers work about nine months ahead getting your clothes ready for the current season. So there's nothing to worry about.

After the government decides just what it's going to need to clothe our Army and Navy and Air Forces we may see some changes in civilian suits. They're talking about conserving cloth by ruling in favor of a two-piece suit; narrow, uncuffed trousers; no patch pockets.

Well-dressed men started to wear two-piece suits and narrower trousers two years ago. If the government steps in and says that's the way it's got to be it's right in line with current style trends.

Big change in the clothing picture is that we'll all be wearing soft flannels and tweeds, known as "soft goods" in the industry. Reason is that a small percentage of brand-new wool can be mixed with reprocessed, reused wool, plus synthetic yarns, to produce a handsome hunk of cloth.

The shortage will hit dressy types of clothing later. A good worsted suit requires long, fine strands of yarn, and that's what the government is after. At any rate, if civilians should have to jump out of bed during an emergency it won't be a dressy town suit and starched collar they'll reach for. More likely it will be a pair of comfortable flannels and a tweed jacket.

Clothing for spring is mainly of the semisports type—comfortable and casual. Big news is India whipcord in cavalry color. Both the fabric and the shade reflect the military influence. It's a long-wearing fabric that sportsmen have used for years in riding breeches and shooting coats. Now the college men have taken to it, and it promises to be a runner-up to the popular covert cloth. Gabardine, perennial spring favorite, has turned up in a suntan shade—color of the Army summer uniform. The gabardine suit is extremely practical because the jacket may be combined with odd trousers, the trousers worn with practically any odd sports jacket in your wardrobe.

Gray flannel, an old favorite, is popular in both single- and double-breasted models. The neutral gray shade looks well on everyone and for those who like a little pattern it's particularly good with a white chalk stripe. This is just as good for office wear as it is at a baseball game.

Favorite in a dressier type of suit is unfinished worsted, in blue-gray, in simple pattern or stripe. Worn in double-breasted model, without vest, it has a long roll lapel and it buttons on the bottom button, to give a tall, broad appearance.

For country and sports wear—and just as popular in California as it is in the East—is the new "Butter and Cream" color combination. This is a light tan or cream background with yellow decoration in the form of stripes and plaids. These colors were first worn by college men in the East in their sports jackets. They look particularly well with cream, tan and yellow shirts and ties and tan slacks.

Don't worry about spring and summer clothing. Step up and take your choice—there's plenty to go 'round. ★★★

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MASQUERADE IN MIAMI

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

LEW HARTLEY, a dishonest promoter, and Wayne Hamilton, his lawyer, evolve a plan which, if followed sucessfully, will save Hartley, who is on the verge of indictment in New York City. All they need is a "double" for Hartley—someone who will go to the promoter's Miami Beach estate, submit to a facial operation that will make him resemble the crook, and pretend to be Hartley.

In Alan Douglas, a young mining engineer, Hamilton finds just the man they need. Douglas is engaged to a lovely girl: Gail Foster. He is thoroughly honest. But, believing what the lawyer tells him (that Hartley needs a double simply to enable him to trick some business rivals), he agrees to co-operate—for one hundred thousand dollars. And he promises to take no one—not even Gail Foster—into his confidence.

Telling Gail that he is off on a secret mission, he goes to the promoter's place in Miami Beach. There, he has his face altered. After which—flanked by a tough bodyguard ("Chuck" Williams) and "Sunny" Ralston, Hartley's glamorous mistress, he begins to play his perilous role.

Suspecting that Jimmy Conley, Hartley's trainer, is "getting ideas" and growing suspicious, Chuck Williams murders the fellow. . . .

Weeks pass. Not hearing from Douglas, Gail Foster becomes alarmed—so alarmed that she trails him to Miami. To facilitate investigation, she goes to work as a reporter on a little society magazine. And—assisted by Vance Crawford, an old friend—she finds Alan, recognizes him, and, after numerous ineffectual attempts, succeeds in wringing the story from him. Unfortunately, Douglas is unaware that Lew Hartley—his face also changed by a surgeon—has gone to California, and taken another name; and that he, Alan Douglas, *will soon be murdered!* . . .

In the course of a visit to Miami Beach, Wayne Hamilton makes a discovery that frightens him; he learns that Sunny Ralston has fallen in love with Douglas, and that Chuck Williams (in love with Sunny) is jealous of the New Yorker. Realizing that the situation is full of peril, he sends for Hartley, meets him, tells him what is going on. And the two men decide that Douglas must be killed as soon as possible. . . .

Sunny Ralston, in her bedroom, implores Chuck Williams to spare Douglas. Chuck will make no promises. Sunny, frantic, tries to telephone the police. But Chuck knocks her out with his automatic. Whereupon, Douglas comes into the room, has a fight with the fellow—and kills him.

In need of advice, Douglas turns to Wayne Hamilton. The lawyer goes away, and an hour or so later returns with a man whom he introduces as "Charles B. Harrison." He says that Harrison is a prominent Miamian who may be able to protect Douglas. He goes out of the room, leaving "Harrison" and Douglas alone. "Harrison" is Lew Hartley—*he has decided to kill Sunny, Gail Foster and Alan Douglas!*

Conclusion

ALAN and Lew Hartley sat, talking, for half an hour. Lew asked questions: logical, plausible questions; and Alan gave simple, direct answers. Hartley tried not to concentrate on his real purpose. Having sold himself on the idea that he was to kill Alan and Sunny Ralston before he left that room, it seemed better to take it in stride—to act when the moment came and not to think too much about it.

He asked all the questions he could think of, and still the time set by Wayne Hamilton had not yet passed. Lew Hartley said gently, "You'll pardon my saying so, Mr. Hartley, but you're not at all what I expected you to be."

"No . . . ?"

"No. You have a reputation here in Miami of being a rather brusque person."

Alan shook his head. "Under circumstances like these . . ."

"I understand." Hartley was thinking, "The lad is good. Hamilton's a smart picker."

Hartley kept on talking. It was an odd, grotesque sort of game: "Just before his execution, the condemned man discussed his daily life calmly and rationally. . . ."

Harrison interested Alan, too. He was a reassuring person . . . made Alan forget the urgency of the moment. And even if Alan had been less interested, he might not have noticed what was happening to Sunny Ralston.

Sunny opened her eyes. She blinked into the light and closed them again. She felt dizzy, and her head ached atrociously. She looked again and saw Alan and a stranger. Her eyes traveled about the room. She saw a white huddle on the floor . . . a sheet, and then she marked the outline of a body beneath that sheet.

THE dizziness was disappearing. The headache was still there, sharp and stabbing, but Sunny started thinking. She thought back to the moment when she had tried to telephone the police. Chuck had attacked her, and then things had blanked out. She concentrated on the two men by the fireplace. She was thinking, "Something happened. That thing on the floor . . ." She couldn't see the face of the strange man who was facing Alan: only his back and a bit of his profile. "Maybe he's a cop," she thought. "Maybe Alan's in a jam."

She closed her eyes again. It was easier to listen that way. They were talking about nothing important and then a question of Alan's startled her. Alan asked, "Do you think you'll be able to fix things, Mr. Harrison?"

"I'm pretty sure of it. Of course when there's been a killing—even in self-defense . . ."

Alan said, "The whole thing was so bewildering. All the time the fight was going on I was thinking about saving myself. It never occurred to me that Chuck would be killed."

Chuck dead. Sunny began to fit the pieces together. She heard them discussing it, and she caught an important fragment every here and there. It began to take shape rather clearly, but something worried her: It wasn't the dizziness, because that had gone; it wasn't the headache because—acute as that was—it seemed unimportant.

(Continued on page 24)

Hartley turned in the direction from which the attack had come. Sunny screamed, "Get him, Alan!"

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THE ANTIC ASSASSINS OF GEARY

By Joseph Kesselring
AUTHOR OF ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

Hear those shots? That's just the Cutler boys—octogenarians of the old school—yielding to the urge for some homicide

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

THE Cutler brothers were natives of the state of New Mexico. Cal Cutler was eighty-three years old and Jim, his kid brother, was eighty-one. They were bachelors and lived together on a small but tidy ranch in Saddler County. For many years they had been happy in their possession of this ranch but just lately Mr. Rufus Moggot, a human reptile of some eighty years of age who practiced law in the near-by town of Geary, had raised his venomous head to dispute their right of ownership; in fact, by legal shenanigans far beyond the understanding of the brothers, Mr. Moggot seemed suddenly to possess the power to oust them at will, body and baggage, from their property. The brothers worried.

Abruptly, on a certain fine Monday morning, they decided to go to town and settle the matter. They left right after breakfast, each riding his favorite pony and each with a large, holstered pistol at his side.

As mentioned, Cal was eighty-three years old and Jim was only eighty-one, yet it was Jim who went flying over his horse's head as they splashed out of Little Dog Creek at Blue Clay Ford just outside of town. The pony had stepped in a hole. Jim landed on all fours in an inch of water, his six-shooter hopping from its holster into the wet clay.

Cal was thoroughly disgusted. He was a mite of a man, wrinkled and dry as an old pea, but he was capable of astonishing disgust.

"Dad sour my innards!" he said. "There you go! Allus the young fool, allus foolin' around!"

But Jim was a fabulously quiet person. It was said in three counties, by all gentlemen old enough to know, that young Jim Cutler had never used a word till it was time for it. Deliberately he collected his meatless bones, rose to his stooped and lanky height, adjusted his sombrero, picked up his pistol and wiped it. Then he said, climbing on his horse, "Come on, let's get to goin', we got business!"

GEARY was the county seat of Saddler County and, as such, housed the county sheriff. His name was Lee Aiken and he had his office in the lockup midway down Main Street; more exactly, his office fronted on the street and you passed through it to the lockup in the rear.

Sitting behind a battered desk on that Monday morning, Sheriff Aiken was drawn out of his usual after-breakfast meditation by the sound of mounted arrivals at his open front door. Ceasing to snore, he raised his white head, whipped a pair of ancient, bridge-bent, one-lugged spectacles from his vest pocket, slapped them to his nose, identified the arrivals as the Cutler brothers and popped the glasses back into his pocket.

Leaning back, he continued to eye the doorway, the while he pulled wakefully at his ragged white mustache and assumed an appearance of keen vision. (Regarding the sheriff's disreputable glasses: In his desk he had a fine new pair. He didn't wear them, so he said, because, seeing as how he needed them so seldom, the old ones were good enough. But he lied; and gentlemen were cruelly right when they declared that at ten paces, bald-eyed, the old fool couldn't tell a locomotive from a jackass.)

Sheriff Aiken was eighty-two years old.

"Howdy, Cal! Howdy, Jim!" he greeted the brothers Cutler as they entered the office. "Set down, boys."

"Thankee, Lee," Cal said, "but we ain't aimin' to stay. What we come for won't take but a minute."

The sheriff shook his head sadly. "I know, boys, but it ain't no use. She stands just like I told you last time. The land is yours; been yours for fifty year; but Rufe Moggot has fixed things so the law says it ain't, says it's his. An' the law is the law an' they ain't nothin' I can do about it."

Cal started for the door. "Thankee, Lee," he said, "that's all we wanted to know. Come on, Jim."

"Hold on now, boys," the sheriff said, "jest a minute now. What are you aimin' to do?"

"Oh"—Cal paused in the doorway—"we're jest steppin' up street to pay a little call on Rufe Moggot."

"U'm." Sheriff Aiken chewed his mustache. "Well," he said finally, "you boys and me been friends an' pardners now nigh on to sixty year, so I'm askin' you to be careful. 'Cause if you break the law, I got to go get you, spite of friendship an' all."

"Sure, Lee, we know that," Cal said. "Your job is your job. Come on, Jim, come on, let's get to goin'! Adios, Lee!" And the brothers made their departure.

(Continued on page 34)

"Hoss aigs!" Cal yelled defiantly at the sheriff. "I been exposin' the loveliest spots I got an' you ain't pumped at nary a one of them"

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lay a wide range of emotions after being picked up by the F.B.I. a few hours after war was declared. They're 2,000 enemy aliens, and will be held until their cases are reviewed. Those not dangerous will be released

AKING NO CHANCES

By Francis Biddle

ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

Over a million residents of this country are technically alien enemies. Some of these are dangerous, some are as loyal as you are. Here are the precautions the government is taking to separate out our alien sheep from the goats

HALF an hour after war was declared, I brought to the President the proclamations which had been prepared the night before, declaring the Japanese, the Germans, the Italians in the United States and its possessions to be "alien enemies." The President signed them at once, and automatically the nationals of the three countries were subject to instant arrest as enemies and to internment for the duration.

Warrants of arrest covering about two thousand of these aliens were ready for my signature. Within a few hours after I had signed them, practically all of the suspected enemies throughout the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands had been arrested by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and turned over to the Immigration Service, to be held until the arrests could be checked by the Review Boards. A like job was promptly done by the Army in the Canal Zone, Alaska, and the Philippines.

The Department of Justice had been working for over a year to perfect the mechanism of handling alien enemies the moment war broke. We had sent representatives to England to study what had been done there. Mass arrests in England, immediately following the outbreak of the war, had caused only confusion and suffering; and had seemed a little silly when later suspects were properly classified and handled individually. We made our classifications beforehand, painstakingly, separating dangerous aliens from innocent ones, classifying them tentatively for permanent detention, further investigation, parole or release.

Of course, more were apprehended than will ultimately be held—to date approximately 4,000—but the information has been pretty well sifted and checked so that the Review Boards can handle the cases promptly and in most cases make recommendations to me based on considered information. There are over a hundred Review Boards—boards made up of outstanding citizens only too glad to volunteer their services to the government. They are leaders in public life, known for their fairness and judgment—such men, for example, as Thomas D. Thacher, former Solicitor General of the United States; Edward Corsi, former Commissioner of Naturalization and Immigration; Dr. George N. Shuster, president of Hunter College; Rev. Robert J. White, dean of the Catholic University Law School in Washington; William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, and Dr. Frank Aydelotte, director of the Institute of Advanced Learning at Princeton.

Reports of these boards are now moving into Washington promptly, and the cases are being decided here and acted on without hindrance of technicalities or red tape. There are no appeals. All alien enemies could be incarcerated for the duration, were such a course considered wise. But it was determined to be more in accordance with our American traditions, wiser, more humane, to hold only those who were dangerous to our safety, or who might become so. Others are being paroled, some released.

Chances We Won't Take

Examples? A Japanese student, living in California, had gone back to his country for five years. He returned with a reserve commission in the Japanese navy. He will be detained for the duration. An old German woman from East Prussia had said, when Hitler marched into Russia, that he could lick anyone—even America—and would if he had to. That worried the neighbors, and there were complaints. Parole would seem indicated; and if she's given a bit of advice by the United States Attorney, she may think it wiser to hold her tongue for a while, for war's on now and such talk isn't popular. She's been held for a month at Ellis Island, on suspicion. It hasn't hurt her, and she'll report regularly to the probation officer. Then there's a young German, very serious. He won't talk, but he was very active in the Bund three years ago. That's a good while ago, but—we'll hold him for further investigation anyhow.

A few more examples: A 56-year-old Japanese whose wife and 33-year-old son live in Japan. He had been working on railroads for a long time, but had made frequent visits to Japan, the last one being about two years ago. Too many Japanese connections and associations. He was interned for the duration.

An Italian barber expressed the opinion that Mussolini was a great man and that this country had better not dare fight against him. We don't think he can do much harm but we'd better keep an eye on him—he is temporarily paroled.

A 37-year-old Japanese came here a few years ago. He went to England and came back to New York. A search of his apartment showed a very expensive camera. All his relatives are in Japan. "If necessary," he once said, "I would sacrifice my entire family for my emperor." He will not have an opportunity to make any personal sacrifices for his emperor for the duration of the war.

Congress ordered a registration of all aliens in this country during the last half of 1940, and almost 5,000,000 registered. Of these 1,100,000 are Japanese, Germans and Italians — technically alien enemies. Of course, most of the Japanese are on the West Coast—1,777 in Oregon, 5,958 in Washington, and 38,787 in California. We are having the Japanese and Germans and Italians register again, and issuing to them identification cards bearing their photographs and fingerprints. The cards will have to be stamped before these people can change residence or employment. So we'll keep a pretty careful eye on them; and we'll know exactly where they are living and working. This is being done under the direction of Earl

(Continued on page 40)

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These youngsters are alive because they were at home and not in school when the Jap attack came on December 7th. Their school was the only public building destroyed in Honolulu

The New Honolulu

By Lester Petrie

MAYOR OF HONOLULU

Today, Hawaiian children sail boats in bomb-shelter trenches that have filled up with water

Governor Joseph B. Poindexter is fingerprinted as part of the pre-attack program. Rear, Mayor Petrie

THE HONOLULU ADVERTISER

The mayor of the first American city to feel the blast of enemy air bombs tells how his people met attack and what it did to their spirit. He describes too their extraordinary attitude toward the local Japanese

HAWAII is mad. Cold, fighting mad. Mad as only a person or community that just naturally doesn't get mad can be.

It doesn't show on the surface. Outwardly Honolulu is much the same as it always has been. Its anger is a white-hot flame glowing within. Flowering trees and shrubs still bloom along the streets and highways. Coconut palms rustle and clatter on the shores. Hula programs blare over the radios. Bathers frolic in the waters off Waikiki, although they no longer spend much time lolling on the sand.

A frame school building stands a charred skeleton in mid-town; cinders and ashes mark what was once the site of a group of ramshackle wooden shops, and 38 residences show scars of incendiary flame or bomb and projectile fragments. Otherwise structural Honolulu is unmarked by the sneak attack of December 7th.

There is a different picture in areas outside the city. There the winged murderers laid waste peaceful homes so new that many Honoluluans did not know before December 7th they existed, and which not one in a hundred permanent residents had ever seen. There it was that hundreds of noncombatants died tragically, defenseless and to no purpose; victims who by their sacrifice suddenly were enshrined in the hearts of a Honolulu that had not yet come to know them. For they were the wives and children of defense workers and service men come to America's Pacific outpost so lately that in the stress of settling in new homes they had found no opportunity to acquaint themselves with the community or to allow it to become acquainted with them.

They are no longer strangers, these mothers and their babes who were laid on the sacrificial altar by a ruthless marauder. Today they lie side by side with the 50 Honoluluans who, too, were cruelly slain in their dooryards or on their city's streets on that blood-stained Sunday morning. Their graves, like those of the Honolulu dead, are tended carefully. Daily they lie beneath a blanket of fresh flowers, placed in loving remembrance and undying grief by Honolulu's women, who have dedicated themselves to the service of keeping forever alive the memory of Japanese perfidy.

Honolulu did not escape, but damage and death within the city proper were infinitesimal in comparison to the slaughter and destruction that befell those outlying noncombatant areas. Three Honolulu firemen, Captains John Carreira and Thomas Samuel Macy and Hoseman Harry Tuck Lee Pang, sacrificed their lives, and seven others were wounded, when they accompanied Fire Chief Wallace W. Blaisdell and his second assistant, E. P. Boyle, to Hickam Field, where six city fire units joined the service brigades in battling flames amid a hail of machine-gun projectiles.

Bad, but It Might Be Worse

Half a hundred unarmed resident civilians were shot down within the city. Twice that number were wounded when diving machine gunners and prowling incendiary bombers invaded the residential areas of the city—areas that were not even remotely military objectives or near any legitimate points of attack. It was cold-blooded murder, but not on the wholesale scale that prevailed outside the city.

Honolulu is the same city a million trippers know, yet it would present a new aspect to them today, for the community has put on its fighting clothes. There are barbed wire entanglements in certain areas, slit trenches for splinter shelter in public parks and grounds, on church lawns and school playfields, bomb shelters in yards in the residential districts, sandbag barricades in front of theaters and other places of public assembly, armed guards at the doorways of public buildings, banks, offices and even newspaper shops. There is a 6 P. M. to 6 A. M. curfew, nightly blackouts—and prohibition. The devastated residential sections, the panic-stricken Waikikians evacuating their homes, the bombed water mains (one was broken when a fireman closed a hydrant too rapidly), the terrorized populace fleeing to the hills to dig roots and herbs to appease their hunger are all figments of imagination that amazed and amused the good folk here.

(Continued on page 29)

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Chesterfield salutes with Millions of Fans
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
of America's most popular sport
BASKETBALL

Every time It's Chesterfield

...for Milder Better Taste for Cooler Smoking

Over 90,000,000 *is Basketball's yearly attendance...tops for any American sport...and this year marks the celebration of its Golden Jubilee. The game was founded by Dr. James Naismith and had its modest start in 1891 in Springfield, Mass.*

Such popularity must be deserved

That's what millions of Chesterfield smokers get every time they light up...and that's why these millions are saying *Chesterfield gives me more pleasure than any other cigarette I ever smoked.*

Make your next pack Chesterfield and you too will enjoy everything you want in a cigarette...*made to your taste with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.*

Every time... *They Satisfy*

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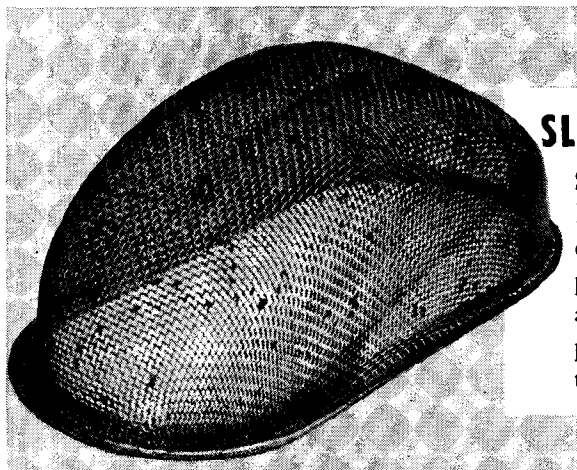
You're the boss...

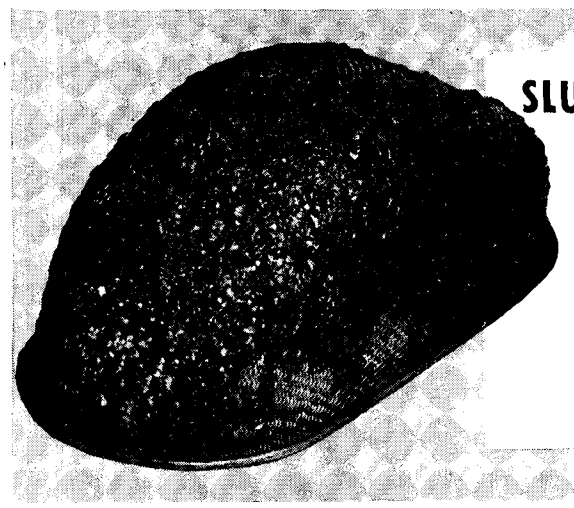
If you don't want sludge in your motor, lay down the law!

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS UNRETOUCHED . . . ALL TESTS SUPERVISED BY THE PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.



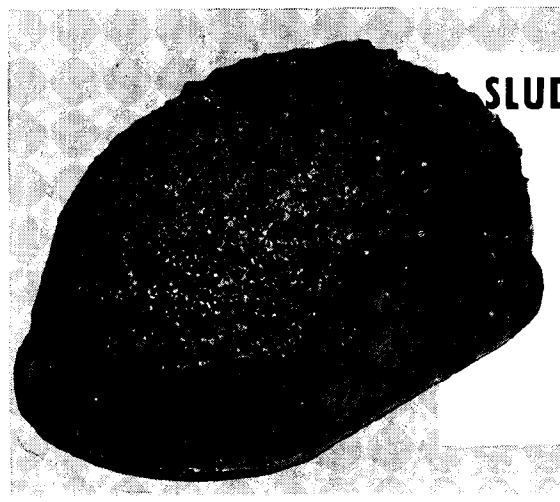
SLUDGE...TRACE

Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil . . . After comparative test, this oil pump screen is remarkably clean. It would offer practically no resistance to the flow of oil.



SLUDGE...PLENTY

Nationally sold, popular brand of 30¢ motor oil . . . After comparative test, this screen is badly clogged with deposit of hard granular sludge. Its usefulness in screening oil has been greatly restricted.



SLUDGE...VERY BAD

Nationally sold, popular brand of 25¢ motor oil . . . After comparative test, this screen is almost completely clogged with both soft, buttery and hard sludge. Oil starvation of vital engine bearings can readily occur.

If you want a clean motor, ask for

GUARANTEED 100 PER CENT PURE QUAKER STATE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL

STABILIZED

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL

Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 19

She had an uncomfortable feeling. Alan said something and the man called Harrison leaned forward and answered him.

Sunny choked back a gasp. The truth came to her with blinding, frightening clarity.

Lew Hartley!

She listened again. Now she understood why she had known instinctively that things weren't as they appeared to be. Through half-closed eyes she studied Alan's companion.

The voice: that was Lew's voice, for all its calculated softness. The mannerisms: they could belong to nobody but Lew. She felt a tightness in her throat and a great fear because now there was no longer any doubt.

The man was Lew Hartley and his presence there marked danger for Alan.

That sort of thing wasn't easy to digest. There were too many angles to it. She heard them talking about Wayne Hamilton, and she learned that Wayne had engineered this meeting. That picked up another loose end, blended definitely into the pattern of danger.

IT WAS simpler to think after that. She knew Lew Hartley: knew how he lived and thought and acted. She knew that the keen brain of Wayne Hamilton had planned this meeting. She knew that Chuck was dead. "If Alan were dead, too . . ." That was when she knew definitely.

She was badly shaken by her own conclusions. And she knew that time was running short, that this amiable conversation was not without sinister purpose, that she must think of some way to warn Alan.

But how? True, Hartley had his back turned toward her, but he never shifted his gaze from Alan. A single untoward move on Alan's part and she knew that Lew Hartley would act. And then it would be too late, because Alan was relaxed: he had no reason to suspect that his visitor was dangerous. She thought of calling out suddenly, "Be careful, Alan; that's Lew Hartley!" But she discarded that idea even before it took definite shape. It was worse than no good, and for several reasons. First, Alan would think that she was out of her head; second, even if that idea didn't strike him, he still wouldn't be able to grasp what she meant, and third—and most important—even if by some miracle he understood that this stranger was Lew Hartley, it would not signify danger.

Alan had no reason personally to fear Lew Hartley. Alan didn't know that it had been in the cards for himself to be killed. Sunny realized that almost anything she did would warn Lew and merely startle Alan.

She opened her eyes and stared at Alan, trying to attract his attention. He was talking to Hartley when he felt the pull of her gaze. He looked over at the bed and his own eyes widened.

Sunny was looking straight at him. But that wasn't all. The forefinger of her right hand was pressed against her lips. It was a plea for silence, a gesture of warning. With that little gesture she was saying, "Be quiet. Be careful."

The man whom Alan knew as Charles Harrison was staring at him. He followed the direction of Alan's gaze and turned his own head quickly. Sunny's hand had dropped from her lips. She was lying as she had lain before, right arm at her side, eyes closed. That was the clincher for Alan. Her gesture had been studied, and he was too much on edge to ignore it.

She had started him thinking and given him warning. But he couldn't imagine what it was she was warning him against. He knew now that she was faking—that she was conscious, that she had expected Harrison to look at her, and that for some reason she had wanted him to believe that she was still unconscious.

Alan tried to add it up, but the answer came out different every time. He saw her eyes flutter open again and realized that she was pleading mutely with him. He was tight inside, feeling that there was something important she was trying to tell him, something that she desperately wished him to understand.

He couldn't figure it out, but Sunny realized from his altered expression that she had succeeded in making him realize that things were not entirely as he believed them to be.

But that wasn't enough. Not nearly enough. The initiative still lay with Hartley. Whatever was going to happen . . . Alan would be off guard, and she knew Lew Hartley well enough to realize that he'd act efficiently once he started.

A hundred crazy schemes flashed through her mind. And then she got her idea. Inch by inch she moved her hand until it rested on the ornate little bedside table. On that table was a crystal ash tray. It was hexagonal in shape, and heavy. Sunny knew that when she acted, it must be in such a way that Lew Hartley would betray himself, and she realized that her task was to startle Lew more than she startled Alan.

Her fingers groped for the ash tray. She prayed that when she made her move she would not be dizzy. She caught an occasional puzzled glance from Alan which was reassuring because it proved that he was alert.

And then, suddenly and unexpectedly, she acted. Her red-tipped fingers closed on the heavy crystal ash tray. She picked it up and swung herself sideways off the bed. She drew back her right arm and flung the ash tray straight at the back of Lew Hartley's head.

LEW saw Alan's eyes open wide with astonishment. He saw Alan start up from his chair. And then Hartley felt the impact of the heavy ash tray against the back of his neck. It wasn't the target at which Sunny had been aiming, but it was enough to shatter Lew's well-ordered plan.

Acting instinctively, Hartley leaped to his feet—half stunned by the missile Sunny had thrown, but still capable of quick action. He whipped the gun from his coat pocket. But he did one thing wrong.

He turned in the direction from which the attack had come.

Sunny screamed, "Get him, Alan!" but the shrill warning was not necessary. Alan had seen the start of her attack, his brain had grasped the significance of the gun in the stranger's hand. No time then for debating whys or wherefores: the picture which Hartley presented was one of immediate danger.

For that split-second Lew Hartley had been startled into forgetfulness of Alan, and then Alan was on him. His shoulder crashed into Lew's half-turned figure, and he wrapped his powerful arms around Lew Hartley's body.

The battle was brief and dreadful. Alan had learned a great deal from Chuck Williams.

He had the advantage and he held it. The other man had been surprised—

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and hurt. They swayed toward the fireplace. Alan saw the bronze fire set which fitted into the picture as a bit of decoration. He didn't hesitate.

He grabbed the poker and swung it. He swung it hard. It caught the other man on the head, and Lew Hartley dropped. Unconscious.

Alan turned. Sunny Ralston was standing near the foot of the bed. Alan said, "I don't understand . . ."

Her voice was far from steady.

"You saved your own life, Alan. That man is Lew Hartley: the real Lew Hartley."

GAIL FOSTER stirred restlessly. She was dreaming about a fantastic automobile with a flat tire which was banging along a wide tree-lined thoroughfare. In the dream it seemed perfectly natural that the loose, flapping tire should make a great deal of noise for a little while, and then no noise at all.

It started again, but this time it was louder; more insistent. Gail turned over sleepily, and opened her eyes. It was then that she realized that there was no automobile, no flat tire.

Someone was knocking at her door. Knocking firmly but gently, so that the denizens of adjoining apartments would not be disturbed.

She rubbed some of the sleep from her eyes. Through the cracks of the Venetian blinds she could see a dull grayness which marked the first touch of dawn. The rapping came again and she slipped her feet into a pair of gray mules and shrugged her figure into a gray-and-white robe. She walked sleepily across the floor and said, "Who is it?"

A man's voice, deep but with a soft Southern drawl, said, "Miss Foster?"

"Yes."

"I have a message for you. It's impawtant."

Gail cracked the door and peered into the gloomy corridor. She saw a big man with a kindly face. He said, "Can I speak to you a minute, Miss Foster?"

The sleep had been banished. She asked, "What about?" and he answered, "It ain't nothin' to get worried about, Miss Foster. Just a little talk."

He extended a huge hand toward her and she saw a silver shield in the calloused palm.

"Police?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Sorry to wake you so early, but . . ."

"What's wrong?"

The detective smiled reassuringly. "Now don't you go gittin' excited. Like I said, it ain't nothin' to worry about. S'pose you git dressed so we can talk better."

Gail said, "Certainly. I'll only take a minute."

She dressed swiftly. And with each tick of the clock she experienced a new worry. She did not know what this visit portended, but she was certain that it had something to do with Alan. The kindliness of the big man in the hall did not fool her: detectives don't go calling socially at (she glanced at the clock) six in the morning unless it's pretty serious.

Within ten minutes she opened the door again, eyes bright and clear, every sense on the alert, every nerve tense. She said, "Won't you come in?"

"No, ma'am." The detective seemed a trifle embarrassed. "I was wonderin' if you'd be good enough to take a little ride with me."

"Where?"

"I ain't supposed to say nothin', ma'am. Just fetch you."

She decided not to ask any questions —then. But it was a thoroughly frightened young lady who wrapped a single turban around a well-shaped head, who picked up her bag from the dresser and then tried to smile.

He took her arm courteously as he led her down the long hallway and out of the front door. He helped her into the waiting automobile, and wedged himself under the wheel.

Day had not yet come, and in the half light the neighborhood looked unreal: white buildings wraithlike in the grayness, flowers only partly visible, palm trees stretching gauntly into the gloom. She caught a glimpse of the beach: grayish-looking sand, a leaden ocean streaked with white lines of surf. Way off on the horizon she could see a single orange finger which indicated that soon the gloom would be dispelled

"And I love you, dear!" WILLIAM STEIG

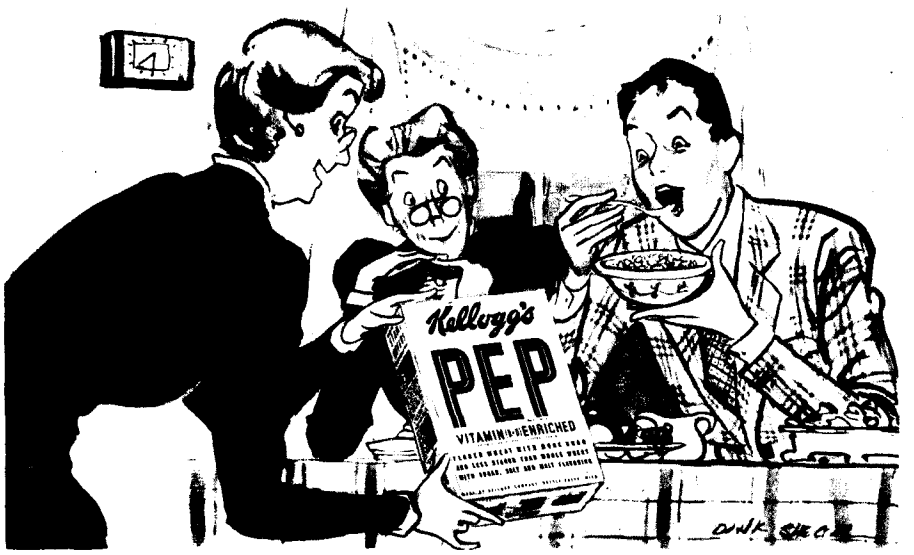
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel

Auntie A: Sh! Take a look at Junior. It's shocking! He's become a he-wallflower!

Auntie B: A little job for us, Sister! Come on, let's go.

Auntie A: And now, my fine young relative, you're convicted of not having enough *pep appeal.* No oomph, you know. No zip-zip!

Auntie B: And you're sentenced to eating right and getting all your vitamins! You can't have pep without vitamins, you know. And right here's where we make a start toward getting them. Come on to the kitchen.



Auntie A: Yessir, right in that delicious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP—a cereal made of choice parts of sun-ripened wheat—you'll find extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

Junior: Save the lecture, Auntie! If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I'm going to be the most changed man you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

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and another glorious Florida morning would come.

The detective headed north and drove at about thirty. They approached a drive-in stand and he slowed down. "You a coffee drinker, ma'am?"

She looked at him gratefully. "Yes. If we have time."

"Sure we have. There ain't *that* much hurry."

A heavy-eyed boy took their order: two cups of coffee. Gail took three scalding sips, burning the tip of her tongue. Then she lighted a cigarette, inhaled deeply and said, "You don't know how much that helps."

The beverage had relaxed her nerves and cleared her brain. He started the motor again and they continued north. The Lew Hartley place was in that direction. Alan was in that direction. She said, "I suppose there's no use asking where we're going?"

He smiled down at her. "I sho' like that, ma'am: findin' a real sensible young lady that don't go firin' a lot of questions a feller ain't allowed to answer."

Gail said, "I believe I know where we're going."

"Yes'm. I reckon maybe you do."

And beyond that, he vouchsafed no information. He was ready to talk about the weather, about the dawn which was momentarily becoming more radiantly beautiful, about himself, even; but he had a placid, quiet efficiency which warned her that she'd gain nothing by trying to pump him. Once sold on that idea, Gail exerted herself to make him like her. She didn't know what she was running into, and she felt that a friend—even so casual a well-wisher—might prove valuable.

THEY hummed along a deserted Collins Avenue, and she paid scant attention to the lavish estates slumbering behind subtropical foliage. She was trying not to think of what might have happened. The best course, obviously, was to meet this situation—whatever it might be—with an open mind, with her guard up, with her senses untarnished by preconceived ideas which could not possibly serve any purpose save to throw her off balance.

She was not at all surprised when they swung into the driveway of Lew Hartley's estate. She wasn't even surprised to see a stalwart figure in plain-clothes and big shoes standing sentinel at the decorative gateway. But she was surprised at what she saw near the house.

There were four automobiles. One of them was a long, sleek convertible which she recognized as one of the cars Alan had been driving about Miami. Another looked like a private car, and meant nothing. A third was definitely a police car.

The fourth was an ambulance.

She tried not to show the cold fear that bit at her. She warned herself that, for Alan's sake, she must keep her chin up and her head clear. As they circled toward the other parked cars, she glanced at the garage. Four of the colored servants were huddled there, staring with wide, frightened eyes. She saw Sam Gibson—Hartley's valet, and Marvella Geech, who was Sunny Ralston's personal maid. She didn't know the other two, but she could see that they were frightened.

The big detective leaped out of the car and helped her to alight. His solicitude was pleasant, but somewhat terrifying—as though he knew she was in for a shock and wanted to make it as easy on her as possible. They walked up to the front door. Another big man was standing there, and he nodded when Gail's escort said, "This is Miss Foster, Sergeant."

The sergeant smiled. "Don't you go gittin' nervous, Miss Foster," he suggested, and she wondered why they were all so solicitous of her. He went on, "I'm takin' you into the parlor. I don't want you to say anything to anybody. Just sit steady an' answer questions when we ask 'em."

She nodded and followed him into the room. Her lips were tight, her heart pounding. But as she stepped into the room she experienced a moment of infinite relief and of thanksgiving.

Alan Douglas was there, and he smiled at her. It was the face of Lew Hartley at which she looked, but she knew that it was Alan . . . and her worst fears vanished. Even a second glance which showed a swollen eye and an ugly, purplish bruise on his cheek did not frighten her. When you have steeled yourself to face calamity, nothing less than that can seem very bad.

The sergeant conducted her to a chair and said to a thin, nervous little man, "This is Miss Foster, Inspector," and the little man nodded and smiled, and then instantly looked very severe and formidable again.

Gail glanced about the room. In addition to her giant escort and the big sergeant, there was the little man who had been addressed as Inspector and two other men who obviously were also policemen.

ALAN sat across the room, and now that she knew he was safe, she tried not to concentrate too hard on him, lest it destroy the balance which she knew she must maintain.

Next to Alan was a handsome, iron-gray man in immaculate dinner clothes. Gail had seen him with Alan on several occasions, but she had never met him and didn't remember his name.

A few feet away, sitting up straight in a stiff-backed chair, was Sunny Ralston, clad in a lavish sapphire housecoat trimmed with marabou. Sunny's hair was in disarray and she looked haggard and drawn. She made a valiant effort to smile at Gail, but wasn't terribly successful.

Stretched out in an easy chair just beyond Sunny was a man whom Gail had never seen and did not know, yet she had the unaccountable feeling that he was the most important man in the room.

He had a blank, expressionless face: an almost too perfect nose: thin, sensitive lips and sharp brown eyes. On a little table beside his chair was an ice-bag and occasionally he pressed the bag against the side of his head and held it there.

There were no other people in that room. Gail thought for a moment: she missed Chuck Williams.

THE beady-eyed inspector, whose terse efficiency gave the lie to his definitely charming smile, spoke quietly to Gail. He said, "Sorry to have troubled you, Miss Foster—but we are compelled to ask you a few questions."

Gail nodded, and said nothing.

"Naturally, this is important. I do not suppose I need therefore suggest that you consider your answers carefully."

He pointed to Alan, but his shrewd eyes never left Gail's face.

"Do you know this man?" he asked.

Gail hesitated. Alan looked across the room at her, smiled faintly and nodded his head affirmatively.

She said, "Yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"Several years."

"What is his name?"

She gambled on the truth:

"Alan Douglas," she said.

She saw glances exchanged by the other police officials, and she fancied that there was an element of relief. The inspector was continuing with his examination: "How well do you know Mr. Douglas?"

"Very well indeed. We are engaged."

"Has he always looked like he looks now?"

"No."

"Then how do you know it is Douglas?"

"He told me himself."

"When?"

"Two days ago."

"Why?"

"He knew that I suspected he was not Mr. Hartley, and he preferred me to learn the truth from him."

"Did he explain the masquerade?"

"Yes. It had something to do with an important deal for South American manganese. He said that he had been engaged to pose as Mr. Hartley so that adverse interests wouldn't suspect that Mr. Hartley wasn't following his usual winter program."

"Did you believe his story?"

She answered carefully: "I believed that Mr. Douglas believed it."

"But you didn't?"

"No."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "No sane reason," she said. "Just a woman's instinct."

The inspector nodded, and said, "Thank you." He designated Wayne Hamilton. "Do you know this gentleman?"

"No."

"Have you ever seen him before?"

"I believe so, but I'm not sure. I think he is Mr. Hartley's attorney, but that's a guess."

"Why should you guess that?"

"Mr. Douglas told me about him. I've seen them together occasionally . . . at least, I believe I have. He was the one who is supposed to have approached Mr. Douglas originally."

The inspector's finger moved toward Sunny. "Do you know this lady?"

"Miss Ralston? Yes."

"What do you know about her?"

"Nothing definite."

"Had you heard that she was supposed to be Mr. Hartley's girl friend?"

"Yes."

"And you knew that Mr. Douglas was posing as Mr. Hartley?"

"Yes."

"Did you like that setup?"

She looked straight at him. "I wasn't worried, if that's what you're driving at."

The faintest suggestion of a smile crossed the inspector's lips. He designated Wayne Hamilton again. "Did you ever see him with Miss Ralston?"

"I told you that I couldn't be certain about anything in connection with that gentleman." She looked across at Wayne Hamilton and fancied she detected relief in his eyes.

HAMILTON was holding himself in check with an effort. He knew that his career was ruined, that he faced the probability—almost the certainty—of prison. And he was now thanking his lucky stars that he had proceeded cautiously, and had not arranged for Gail Foster's death. Had he done so, he'd be in a really ticklish spot. No matter how bad a jam he was in, it wouldn't be as bad as complicity in Gail Foster's murder.

The inspector pointed his finger at Lew Hartley. He said, "Do you know this gentleman, Miss Foster?"

She shook her head. "No. I never saw him before."

"You're sure?"

"Positive."

The inspector said, "Would it interest you to know that his name is Lewis Hartley?"

Gail straightened in her chair, then shook her head incredulously. "That isn't possible. . . ."

"But it is. When Mr. Douglas was altered to look like Lew Hartley—Mr. Hartley had his own face changed so that he would look like somebody else. He was about to be picked up by New York and federal authorities for a dozen major offenses, and he used this device for changing his identity. Things happened. . . ." The inspector went on smoothly: "You see, Mr. Douglas was to be killed, and the body would be promptly identified as Mr. Hartley's. So you see, your instinct was right."

Gail said, "That's incredible. . . ."

"It happens to be true. Miss Ralston told us the whole story. She probably

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ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!

1.
Leo, the Swing-King
(The Jitterbugs' Choice)
Needed a singer
With "oomph" in her voice.

2. Now, Lil's voice was torrid;
It won her the cup
On Maj. Arrow's program—
And Lee signed her up!

3. Today, Leo's rhythms
And Lil's golden voice,
Swing out in a blending
That makes fans rejoice!

The same Happy Blending
Wins CALVERT esteem;
Great whiskey traits merge
To make CALVERT supreme!

4.
Yes, CALVERT is smoother; it's mellower, too—
The Happiest Blending your taste ever knew.
So swing now to CALVERT—for one sip will prove
That CALVERT'S *your* whiskey; it's right in the groove!

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

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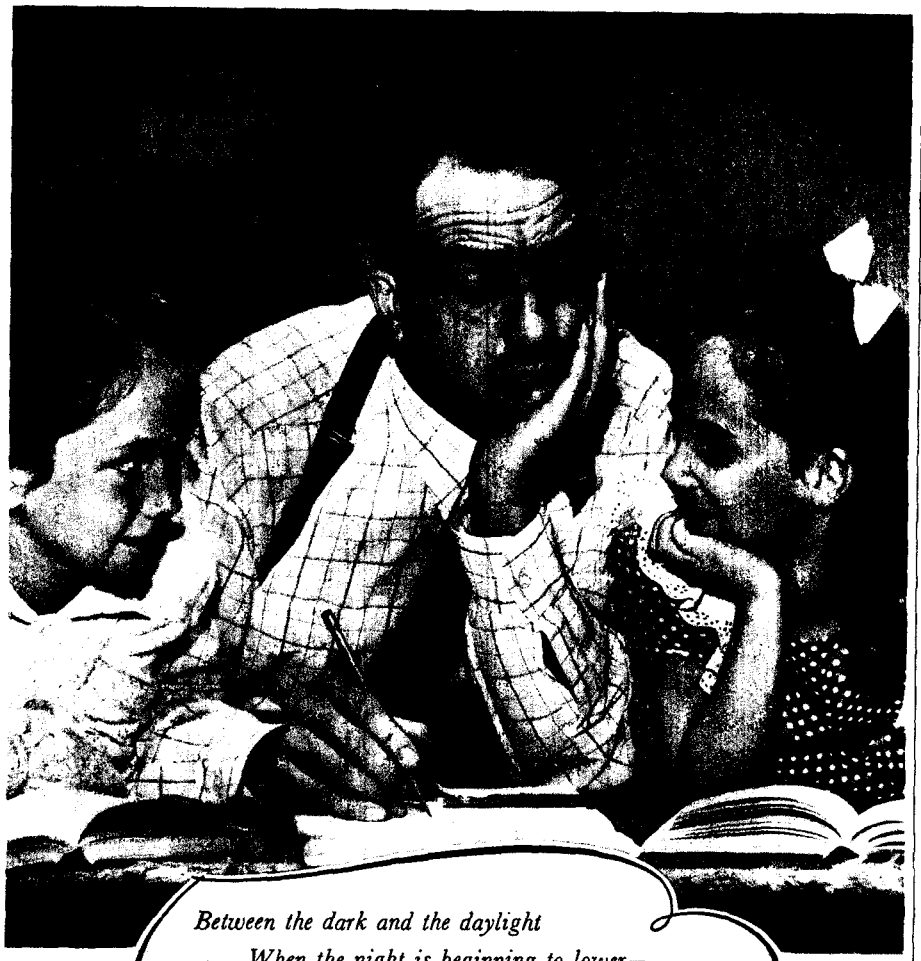


Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower—
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour...

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE ALIBI HOUR . . .

BRIGHT youngsters like these sometimes grin at each other and call it the "alibi hour."

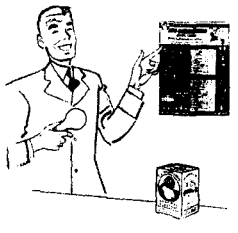
But the Science of Seeing calls it the "critical hour."

Critical because young eyes and young minds are busy getting ready for tomorrow . . . critical, too, for older eyes that must be kept fit for today's wartime tasks. They all need the protection of good light.

Good lighting reduces the physical work of seeing; conserves precious energy for the whole family. (Perhaps you never knew that reading, sewing or studying under poor light can be as tiring, physically, as digging a ditch.)

Good lighting is also potent defense against the dangers of eyestrain. Remember one out of five children of grade school age and 3 out of 5 grown-ups already suffer from the handicap of defective eyesight.

Play safe. Here's a helpful suggestion that is simple, quick and inexpensive. Put a 100-watt General Electric MAZDA lamp bulb in a modern I.E.S. study lamp and place it where children do homework. Tomorrow belongs to them. It is their day. *Tonight is your responsibility . . . for them and the whole family.*



MAKE SURE OF TWO THINGS
to protect your family's eyes

The right size lamp bulbs in every socket. Your G-E dealer has a handy chart that will help you choose RIGHT.

The right kind . . . say "G-E MAZDA lamps" . . . and get the kind made to stay brighter longer!

75 and 100-watt **15¢** 7½, 15, 25-watt **10¢** 40, 50, 60-watt **13¢** 3-lite 100, 200, 300-watt **55¢**

MAZDA — *not the name of a thing but the mark of a Research Service*

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

saved Douglas' life. I've made her no promises, but I believe she'll go free. And now," the inspector came closer, "now that you've been so co-operative, Miss Foster, I may as well tell you the rest . . ."

He spoke simply, swiftly and clearly. He told her the facts as he knew them, including the story of Chuck's death. At the end of his recital he said, "There seems to be no question that Chuck Williams asked for what he got. Douglas won't be in any jam over that. He won't have any trouble about the masquerade, either, since his own motives were free from any criminal intent. He fell for a smart game, but we are convinced of his honesty. You were important, Miss Foster—because we needed a final checkup on what we had been told by Miss Ralston. I don't think you need to have any further worry."

He shoved some papers into a brief case, and addressed his men: "We're taking Hartley, Hamilton and Miss Ralston down to headquarters. You, Douglas, and you, Miss Foster, will stick around Miami as long as we need you. . . ." He bowed elaborately. "That will be all," he said.

Sunny rose wearily. She said, "I suppose I can slip into something decent . . . ?"

"Sure. One of the boys will wait outside your door."

Save for the man detailed to guard Sunny, the hallway was deserted when the girl came back downstairs. Gail moved swiftly into the hallway, and held out her hands. She said, "You know what I'm thinking, Sunny."

"Yeah. I know."

They stood looking at each other, and then suddenly their arms were about each other and they were crying. Gail pulled away and said, "Keep your chin up, Sunny. We'll see that things are made easy for you."

Sunny looked around the room. Her eyes were dull, her manner uncertain. She said, "It's one awful mess. But I ain't sorry."

Her head was high as she walked out of the front door with her police escort.

For a long time Alan and Gail stood silent, not moving, not touching each other.

Then Gail reached out her hand and Alan took it. They looked at each other, and all of Gail's courage vanished.

FOR the next few moments she was nothing more nor less than a frightened girl who had been subjected to worry and suffering and apprehension and who was just commencing to sense the tragedy which so narrowly had been averted.

Alan held her tight. He, too, was badly shaken and inarticulate.

Finally she drew away from him. She said tremulously, "I'm happy, Alan . . . and some day perhaps I'll get over being frightened."

He bent to kiss her and saw that her eyes were still filled with fear.

"I'm going to have this face altered," he promised, trying to relieve the tension. "I'll have it done right away."

She clung to him.

"That's important," she said softly. "Otherwise I'm afraid I'd feel as though I were married to Lew Hartley."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Georgia, we are powerless. It all comes of our publishing a few odd names picked up here and there. In Collier's for January 31st, we quoted Doctor Peelor on names he, as family physician, discovered in the Roddy family of the Missouri Ozark region. Mr. Saufley met a Roddy called Pucker. Upon inquiry he discovered that the gentleman's complete name was George Washington Thomas Jefferson Darius Green Persimmons Henry Clay Roddy. And the following, writes Mrs. Kimble, are "real people in Brooks County, Georgia: Wonderful Davis, Precious Swain, Anniversary Reynolds, Seena Bull, Haile Selassie and Mussolini Wooten (twins), Souvenir Maxwell, Macaroni Carter, Cloudy White (colored), Depression and Welcome Hope Mobley, Careless Brown, National Jackson, George Washington, Robert Louis Stevenson, Benjamin Franklin, Ronald Colman and Sweet Mosely."

BUT this one's a bit complicated. We're sure you won't mind that. Incidentally, if you discover anything simple these days let us know. Mr. Harry A Hadley of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, reports that the father of a lad who'd just been drafted sold the boy's jaloppy to a neighbor for twenty-five dollars. Sometime later the father found the car still parked at the curb but minus its tires. He telephoned the buyer saying the deal was off because someone had stolen the tires. "I did that," replied the purchaser. "All I wanted were the tires." Said the seller: "But I wanted to get that wreck off my street." Replied the buyer: "Okay, sell it for junk. I'll give you half what you get for it." Whereupon the father sold the tireless can to a junkman for forty dollars, who sold it to a middleman for sixty dollars, who is about to sell it to a munitions maker for seventy or so, who will probably sell it in some appropriate lethal form to our armed forces at a nice profit. This, goes on Mr. Hadley, makes the draftee's original killer still a killer except that he hopes that its next victims will not be citizens of Harrisburg. The point is, however, that the first purchaser got six good tires for five dollars, the car having possessed two spares. This reads like the new price-control bill but that's not our fault.

WE DROPPED in on Mr. Joseph John Gurney Williams III of Chappaqua, New York, with the intention of setting him straight. We were none too successful. In fact when we left, Mr. Williams seemed a little more puzzled than when we got there. He was still poring over a letter from Mr. Eugene W. Sloan, Executive Director of the Defense Savings Staff of the United States Treasury. With some difficulty we induced Mr. Williams to show us the letter. Mr. Sloan had written: "So that we and our children may again live in peace . . . it is the privilege of every American citizen to help pay for the supplies and equipment needed to win our victory. Because of that I know you won't mind my asking you the question: Are you buying your limit of Defense Bonds? And are you buying your bonds on the Regular Purchase Plan? . . . Because America needs your faith and loyal support more than ever before, won't you fill out the enclosed order blank and mail it today?" Being in complete agreement with Mr. Sloan, we exhorted Mr. Williams to lose no time. He listened with flattering interest, so absorbed in our argument that before we had finished he had eaten quite a portion of Mr. Sloan's letter. But being eight months old, it didn't seem to disturb him much. . . . W. D.

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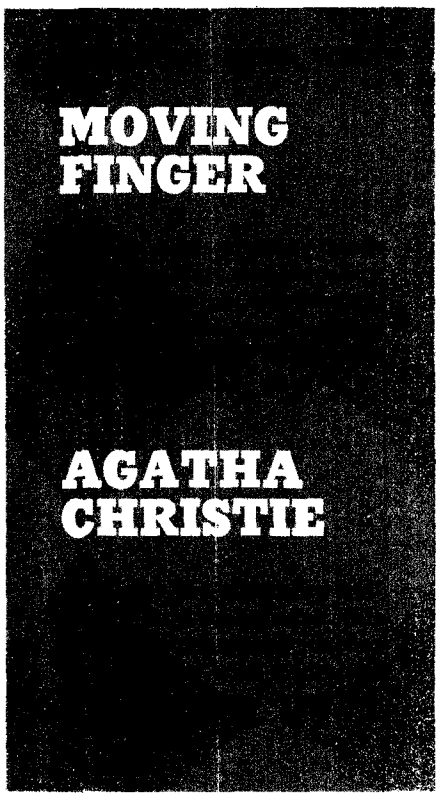
The New Honolulu

Continued from page 22

They heard about them first from Lord Hee Hee at Tokyo or read of them in incoming publications. But the horror of the sneak attack was very real, and Honolulu realizes that the imaginary stories might very well have been true if it had not been for the intervention of Divine Providence and their own native foresight that prompted them to make ready for attack long before war began.

That the city escaped lightly has not lessened its anger; on the contrary, it probably has intensified the fury. Having come through the first ordeal with high courage and unshaken morale, Honolulu is in fit condition to meet whatever may follow.

"Let 'em come back," are the grim watchwords of a community itching to fight. If the Japanese thought to intimidate Hawaii they misread this Territory as badly as they misread the rest of the American nation. There is no clamor to leave the Islands, either by residents or newcomers who have followed their



defense-worker or service menfolks here. The only tears that have been shed in my office over evacuation were spilled by women temporarily resident in Hawaii who had been ordered to return to their mainland homes. They wanted to stay. I couldn't do anything for them but I know how they felt when they cried:

"Those sneaking Japs can't run me out!"

For all of its terrible cost, the Japanese rape of Hawaii may prove to have been a blessing. Japan has lost all chance of escaping the full weight of righteous wrath.

Honolulu was not unprepared for Japanese treachery. The sophistries of isolationists fell on deaf ears here. "It can't happen to us," made no hit in mid-Pacific. The community knew it could happen, and might happen. When it did happen there were no jitters.

The life streams of the world commonly cross out here in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, which makes for the long view. Hawaii knows the facts of life and has few illusions.

More than a year before the invasion the people of Honolulu began to make ready for war. Territorial and city and county defense councils were organized (the writer had the honor of heading both) and the aid of the best skills and intellects of the community was called upon to plan civilian defense. Theory was discarded in favor of practical experience and workable planning.

The usual difficulty was encountered in finding funds to spend on a crisis that might never arise. But the men on the 22 defense committees created by the City and County Major Disaster Council knew their Honolulu; knew what it needed, what it had on hand and what must be brought in for defense. Businessmen, big and little, persons distinguished in the professions, utility directors, artisans, labor leaders, financiers—men and women in every walk of life—joined with government department heads in the effort.

Geography was an important factor in the planning. Hawaii could not dash out in a truck and bring in what it needed from a neighboring state. Two thousand miles of water transport had to be reckoned. Emergency supplies must be available on the Islands.

Mr. Thomas G. S. Walker, a former plantation manager, consented to act as co-ordinator. When he consolidated the findings of the practical men who had surveyed the situation he reported that Honolulu required $1,237,000 for immediate expenditure and about $10,000,000 in reserve for use when war came. This was exclusive of food supplies, which were being dealt with separately.

How Honolulu Got Ready

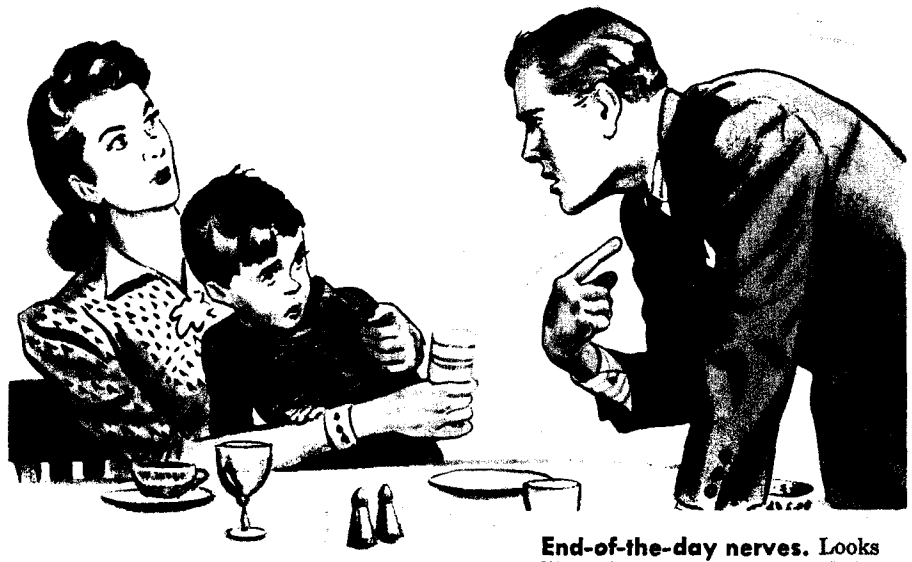
Governor Joseph B. Poindexter, calling the legislature into special session, approved the council's findings in part and obtained an appropriation of $500,000 for immediate use, with $1,000,000 to be held for operation of the Hawaii Defense Act, better known as the M-Day Act, designed to centralize all civil authority in his office and thus obviate the necessity for martial law. When the attack came, however, the governor found it advisable to call upon the Commanding General to proclaim martial law. Under this proclamation the Commanding General became Military Governor of Hawaii, the Civil Governor and his Office of Civilian Defense operating co-operatively with the military authorities under the M-Day provisions.

In the meantime Hawaii's Delegate Samuel Wilder King had obtained $2,000,000 in Washington for food storage in Hawaii, but this got clogged in the Budget Bureau bottleneck. This may have been a blessing in disguise, for since war began a $35,000,000 federal revolving fund has been set up to keep Hawaii well fed.

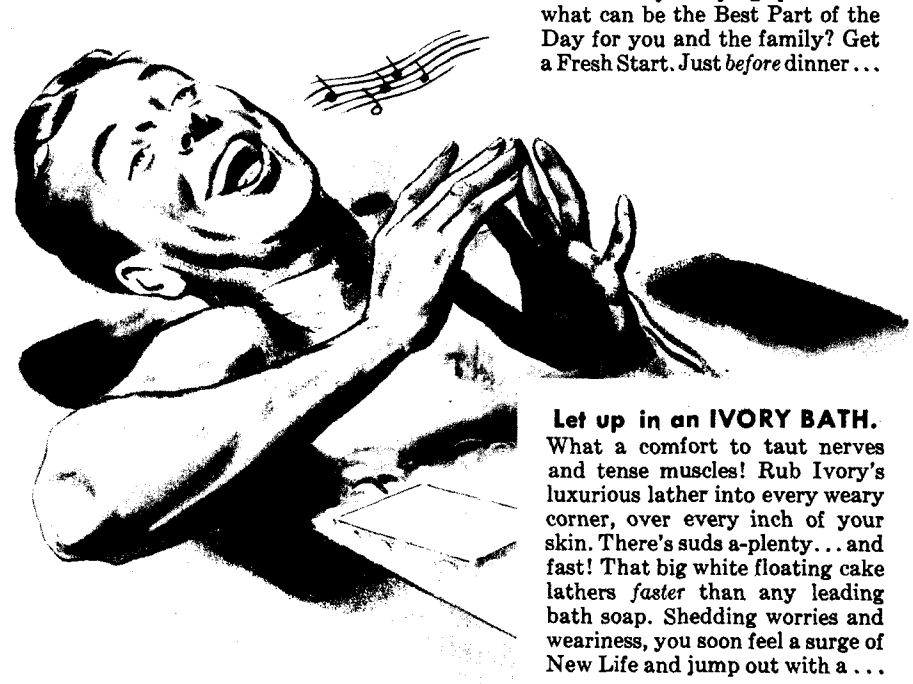
Honolulu did not wait for money for civilian preparedness. Dr. Thomas Mossman, city and county physician, came to the Board of Supervisors early last year and told it he must have medical supplies—lots of medical supplies. "One of these days we are going to have a lot of wounded to take care of, and we are not ready for them," he said. "Okay," said the Board, "we'll dig up all we can." And they did. The Army and Navy helped, too. Dr. Mossman is a most persuasive person and very earnest.

Other doctors throughout the community rallied round. Drs. Harry N. Arnold, Sr., and Robert D. Faus organized twenty First Aid Stations, which absorbed the Army and Navy supplies and gave a wonderful accounting when the time of need arrived. Dr. Forrest

"There's NOTHING the matter with me!"



End-of-the-day nerves. Looks like a gloomy evening ahead. Why let the day's trying pace ruin what can be the Best Part of the Day for you and the family? Get a Fresh Start. Just *before* dinner . . .



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Fresh Start for the Best Part of the Day! You're ready and eager for fun again . . . full of zing for cards, bowling, or a show . . . after your Ivory Bath. You *feel* refreshed for that fresh, clean "Ivory" smell leaves you "fresh" physically . . . clean and keen as can be. It's that faster, milder, more luxurious Ivory lather which puts an *Ivory* Bath in a class by itself. For a Fresh Start, enjoy one *frequently!*

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For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH

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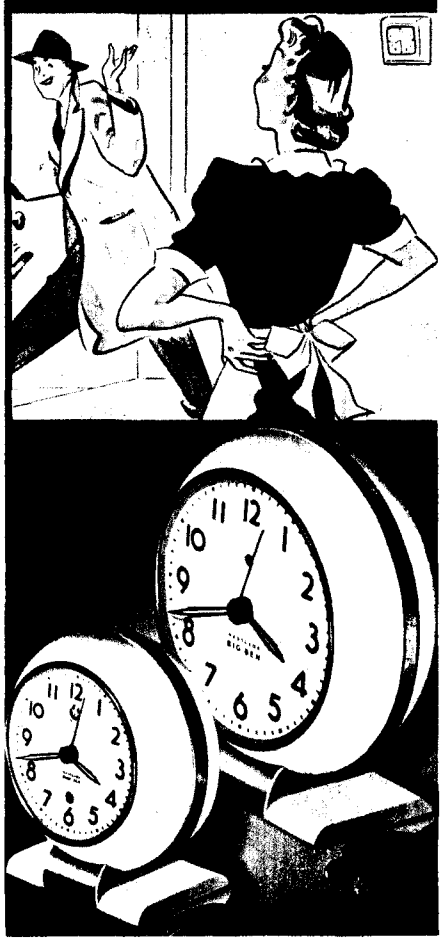
How to keep 'em rolling on the home front

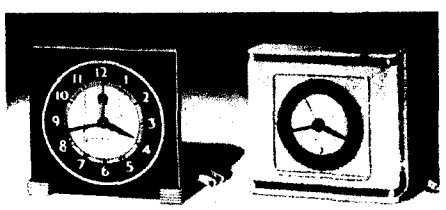


Busy days—with every minute precious! Good timekeeping is needed in every home.

BIG BEN ELECTRIC will start the day on the dot. Self-starting. Beautiful ivory finish. $3.95

BABY BEN ELECTRIC gives you Big Ben quality in a smaller clock that's also very smart. Self-starting. Comes in ivory finish . . $3.95

Above clocks with luminous dial, a dollar more



COUNTRY CLUB electric alarm will serve you faithfully. In handsome maroon finish, plain dial, $2.95. Ivory finish, luminous dial . $3.95

BACHELOR electric alarm greets you each morning. Self-starting. Ivory finish, plain dial, $3.95. Ivory finish, luminous dial . . $4.95

DUNBAR self-starting electric wall clock will save minutes in the kitchen. Has tilted case for easier reading. Choice of four finishes. $3.95

MANOR (*right*) is also self-starting. Large easy-to-read numerals. Four smart finishes. $3.50

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Only a few of the many Westclox electrics are shown. There's one for every room—time clocks, wall clocks, alarm models. Priced $2.95 to $6.95, *plus Federal and local taxes.*

Prices subject to change without notice.

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WESTCLOX* ELECTRIC CLOCKS

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

J. Pinkerton got his Chamber of Commerce Health Committee into action and established a blood bank where plasma was refrigerated and stored, saving countless lives on December 7th. Nurses and lay volunteers came into the movement. Altogether the medical preparation was very thorough. Adequate hospital facilities were still lacking when the blow fell and that might have created a serious condition if Honolulu had suffered more heavily. But that, needless to say, is being remedied.

Honolulu got quickly into its fighting clothes when war began. Volunteers representing all phases of activity and all racial groups in the community, with municipal department heads and their staffs to give cohesion and practical background to the organization, fell promptly into line with their military advisers in making the city ready for the safety of the civilian population if and when the enemy should come back. That they will try to come back unless they are thoroughly flattened in the Far East, Honolulu confidently believes, and secretly hopes. It will be a different story from that of December 7th. Costly, no doubt, to civilian life and property but worth the price, as Honolulu sees it. As may have been mentioned, Honolulu is mad.

The city's readiness, its long anticipation of ultimate attack, may account for the fact that while espionage prevailed here—as has been shown by the Roberts' report—there was no sabotage in the civil community, at least. For all its anger, the community has kept its head in its attitude toward the 157,000 persons of Japanese ancestry who reside in the Territory, of whom 22 per cent are aliens. The authorities promptly put out of circulation all those of Japanese, German, Italian or other blood whom there was reason to suspect. The others were not molested but they are being watched—watched carefully. Those of Japanese blood among them who are loyal to America understand why this must be. They recognize and feel keenly that there is good reason they should be "on the spot." They realize, none more poignantly, that they have a very grave question to answer—the question of how it could come to pass that Japanese secret agents could build up the machine they did erect here and plot in minute detail the treacherous attack of December 7th without some of the 157,000 of their racials living here finding out about it in time to give warning.

Their answer of course is that they could not discover what the trained secret agents of American government did not learn but they recognize that the question remains and that it can be answered only by their actions.

Reprisals That Didn't Come

In the meantime Honolulu and all Hawaii are reserving judgment. There is no hysteria, no persecution—only intent watchfulness. Alien Japanese who have lived most of their lives in Hawaii, old men and women who brought to Hawaii with them and have since cherished the traditions and culture of their homeland and who intended to live out their lives in enjoyment of American advantages, but who clung to the hope of going back to their native soil to die, were badly frightened for a time after the attack. They expected the reprisals aliens in their circumstances would suffer if they were trapped by war in Japan. Timidly they have emerged from their early hiding places, but they are still bewildered that no harm has befallen them from their neighbors. Many of them say frankly that the American way is incomprehensible to them and seem for the first time to be trying better to understand it.

The hunt for saboteurs, however, would not be among the people of this class. They are the simple coolies whose mental equipment would not fit them for the role even if they were so inclined.

Americans of Japanese ancestry have an equally perplexing problem. They realize that their future depends wholly upon what they themselves do, how they themselves act. In the crisis they were quick to invest in Defense Bonds and some of them made quite a show of these purchases but they were equally quick to recognize that profitable investments were no certain guarantee of loyalty. Before the war they were inclined to point with a great deal of pride to the sons they sent to the draft army. There too they saw that compliance with the inevitable bore no special merit. What to do—this is their very real question. Shall they wave the flag and be accused of empty pretense? Shall they remain silent, self-effacing and be charged with lack of enthusiasm for the American cause? They learn of the evacuation of aliens from the mainland defense areas and hear talk that all persons of Japanese blood are to be rounded up and placed safely away from the country's shores. What then of those who live here in the Islands? It is all very confusing and they have not yet found the answer. In finding that answer they will receive no aid, no suggestions, from their neighbors. There will be no persecution and there will be no compulsion. The time of test has come and it will be the people of Japanese blood alone who shall say where their loyalty lies.

But Honolulu goes its customary way, merely shifting its hours for certain activities to conform to the new regulations. Dad stays home nights now and gets acquainted with the family, or works in a blacked-out office if he has that kind of war job. Mother has to hurry home earlier from her bridge because the shops close earlier and she has to be off the street before 6 o'clock. Bill and Mary do their dancing and see the movies in the afternoon instead of at night. Gasoline is rationed.

Bob and Sis sail boats in a new lake that has formed in the trench shelter Dad so proudly built, while that amateur engineer engraves a new crease in his brow trying to solve the drainage problem.

Some of the lads whose memory is not too good thought they were ill when they arose morning after morning without a dark brown taste, but even they are becoming accustomed to the liquor drought, which, incidentally, is not to be confused with the so-called dry days of the prohibition era. The Provost Court makes short shrift of those who trifle with the ban on liquor sales. One venturesome saloonkeeper is out of pocket $5,000 in cash, an $8,000 stock of bottled goods and is starting a five-year tour of duty in prison because he thought the Military Governor was fooling.

The military court was lenient at the outset—it has been the Army's aim throughout to interfere as little as possible with all normal civil procedure—but some sharp lessons were required before everyone came to realize that "blackout" means "no light." Early offenders were allowed to donate blood to the hospital bank or to buy Defense Bonds or contribute to the Red Cross. Persistent violators came in for harsher treatment. One three-time repeater is spending 30 days in jail at hard labor. And hard labor in the military lexicon does not mean loafing around on a cell bunk all day.

When the 30-day sentence was handed down there was a noticeable decline in blackout violations.

Gambling came in for its share of attention from the military court. Nothing more serious than alley crap games, Filipino cock fights and an occasional quiet poker game was disclosed, large-scale gaming having long since been effectively discouraged in Hawaii. The players found small profit in leaving their winnings in the Red Cross treasury and soon lost heart.

The military officers who serve as provost judges have won the confidence of the public by the sound common sense they apply to the law. Able-bodied serious offenders are given tough jobs of defense work to perform, lesser wrongdoers are permitted to satisfy justice by serving as blood donors, making contributions to the Red Cross or by buying Defense Bonds.

A group of Japanese aliens collectively paid $875 in fines for stealing lumber from a defense project with which to build themselves a raid shelter for protection from their own countrymen's bombs.

One poker winner, found to have more than the $200 cash limit, was ordered to buy Defense Bonds, which were then placed in escrow by the court for the duration of the war.

Up Comes a Buried Treasure

With a view to keeping business on an even keel and to avoid the necessity of bringing in large shipments of coin and currency, which would have been inevitable if hoarding were permitted, the Military Governor placed a monthly limit of $200 on the cash allowed in the possession of each person. There is no interference with checking accounts and trade transactions go on as usual but the flow of money into secret places has stopped and cash that had not seen the light of day for many a year has suddenly come out of hiding. Within the few days from the issuance of the order to its effective date Hawaii bank deposits increased more than $6,000,000. Island folk had quite a tidy sum stored away in the old teapot.

Closing of the schools for a few weeks was followed by a rearrangement of class hours to meet blackout conditions and to prevent perilous concentrations of pupils. Japanese language schools were not permitted to reopen. Otherwise educational activities are being carried on in as nearly a normal basis as conditions permit.

All in all, life in Honolulu is not greatly changed.

Perhaps it does grow a little tiresome to sit at home every night when one would like to be dancing or seeing a show or stirring around with the boys to take a drink or two. Perhaps we do fret some over having to outguess the grocer on his closing time if we are to get anything for dinner. Perhaps we do wince when we see our broad expanse of lawn marred with a zigzag slit trench. Perhaps we do grouse a bit over other inconveniences. But that is all they are—inconveniences. Nothing to get mad about. And they are not what has at last made placid Hawaii mad. Not at all.

Hawaii is a land of openness. Its people live in open-type houses, they speak freely and openly what is in their mind, their lives are open and aboveboard.

They abhor a sneak.

A carpenter, an American of Japanese ancestry, was nailing blackout paper in place the day after the Pearl Harbor attack. With each blow of his hammer he muttered something under his breath. A bystander stepped closer and overheard:

"Damn the Japs," cursed the carpenter.

Whang, went his hammer.

"Damn' sneaks!" Whang. "Damn' Japs!" Whang.

The Japanese had become "Japs" overnight, even to their own racials. And what was worse—damn' Jap sneaks.

Yes, Hawaii is mad.

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Keep your tires going MONTHS LONGER

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THIS IS IT

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If you face the prospect of being without transportation as soon as your present tires wear out, you'll welcome this new wartime tire-saver service—now available from Goodyear dealers.

The Goodyear Tire-Life Extension Plan is a tested, easy-to-follow program based on what Goodyear has learned about the causes of premature tire failures—*and their prevention*—in 25 *million* miles of test fleet driving.

Under this plan you simply take out a Goodyear Tire-Life Extension Policy, written to fit your individual needs. This policy entitles you to regular tire care by trained experts—*a service that guards your tires month after month to keep 'em rolling far beyond normal expectancy!*

What to do

To share in these extra-mileage benefits, regardless of what make of tires you have, visit the nearest Goodyear dealer displaying this "Tire-Life Extension Station" sign.

TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION STATION

First, he'll give you a mileage estimate—based on thorough analysis—showing how much longer wear you could normally expect from your tires.

Then he'll show you how this anticipated life can be increased by many thousands of miles, perhaps even a year's added wear—by your cooperation with the Tire-Life Extension Program covered in your policy.

This is no untried plan. Records of large truck fleets, operated for years under a similar Goodyear program, show large tire-mileage increases.

Why you should get the policy—now

Remember, there's no telling when new tires will be sold again. So don't wait till your present tires are past saving. The better condition they're in when you take out a policy, the more extra mileage you'll get.

The cost of a Goodyear Tire-Life Extension Policy is small, compared with the inconvenience of laying up your car. Do like thousands—keep yourself in transportation by getting your policy today—at the nearest Goodyear Tire-Life Extension Station.

GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR
TIRES
IF YOU ARE PERMITTED TO BUY NEW TIRES OR TUBES — it is more important than ever to get the best. For more than a quarter-century Goodyear tires have been the world's first choice for mileage, safety and value. Instead of ordinary tubes get Goodyear LifeGuards — the modern successor to inner tubes that makes it safe to drive any tire to its last gasp.

LifeGuard—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

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China Gold

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

OBEDIENT to the dying wish of her mother—"the richest woman in the world"—Elaine Brian leaves New York City and goes to China, where she hopes to find a priest known as "Father Valerian," who, years before—when he was Mark Chappell—had loved her mother, been her closest friend.

In the course of her long journey, she meets a charming, but conscienceless, American—Elton Field—who has a home (and a mistress) in Shanghai. Impressed by her vast wealth, Field hopes to marry her. Then, when he reaches Shanghai, he brutally casts aside his mistress—Helen Kung, a Eurasian who adores him. Then, when Elaine goes on to the city of Ta-ming (where Father Valerian has a mission), he follows her. And Helen Kung, also, goes to Ta-ming—*for reasons known only to herself. . . .*

Father Valerian—a true man of God—is overjoyed when Elaine arrives. But when she insists on staying—living at the mission house and working in the little hospital he has established—he is assailed by doubts. As time goes on, and his German refugee assistant—Rudolf Helgel—admits to him that he has fallen in love with the young visitor, he is seriously worried. But he does not order the girl to leave. . . .

Accompanied by a Japanese, Field reaches Ta-ming, in an airplane. He goes straight to Japanese headquarters. Later, he calls on Father Valerian and urges him to force Elaine to leave "dangerous" Ta-ming. The priest does not like him; he refuses to do anything. Whereupon, Field—following a talk with Elaine—decides to cable her father, in New York, inform him that his daughter is in great peril, and suggest that he ask the State Department to make her return to America.

Arrived in Ta-ming, Helen Kung is met by her male servant: Li-hua. Li-hua tells her that the German—whom the natives suspect of being a spy, for the Chinese or their enemies—is believed to be in love with Elaine Brian. Helen Kung listens noncommittally; then she informs Li-hua that she will soon open a "house of amusement"—a geisha house.

While looking for girls (whom she will buy) in a near-by village, she learns that Rudolf Helgel is there. She calls on him—finds him in a simple house, seated at a table with a young Chinese. She exchanges a few words with the German; then, "I know who you are," she says quietly, "I have been told who you are." The German flushes. "But," he says slowly, "no one has told me who *you* are."

Suddenly out of the crowd a girl put herself forward, a sad-eyed young girl, whose face was dust-stained and unwashed. "Take me," she said recklessly. "What do I care? I may as well go"

VII

HELEN pondered a moment, meditating the manner of telling this German who she was. Then she decided upon the truth: "I am Helen Kung, newly come from Shanghai for a business in Ta-ming, a house of entertainment. I am here hiring young girls to train in dancing and singing."

The blood receded slowly from his face. This was all she was!

"Will you sit down?" he asked formally.

"Thank you, I will not," she replied. "I must go on with my business. I came in only because I heard a foreign man was here. I hope you will come some time to my house for a meal, for a dance, for whatever you like. We shall serve you with the best."

He bowed and clicked his heels again without answering. Inwardly he was amused. Ta-ming with a modern café! Father Valerian would cast him out of the mission house if he went to such entertainment. Nevertheless, he admitted to himself that this was a very beautiful woman, and she had not been coarsened in her beauty. He waited for her to leave, so that he might go on with his talk with the young chieftain, who all this time had not risen from his seat opposite, his jaw ajar as he stared at the strange woman.

Helen turned, drawing her silk cape about her, and then at the door she paused.

"If you are interested in Elaine Brian," she said in the pure German which she had once learned from a German professor sent on a research project into Fukien Province from a museum in Berlin, "I know something that you might want to know about her. My house is the third on the Street of Flowers."

She smiled, and without a pause was gone. Behind her Li-hua looked back and saw the German standing there as though he had been struck. But he followed on and they came out into the street again where the people were waiting and among them the surly young man.

"You may trust this German," she told him. "I know Germans and his is a good face."

The crowd wavered, wanting to believe. "He promises us help," the young man said eagerly.

"Take it," she replied; "it will be honest help."

The crowd sighed with relief. "What do you want from us?" the young man asked gratefully. "We who cannot tell one foreigner from another, and this one seemed only another red-faced, blue-eyed fellow as they all are. But heaven sent you here at this moment."

"I have a business," she replied.

SO SHE told what she wanted and they listened and they looked at one another, wanting to give her a reward, and yet reluctant for this. Then suddenly out of the crowd a young girl put herself forward, a sad-eyed young girl, whose face was dust-stained and unwashed, but the features were fine and her braided hair was long.

"Take me," she said recklessly. "What do I care? I may as well go."

There were murmurs in the crowd: "Yes, she may as well go."

"Let her go!" an old man said—who stood in the door of the house.

"Let her go," an old woman echoed. They watched while this girl took between her fingers a small piece of the new woman's cape and so signified that she would follow her. Then this girl called out in a harsh young voice. "You others may as well come, too! You, Shadow, and you, Little Goose, and you, Little Seventh Sister, why should you stay behind?"

Without a word three young girls separated themselves from the blue-clad crowd and no one spoke when they did so. But the old woman began to weep and the old man quieted her. "What can we do for her now?" he said in a low voice.

"Is any unwilling?" Helen Kung asked, but no one answered and the old woman went on weeping quietly. "Then let us go," Helen said, "and I will leave behind this man who is my servant who will give written contracts and the sum of one hundred dollars to the family of each girl. Wages may be paid also to the families."

She bade the girls climb upon the wheelbarrow, two to a side and she herself sat in front.

"I did not bargain for five," the wheelbarrow pusher shouted.

"I will pay you for five," Helen said, and so quieted him except for his *(Continued on page 41)*

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The Antic Assassins of Geary

Continued from page 20

At the south end of Main Street was a one-story frame building whose front was decorated with a large sign that read:

RUFUS MOGGOT
Attorney at Law
Real Estate—Insurance
Licensed Auctioneer—Notary Public
Money Lent

Cal and Jim Cutler entered this building. A nasty-looking little old man was seated behind a desk. He jumped to his feet at the intrusion.

"Set down, Rufe," Cal said. "We come to talk things over a bit."

"You're wastin' your time!" Mr. Moggot rasped. "I've told you final, the law says I—"

"Jest a minute, Rufe," Cal interrupted, "we know what you told us, backwards an' forrards. But we come in to ask you for the last time, are you goin' to be a good citizen, or are you goin' to go on actin' like a skunk?"

"Get out!" Mr. Moggot shrieked. "You're too stupid to own land an' you deserve to lose it! Get out! Get—"

He stopped. Cal had approached, had drawn his six-shooter and now he placed it on the desk by Mr. Moggot's hand.

"We cut cards for the job," he explained, "an' he won it. When I count three you'll both begin shootin'."

He backed to the side of the room. Mr. Moggot had turned a pasty white, he was trembling violently. Jim, hands on hips, was standing idly ten feet in front of him.

"One," Cal said.

The sweat poured from Mr. Moggot's brow. "W-wait!" he quavered. "I—"

"Two," Cal said.

Mr. Moggot screamed, snatched up the pistol and fired.

"Three," Cal said.

There was a six-gun in Jim's hand. It roared. Mr. Moggot's head snapped back . . . then rolled forward again. A round, gray-blue spot had appeared in the middle of his forehead. Drops of blood oozed from it. He pitched forward, struck the desk and rolled to the floor on his back. Twice he twitched, then lay still.

"Plumb center," Cal observed, bending over him.

"Never missed yet," Jim said, putting up his gun.

A few seconds later the Cutler brothers were seen riding rapidly southeast out of town.

CITIZENS scoured Geary for Sheriff Aiken. They found him finally in the back of the feed store napping on baled hay. He displayed great surprise when told of the late crime.

"Who'd 'a' thought it of them Cutler boys?" he said. "I'll go bring them in."

But he seemed in no hurry. It took him fifteen minutes to pack his saddlebags and another fifteen to saddle Mister Fothergill, his horse.

Citizens murmured at the sheriff's slowness. They expressed doubt that "the old fool" really intended to collar "the old fools." This was calumny. Sheriff Aiken knew his duty but he wanted no unfair advantage in the performing of it. And as things stood he had just that.

For citizens declared the brothers had fled by the southeast road, and that, for the sheriff, was as good as a note from the pair stating their destination. It was Old Long Drop. He knew it as well as he knew the brothers, as well as he knew Old Long Drop itself, that canyon shelf on the Zuni Trail, whose wicked edge dropped sheer to Hades and whose dangerous length he had crossed so many times, so long ago, while hunting with the very same Cutler brothers.

"Like milkin' a dead heifer," he confided to Mister Fothergill as he mounted him. "Might as well let them get a start."

Saying which he rode from town at a walk. . . .

The Zuni Trail branched due east from the southeast road some ten miles out of Geary. An old Indian way, almost invisible now, it ran through desolate country and led gently up to and through the Zuni foothills. Few natives under seventy knew of its existence, and even the sheriff was forced to a grudging use of his glasses to locate it. When he had done so he studied it and grunted.

"Plain as print," he muttered. "An' look at that, Mister Fothergill, ridin' like all scratch was after them! Old donkeys, they ought've knowed we wouldn't push them."

THRUSTING the specs into his pocket, he heeled Mister Fothergill into motion and took up the trail.

Since it was a good eight hours by slow riding from Geary to Old Long Drop, and since the sheriff rode very slowly, the afternoon was well along before he pulled up at the anticipated ledge. Mister Fothergill was very hungry and immediately mentioned the fact by whinnying. From across the canyon, faintly, came answering neighs. The sheriff grinned.

"Uh-huh! The boys are up at the cabin. Abide yourself, hoss, supper's comin' right up."

But he squinted across the ledge. It was a natural granite shelf carved in the canyon wall. From five to six feet in depth, it ran forty-odd feet from near side to far, where the trail continued its way up through Long Drop Pass and on by an old log hut. The edge of the shelf looked straight down on the canyon floor over two hundred feet below.

"Mean as ever," the sheriff murmured, peering. "Feller could take a nasty fall—if he was upsot."

He dismounted, pulled his rope from the saddle and tucked it into his belt. A slap on the flank started the reluctant Mister Fothergill across the ledge. Hugging the wall, the sheriff cautiously followed. But they made the crossing without mishap.

"Shucks!" the sheriff muttered, expressing his shame as he remounted. "Should've knowed they wouldn't pull one like that. Awful silly-lookin' if anybody'd saw. Let's get on up to the cabin, Mister Fothergill, an' not make no more spectacles of ourselves."

Long Drop Pass led up a steep grade between walls of giant rocks piled crazily. Picking his way fussily along the boulder-studded floor Mister Fothergill had carried the sheriff perhaps halfway up the cut. Suddenly a figure leaped from behind a large, smooth rock to the right. It was Cal Cutler. His clawlike hand hovered over his gun butt.

"Go for your gun, Lee!" he shrilled. "'Cause I'm a-shoot—" He stopped. "Well, dad sour my innards, Lee Aiken!" he complained. "You ain't got your specs on! How in blazes do you expec' to come huntin' a couple of murderers blind? Now, you jest turn Mister Fothergill 'round an' go on down the pass an' come back prepared! An' hurry up 'cause it's past eatin' time now!"

Sheriff Aiken, embarrassed to a brick red and unable to offer a word in his own defense, wheeled Mister Fothergill and clattered off down the pass. At the bot-

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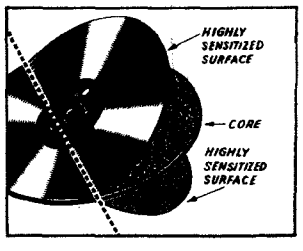

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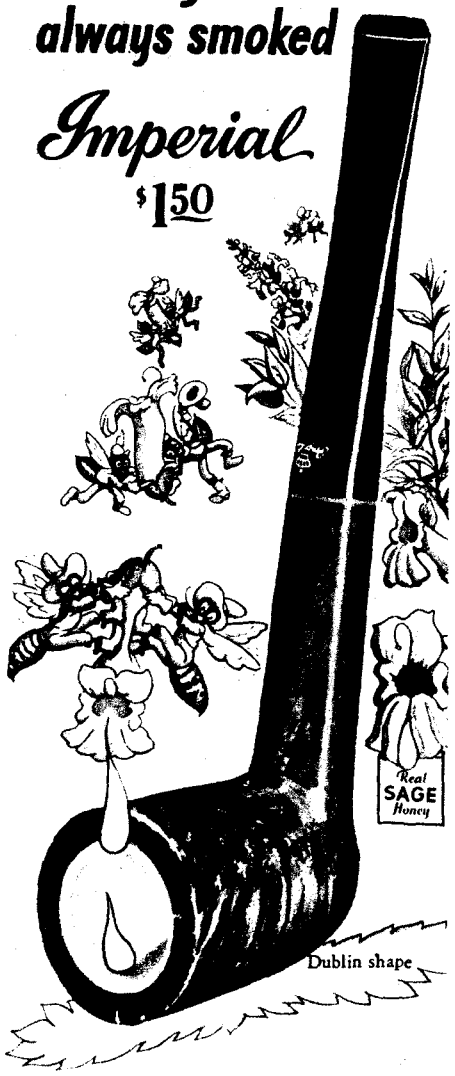

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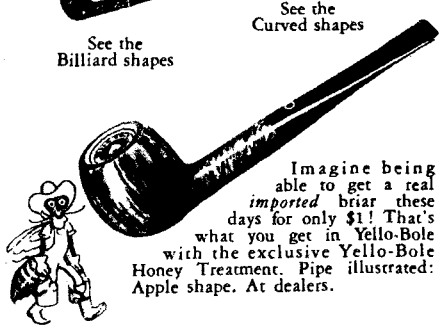

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tom he reined in and, aiming elaborate profanity at his spectacles, placed them on his nose and again started up the pass. Approaching the familiar boulder he strove to forget that he had ever seen it before. He exhibited surprise when Cal popped into sight.

"Go for your gun, Lee!" Cal warned once more. " 'Cause I'm a-shootin'!"

The roar of the pistols sounded almost as one shot. Cal winced and ducked as the sheriff's slug nipped a tiny piece from his ear. Mister Fothergill, seared lightly in the flank, screamed and bucked convulsively and the sheriff went sailing out of the saddle. Landing on arm and shoulder, the gun in his hand struck sharply on the stone floor. Glasses dangling from his ear by their one lug, he rolled to the left and took shelter behind a boulder. Mister Fothergill trotted off a few yards, turned and gazed back in injured wonder.

"Hurt yourself, Lee?" Cal inquired from the shelter of his rock as he drew a bead on the exposed crown of the sheriff's hat.

The sheriff was staring at his pistol. Its hammer was cracked off at the base. It was an old-fashioned single-action weapon and for more than fifty years it had served him faithfully, unerringly—

He wiped his brow. The rope he had tucked into his belt at the ledge was pressing uncomfortably into his side. He pulled it out as he opened his mouth to retort to Cal. Instead of speaking he stared at the rope. Then he smiled.

Cal stood up, peered over his shoulder. "Oh, Lee!" he called. There was no answer.

He stepped from behind the rock. "Oh, Lee!" he shouted, then moved forward, gun in readiness. "Now, mind you," he warned, "if you're playin' possum I'm goin' to drill you quicker'n scat! An' if so be you're—"

A broad noose snaked through the air and dropped over his shoulders. It tightened with a jerk that snapped the gun from his hand and nearly pulled him off his feet. Tugging hard on the rope the sheriff rounded his boulder on the jump, approached hand over hand and, to the tune of Cal's shrill profanity, wrapped him tightly from waist to shoulder. Fastening the lariat end he stepped back.

"Purty slick, eh, Cal?" he beamed. "Seein' as how I couldn't see you at all."

CAL had ceased swearing. He was gazing quietly at Sheriff Aiken. His eyes held an equal quantity of coldness and sorrow. "Mister Aiken," he said, "I never reckoned as how I'd live to see the day that Lee Aiken would pull a sneakin', skunk-stinkin', yaller-dawg trick like that."

The sheriff flushed. "Now, hold on, Cal Cutler," he spluttered, "hold on, now! Don't you go condemnin' me till you know the partic'lars! Look at this here!" He pulled forth the broken pistol.

Cal peered. The sorrow left his eyes. "It's broke!" he murmured.

"Course! Busted it when I took the header off Mister Fothergill! But I got to take you back for hangin'."

"Well, you ain't aimin' to brand me fust, are you? Loose these!"

The sheriff pondered. "Course, I could put you on parole. You want to go on parole?"

"Course I do! These ropes is killin' me."

The sheriff removed Cal's bonds, looped the rope into his belt, then picked up Cal's gun. "If you don't mind, Cal," he said, "I'll take your gun since mine is bust. Jest set down an' make yourself comf'table till I call you."

As the sheriff hobbled off up the pass on his one heel, dusk was falling rapidly. The old cabin lay about two hundred feet beyond the pass. Coming out of the gap the sheriff left the trail, swung a half circle through the brush and came up some fifty feet beyond the hut. He planned to jump Jim from the rear. Listening, he heard the sound of chopping; it came from the far side of the hut. Jim was preparing the night's kindling. Stealing nearer, he heard a voice, singing. He nodded happily.

He reached the hut wall. Moving with the creaky stealth of an aged cat he edged around it, peered, saw Jim's back, drew Cal's pistol and stepped forward.

"I got iron on you, Jim," he said.

Jim's song was arrested in his throat and his heavy hatchet in midair. He turned his head. He seemed astonished.

"Lee Aiken!" he murmured. "You tossed old Cal!"

"Sure," the sheriff said. "He's settin' down in the pass, and I got him on parole. How about you?"

Jim reflected. "Hung men look like hoss thiefs," he murmured, more to himself than the sheriff. "I hate hoss thiefs. Don't hanker to die lookin' like one." The sheriff moved forward with his rope and removed Jim's pistol. "But how," Jim continued to himself, "how am I goin' to eat and sleep roped?"

"You askin' me?" the sheriff said.

"Mebbe if I had a overnight parole?" Jim suggested.

"Suits me, Jim." The sheriff handed him his pistol. "Now you rustle up some grub while I go call Cal. He'll be about eatin' his boots by now."

Within slightly over an hour the sheriff and his two prisoners had finished their evening meal, had played a few hands of stud and were curled up in their blankets sleeping the deep sleep that is given only to men of clear conscience.

Early next morning, the horses were saddled and the homeward trek had begun.

Jim led the way. By his own request his parole had been lifted; so his hands were tied. The sheriff followed. Cal, still paroled and therefore harmless, brought up the rear. In this order they filed down the pass and approached Old Long Drop. At the ledge the sheriff, referring to Jim's horse as a "stupid old bag o' bones," suggested that Jim take a short parole; he thought Jim might need his hands on the bridle for the crossing. Jim's answer was to start over the ledge.

"All right, you young mule," the sheriff said, following, "break your neck."

"Allus stubborn, allus a pighead," Cal agreed, cautiously urging his horse forward.

"Never growed up," the sheriff said. "Got a yearling's brain that ain't big enough to—"

But here the sheriff was calamitously interrupted. The "bag o' bones" was *not* a stupid horse, he was one of the world's most intelligent cow ponies. Jim demonstrated the fact. He uttered a strange cry. To the mind of the "bag o' bones" a steer had been roped and thrown. That steer would attempt to rise. He must forestall it by backing abruptly and hard.

He did so. His weight struck Mister Fothergill. Mister Fothergill reared and sidled toward the brink, saw the yawning chasm and leaped convulsively in, away from the danger. Sheriff Aiken snapped sideways out of the saddle. With a profane roar he lit on his shoulder at the brink, rolled and went over. Eyes bulging, he clawed at the smooth rock—then dropped. From the depths of Old Long Drop the sound of falling stones echoed and died. Absolute silence fell.

THE brothers stared at each other. "We done it," Cal breathed. "Old Lee is gone."

Jim shook himself. "He should've knowed better than to come huntin' us. An old man like that ain't—" He stiffened in the saddle, listening. From out the depths of Old Long Drop a voice had floated. It had said:

"Hey, boys!"

Cal bolted from the saddle, peered

"I imagine these affairs must be quite a strain on you, Mrs. Dudley"

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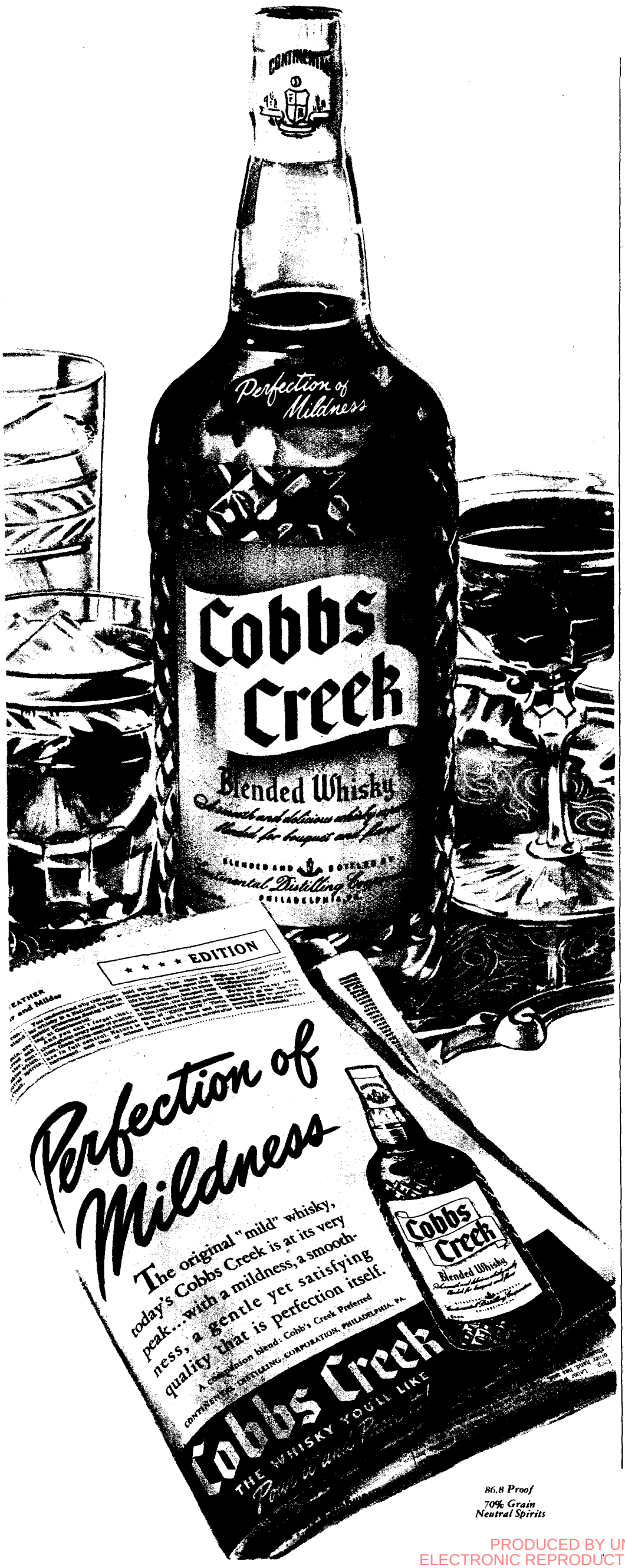
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over the brink. "Well, dad sour my innards!" *he exploded.*

"Ain't he kilt?" Jim whispered.

"Kilt! He's a-hangin' on to a scrub cottonwood down jest level spit distance!" He turned fiercely on his brother. "That's the way you do things, you lazy young jackass, you! Never did do nothin' thorough in your life! There's Lee down there an' here's me on parole! Which same means I got to pull him up so's he can take us back for hangin'!"

Jim sulked. "Told you best not take a parole."

"Oh, shet your trap hole! An' get along out of here! I got work!"

Jim rode from the ledge as Cal dropped to his stomach at the brink. "How long can you hold her, Lee?" he called down.

"For days," the sheriff responded, his voice rather small and his skinny arms slipping a trifle from their grip around the stout dwarf tree; "but this cottonwood looks purty poorlike."

"Well, grip her tight! I'm doin' things!"

Cal pulled the lariat from his saddle, fastened one end to the pommel and the other end to the sheriff's saddle. He backed Mister Fothergill till the horses were rump to nose. A twenty-foot rope slack now extended from one saddle to the other and he dropped it over the cliff. It struck the sheriff's shoulders.

"When I give the word, Lee," he called down, "hook into that slack!"

The sheriff could only nod. His trembling arms vibrated the little tree, perspiration poured from his white face. His glasses still hung on his ear.

Cal seized Mister Fothergill close to the bit. "Grab a-holt!" he shouted and started Mister Fothergill forward. The rope slack tightened with a jerk, the sheriff's weight was on it. Cal's horse spread its legs and braced itself against the pull. It, too, was a well-trained cow pony. Steadily Cal led Mister Fothergill forward. Slowly the slack pulled up, the sheriff dangling from its middle. Moments and his arms appeared, hooked over the rope. But then Mister Fothergill *chose to stop.* One arm fell numbly free of the rope.

"Hold 'er!" Cal roared, scrambled to the brink, grasped the sheriff under the armpits and tugged. The sheriff came up . . . and over.

HE LAY like a sack of wet meal on the fast-warming rock. Cal's knees felt peculiar, so he lay down too, saying: "Tur'ble hot. Bleeds the gumption out of a feller." They both rested. Minutes and the sheriff sat up. Adjusting his glasses, he looked at the rope, the horses and the brink; then he pushed the specs into his pocket.

"Thanks, Cal," he said.

"Uh?" Cal said. "Oh! How do you feel, Lee?"

"Me?" The sheriff seemed surprised. "Why, fust rate!" But he sat quietly *for another ten minutes. He seemed* deep in thought. Then he said abruptly, "Cal, I'm takin' away your parole." He said it coldly.

Cal sat up, looked at him. "Takin' it?"

"Takin' no more chances. Trust is trust but—I'm plumb out of it. I'm tyin' you up."

"Well, dad sour—!" But Cal's emotion too went cold. His eyes frosted the sheriff from head to foot. Then he said, "Jest as you say, Mister Aiken."

After that he said nothing. He still was silent ten minutes later as he picked his trussed and outraged way along behind Jim on the renewed homeward journey. Jim, too, was silent but purely out of habit. And Sheriff Aiken was silent. And, of the three, Sheriff Aiken's was the most constructive silence. For the sheriff, last in the line of the procession, was endeavoring to remain unaware of something that was happening.

Sheriff Aiken's nose was an oily one. *When exposed to a hot sun it grew to* resemble a generous blob of warm butter. This allowed his specs, when he was wearing them—and he *was* wearing them—to slide down and off. Ordinarily they would then hang from his ear by the lone wire lug. But at Old Long Drop, before mounting, he had bent the lug; in fact, he had practically straightened it. Now the specs were sliding down—and he was thinking furiously of other things.

Minutes passed. Suddenly the brothers reined in and turned inquiringly. The sheriff, explosively, had asked some one to blast his britches and now, squinting down at the rocky ground, he was indulging in profanity.

"What ails Mister Aiken?" Cal said to Jim.

"Look there!" the sheriff roared, pointing down.

Cal peered. "Well, I'll be trod on! He's bust his specs!"

"Brand me for a dirty sheep-stealin' greaser if I ain't!" The sheriff dismounted, *picked up the glasses and ran* his finger through the empty frames. "Busted into bits!"

Cal began to cackle. "Jim," he said, "somebody drawed a black deuce to fill a pink flush. Pick these ropes off'n me." Twisting, Jim did so—quite easily—while the sheriff continued to swear. "Pair of aces takes the pot an' leaves the game," Cal crowed as he removed Jim's bonds and turned his horse. "Let's get to goin', Jim. I'm full up of senile old fools, an' Old Mexico's callin' me."

He passed the sheriff and rode off. Jim followed without speaking.

THE sheriff mounted, rode forward a few yards, stopped and squinted ahead. A few more feet and again he paused, peering helplessly. Dismounting, he felt his way back along the trail to where the specs had fallen, groped around on the ground.

Back on the trail Cal and Jim had pulled up, had turned and were watching him. "What's he doin'?" Cal said.

"Lookin' for bits of glass."

"Glass? What for?"

"To see through. He don't know no more where he's at than a bat at high noon."

"Old fool! That's what he gets for robbin' my parole from me."

"Yeah." Jim spat. "An' that's what he gets for bustin' his specs a-purpose—so's we could get away."

"Uh?" Cal snorted. "Don't be loco! Mister Fothergill ain't never been in these hills before an' don't know his way home no more than Lee! You think the old goat is fixin' to starve to death? Deliberate? Hoss aigs! He ain't that senile yet."

"Yeah," Jim said. Then suddenly he took strange action. He drew his gun, trained it on his brother. "Reach!" he said. "I jest thought of somethin'."

Cal's jaw dropped, his hands went up. "Hold on, Jim," he quavered. "It's jest a touch of the sun—"

"Shet up!" Jim said. "Head back to Lee. An' go peaceable or sure as a sheep stinks I'll drill you."

The sheriff heard the brothers approaching and straightened embarrassedly. "That you, boys?"

"Sure it's us!" Cal raged. "Jim has gone plumb haywire—"

"Shet up!" Jim ordered as they drew up. "Climb down an' hand me your gun. Any tricks an' I'll burn your old seat."

"What in time!" the sheriff said. "Look here, Jim, you best get to dustin' out of here—"

"She's no use, Lee," Jim said. "Me an' Cal has got to swing. I thought of somethin'."

"That's what he keeps sayin'!" Cal stormed. "What is it you thought of, you ijit? What is it?"

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"That I'm a deputy sheriff," Jim said.

Sheriff Aiken stared. "A what?"

"A deputy sheriff! So I got to take Cal back for hangin'."

"There now, you see how he is?" Cal screeched. "Next thing he'll be thinkin' he's the President or somethin'! He's loco!"

"Turn 'round," Jim ordered, "I'm tyin' you up."

"Jest a minute now, Jim," the sheriff said. "What in the name of Jerry is this all about, anyway? How come you're a deputy sheriff all of a sudden like this?"

Jim looked at him. "Somethin' wrong with your mem'ry? You made me one."

"Me?"

"When Cut-Finger, the Injun, went on a tear with his gang. You swore in me an' Stuffy Colby. An' you never unswore me."

The sheriff was stopped. "But, Jim," he stuttered, "that ain't—why, that was over thirty year ago!"

"Age ain't got nothin' to do with the power of the law," Jim said. "Said so yourself last election."

"But it's ridicalous! It's plumb silly! They's no—"

"Oh, dang it, Lee," Cal said, "the young fool is right! You should of unswore him."

"But you *never* unswear nobody!" the sheriff stormed. "In all my years I—"

"Oh, hoss aigs, hoss aigs!" Cal snapped. "Ain't nothin' to do about it. So put me on parole again an' let's get to goin' 'fore he recollec's he's the gov'nor an' pardons us both!—the ijit!"

EVENING was not far off by the time the trio neared Geary. Jim was leading and the sheriff followed Cal. For some time the sheriff had been struggling with an idea. Now he came to a decision, slapped his saddle and called a halt.

"Gentlemen," he said ceremoniously, "I got an important announcement to make. Gentlemen, effective here an' now I'm tenderin' my resignation as sheriff of this here county. Thank you, gentlemen."

The brothers looked at each other. "Who you resignin' to?" Cal asked.

"Why—why, to everybody! To the citizens! To you two citizens of the county!"

Cal turned to Jim. "You got any authority to accept Sheriff Aiken's resignation?"

Jim shrugged. "I ain't a citizen, I'm a murderer. Can't even vote."

The sheriff frowned. "Now, don't start talkin' ragtime again, Jim Cutler!"

"Me, too," Cal said. "Lost my franchise when we plugged old Rufe."

The sheriff bridled. "Now, hold on! Hold on! You ain't been convicted yet!"

"We don't need to be," Cal said. "They's a corpus delicky an' we *admit* we corpused it."

"Jest plain law," Jim said.

"Well, blast my britches!" The sheriff choked on his wrath. "Well, all right, you ornery, bloody-handed old buzzards, you! I'll continue bein' sheriff! An' I'll take you in an' I swear when they stretch your necks I'll stand there an' laugh like—"

"Oh, hoss aigs!" Cal said, turning his horse. "I ain't in the mood for chitter-chatter, I'm gettin' hungry. Come on, Jim."

But the sheriff cooled down as the three rode into Geary. For there was something wrong with Geary. Main Street was alive with strangely jovial citizens, citizens who were thrown into laughing excitement at the sight of the trio, citizens who shouted gleeful greetings to "the murderers." A very spirit of macabre holiday seemed abroad in the town.

"Where's the band?" Jim murmured.

"Savin' it for the hangin'," Cal said.

Before the lockup a score of grinning gentlemen were present. They surged happily around the sheriff and his prisoners as they dismounted.

"Out of the way, you donkeys!" the sheriff growled, heading blindly toward the door. "Come on, boys."

Inside he felt straight for his desk. He wanted his specs. He fumbled in a drawer. As his fingers found them the door closed, shutting out the noisy crowd. Immediately there was the sound of an oath from the doorway. From across the room came a frightened whine. Again from the doorway a voice shrilled.

"Dad sour my innards! You sure take a power of killin'!"

A gun snapped from its holster. Came the sound of scuffling, of raucous profanity. The sheriff shoved his glasses to his nose.

By the doorway he discovered Cal, gun in hand, struggling in the grasp of old Doc Browning, the coroner. In the open window opposite, one foot over the ledge, Rufe Moggot perched.

MR. MOGGOT was ghostlike. He looked dead. A round, red wound in the middle of his forehead was the only color in his gray face. The sheriff stared, then shouted:

"Cut out that messin', Cal Cutler! Cut it or I'll throw you in the lockup for a month!"

Cal obeyed—largely because of failing strength—and Doc Browning released him. "Old fool!" he puffed. "Rufe's been hangin' around here all day to give you nice news an' you try to shoot him up. Go ahead, Rufe, speak your words 'fore he starts again."

"I jest wanted to say," Mr. Moggot quavered, "that you boys can have a clear title to that land soon as it obliges you!" Then he leaped from the window and disappeared.

Cal and Jim looked at each other. Cal walked to the window, peered out. "Sorc'ry!" he muttered. "I *seen* that hombre with a sweet little blue hole in his head." He turned. "Didn't I, Jim?"

Jim nodded. "He's dead."

Doc Browning laughed. Pulling an envelope from his pocket he shook it over the desk. A small gray-blue object dropped out, an object as round and as flat as a dime. "There's your bullet hole," he said. "The bullet's in the wall of Rufe's office. Jest creased his skull an' knocked him out."

The sheriff picked up the small object. "Blue clay!" he murmured.

Cal looked at Jim. Jim looked at Cal. Together they recalled Jim's fall from his horse at Blue Clay Ford, remembered how Jim's pistol had hopped from its holster to land in the muck. Jim shifted uncomfortably.

"Yes, dang you!" Cal snorted. "I'd think for shame, too, if I was you! Rot me if you ever did *anything* right in your life! But come on!" He started for the door.

"Jest a minute!" Sheriff Aiken rose. "Where do you boys think you're goin'?"

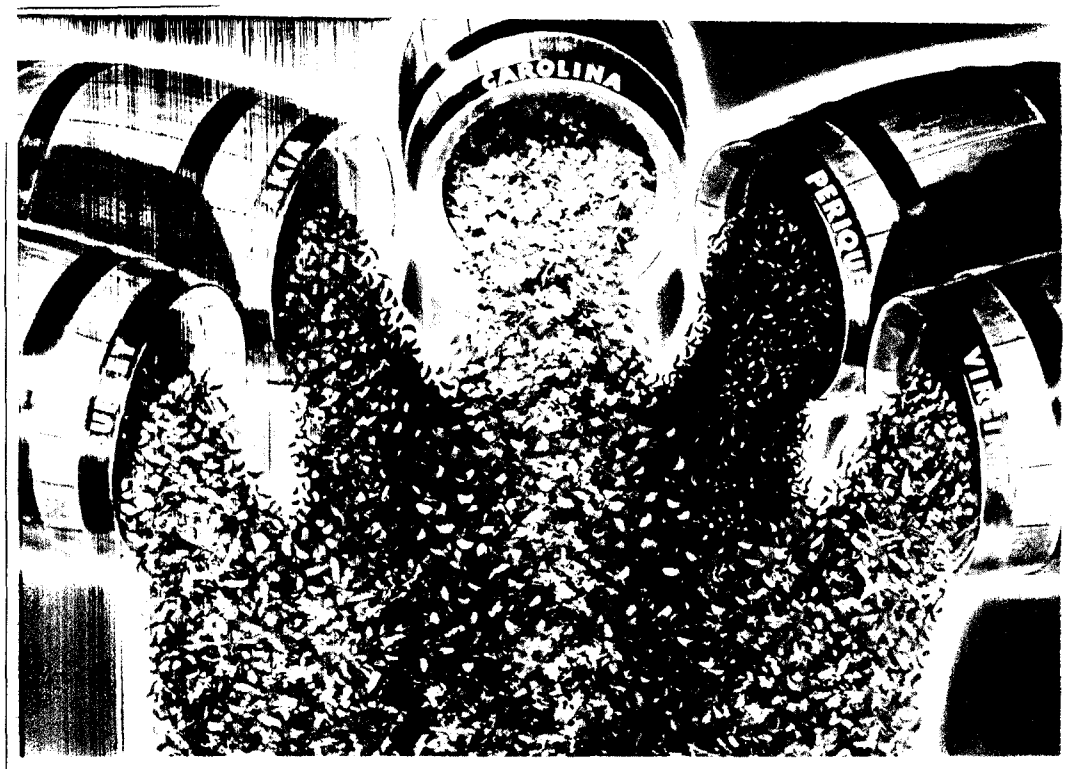
"Up to see Rufe Moggot," Cal said.

"Is *that* so?" Sheriff Aiken's eyes gleamed behind his new specs. He took a bunch of keys from a hook on the wall. "Well! Then I'll tell you what *I* think. I think seein' as how you boys's been disturbin' the peace lately, an' seein' as how it jest happens, *jest happens*, mind you, that I'm still sheriff, I'm jest goin' to lock you both up for the night. Kindly step this way, gentlemen."

"Dad sour my innards, Lee Aiken, you—"

"This way, gentlemen!" the sheriff repeated sternly.

But at eight o'clock he paroled them for supper and a game of stud, and midnight found all three of them fast asleep in a cell together.



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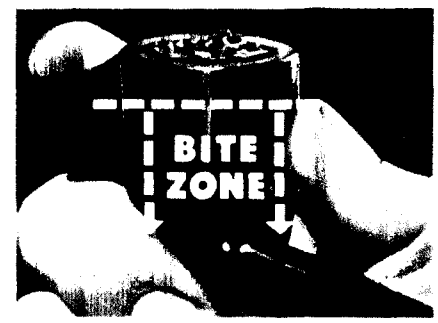

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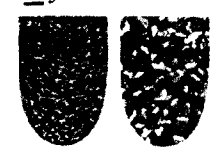

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Taking No Chances

Continued from page 21

G. Harrison, who did such a good job of the registration in 1940.

This surveillance will last through the war. It will be very strict as far as it goes—alien enemies must keep us informed as to exactly where they are and what they are doing. They are not allowed to possess firearms, cameras, short-wave radios. Their travel is restricted. But otherwise their lives should continue normally as before. However, surveillance must be enforced by action. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has been raiding groups of aliens along the two coasts, to make sure that articles of contraband have been surrendered. These raids have uncovered concealed contraband—ammunition, firearms, short-wave radio sets—and these have been seized and forfeited and their owners apprehended.

Disloyalty is Rare

These measures we consider advisable for the protection of our country against even the possibility of a fifth column. We cannot afford to assume the risks that go with allowing freedom of movement to those who might be able to give valuable information to the enemy. Many must suffer this temporary inconvenience so that a very few will have no scope for treachery. But except for those very few, there is no reason to suppose that so-called alien enemies are disloyal. The United States is their adopted country, and most of them have chosen to live here because they loved our ways and longed for our opportunities.

Most of the five million are middle-aged or elderly people who have been here for many years, whose children and grandchildren have been born here and so are American citizens. Perhaps because they have not had time, or because they could not master its difficulties, they have not learned to speak or write English, and so are not eligible for citizenship. Congress, realizing this, is now considering a law which would waive the literacy test for aliens over fifty years of age who have resided in this country since 1924, and thus blanket in a group who are truly American in spirit if not in letter.

We are a nation of many races. We spring from many lands. We must not forget that our emotional links with Italy and Germany are not cut because we happen to be at war with the brutal and transient orders which now dominate the people of those nations. The name of the Philadelphia suburb where I live is Germantown. It antedates the American Revolution, and was founded by Germans whose solid qualities have built a generous civic life into the city. They are as thoroughly rooted in our American life as any stock I know.

America is too big and generous, too open of heart and hand, to allow petty persecutions and prejudices. I wish we could find other words than "alien enemies" to describe the men and women of these countries at war with us who share our loyalties and our lives—men like Arturo Toscanini, who all their lives have cried out against oppression.

Of course, we must take absolutely no chances. We are already evacuating Japanese nationals from strategic military areas in California. More will be moved as the Army and Navy make recommendations for the clearance of alien enemies from other important areas. The War Department now has authority to move any or all people—citizens and aliens alike—from any area designated as "Military." By the time you read this article it is likely that military areas will have been designated by the War Department. Such action is based on military judgment exercized for the protection of the country. Wherever the army has made any recommendation for evacuation, the Department of Justice has promptly carried out the recommendation. Now that larger areas are to be evacuated of citizens as well as aliens, it is appropriate that the Army should take the responsibility and it is necessary that they should execute it, since, for instance, on the whole West Coast there are but 350 F.B.I. agents. Other civilian branches of the federal government will eventually take over the difficult problem of resettlement of those who are moved. Two considerations are involved—the protection of strategic areas; and the protection of the alien population, particularly Japanese, who are at present living or working in those areas. It is believed that the aliens and citizens themselves will, in most cases, be the first to co-operate with such action. The West Coast situation is being very carefully watched.

In wartime, the executive officers of the government have very broad discretion. This must necessarily be so if action is to be swift and effective; and laws are passed giving the President and his delegated assistants powers which in ordinary times would be withheld. This is perhaps the heaviest responsibility that a Cabinet officer now has—the prompt decision on matters which, on account of the war, have been thrown into the executive field. On his wisdom and ability to think with imagination, and with a sense of the overlap of history, will depend the kind of internal harmony which may be swiftly forged out of the first days of the war, and which will inevitably shape the first days of the peace.

We Can Do It

It has been possible for England to fight with her back against the wall and her jaws set, yet to keep her feet firmly planted on her own solid ground. Parliament sits, the courts are open, free speech prevails, criticism of the government is constant and vigorous. Democracies draw their strength from their essence. It may prove harder for us than for England. Racially we are not so completely integrated. We are not so attuned to a single race-habit of thinking. But our brand of democracy will come through unscathed. We can do it if we keep insisting on freedom and order and fairness to everyone.

I think it will be possible for us to avoid the stupid whispering and cruel witch-hunting of the last war. A year and a half ago there was a ripple of it here, a sudden outburst of vigilantism based on the dread of fifth-column plots which never came off. Looking back now, I think we were unnecessarily apprehensive that the sources of our loyalty might be poisoned. Spies there have been, and propagandists from abroad, but they have been and will be summarily dealt with.

It was natural that after Quisling of Norway we should look about to see what was here. But there was no panic—largely, I think, because citizens had confidence in the work of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and because public officials constantly counseled against persecution and discrimination. Both federal and local officials have constantly told the public to keep cool, and so far, by and large, we have been

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able to do so. That is an encouraging sign. As an official put it, of course we've got to keep our pants up, but we should keep our shirts on too.

I have been heartened, too, by universal encouragement from the press in our policy not to suppress expressions of opinion, however critical of the government. The English are so much more sensible than we are about that sort of thing. They let people talk to their hearts' content, so that martyrs are not created, and there is a sense of fair give and take. Subversive doctrines cannot flourish on free speech. Today in London the orators still talk from the soap boxes in Hyde Park; but the people do not listen. They go about the business of war. I have directed that no man be arrested for sedition under federal law except on my written instructions. Men should never, under our law, be prosecuted for their opinions, however they may disturb the beliefs we cherish or oppose the moral assumptions that most of us share.

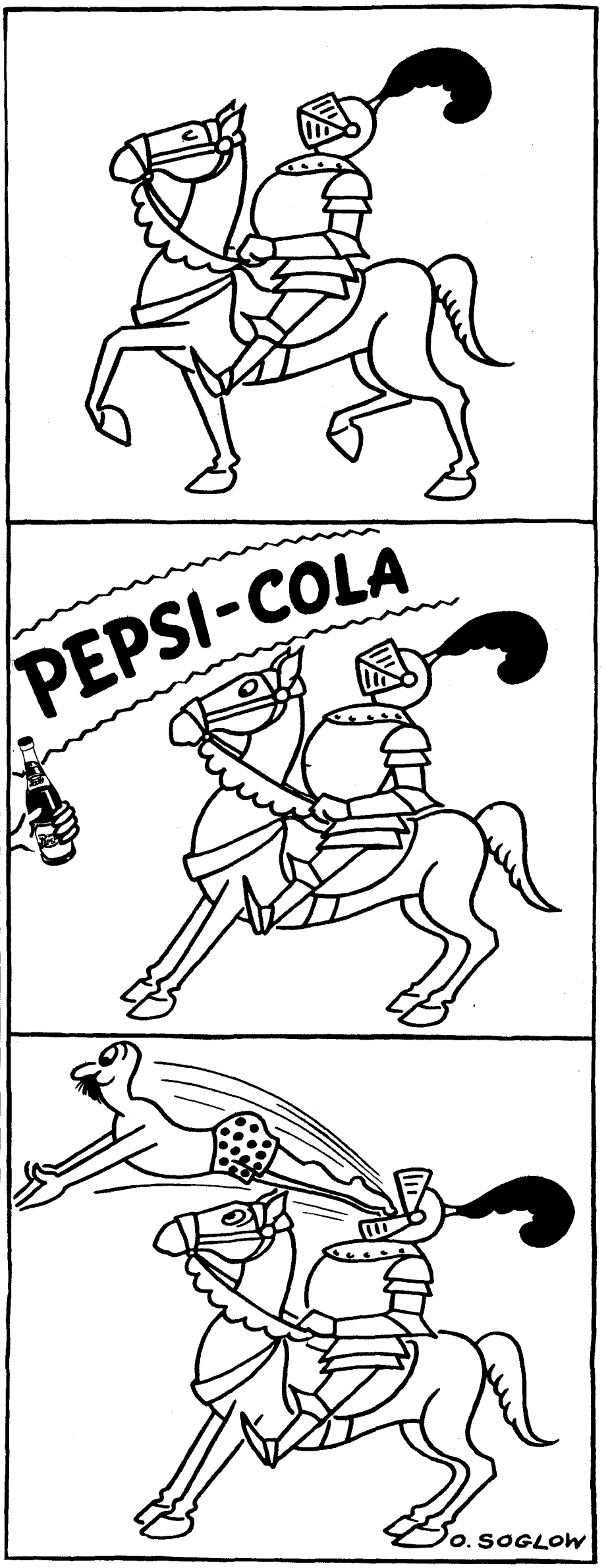
Recently in California a bitter critic of President Roosevelt made a speech urging impeachment, saying that Hawaii was not ours, that we should never have defended it. When he was arrested for sedition by the local officials, I ordered him released. He had committed no crime.

Many letters of protest followed my action in this case. One woman wrote that I should be removed from office; another to inquire if I were in the pay of Hitler and Mussolini.

"Why on earth have you released this man?" demands one of the politer of my correspondents. "Don't you realize he wants to impeach our President, and he thinks the Japs had a right to bomb Pearl Harbor? Besides, take my word for it, he is an s.o.b."

I have taken the trouble to answer that letter. I have not disputed the charge that his person may have earned the abbreviated title. But I have also pointed out that we cannot arrest "s.o.b.'s" as such. I think we may all breathe a prayer of thanks that the day has not yet come when that particular charge may be brought in a court of law.

That, at any rate, as Justice Holmes said over twenty years ago in a case rising out of the last war, is the theory of our Constitution. "It is an experiment," he added, "as all life is an experiment. While that experiment is part of our system I think we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country."



China Gold

Continued from page 32

grunts and groans as he pushed his heavy load over the cobbled stones of the country road that led to the city.

"WHO is that woman?"

The darkly sunburned young guerrilla, Captain Siao, leaned across the table and whispered the question to Rudolf Helgel. He had not spoken while Helen Kung and Rudolf had been talking, but his bright small black eyes had not flickered in their staring at her.

"I do not know," Rudolf answered, still dazed, "I have never seen her before."

"How did she know you were here?" the captain demanded.

"That also I do not know," Rudolf replied.

The Chinese did not believe him. He pounded his rough fist on the table, spat on the earthen floor and leaped to his feet. "If you cannot tell me the truth in this, how can I believe you in other things?" he shouted.

"Indeed I tell you the truth," Rudolf replied. "Let us go out and see if your family knows how she came here."

They went out of the small dim room into the larger room where Captain Siao's old mother and father were, and there in excited talking all was told:

"The foreign woman came—"

"She is not foreign—"

"She is half foreign—"

"No, it is only that she comes from Shanghai. Everyone in Shanghai looks half foreign—"

At the sound of voices, villagers began to come in from the street and the noise swelled. Captain Siao yelled out suddenly: "What do I care what her cursed mother is? I ask how she knew to come into the room where I sat talking with the German!"

Silence fell. This young man was the true head of the village now. Upon him the hopes of all depended. His father was the head in age, but what could old men do in these days when wit and skill and cunning and courage must lead? He had been the brightest of all the village boys, and the whole village, since he was three years old, had saved its collective money left from any small surplus in harvest and had sent him to school. He had gone to the school in Ta-ming until the old teacher there could teach him no more and then he had been sent to Tientsin to school. There he was always a rebellious pupil, and he had become a revolutionary, and last year he had been expelled from the school.

Thus when the Japanese marched against Peking he was at home, idle. When they came to Ta-ming he had been among those who fought most bitterly in its defense. But when the soldiers were defeated he had not retreated with them. He had merely come home to his village and hidden himself. For three months he hid himself by day, going out only at night, because the enemy searched for young men to impress into labor. Now he had gathered under him a band of men, young and bitter like himself, who fought in secret ways against the enemy. But none questioned that he was their head, and in the village all obeyed him, even his father. It was a sign of the new times.

"Tell me!" he now shouted, "Who told the woman where I was?"

ONLY his mother dared to answer him. She remembered how she had suckled him and how when he was small and saucy she had slapped him often, and so now she knocked the ash from the long slender bamboo pipe she was smoking and she said, "You bone, don't yell at us! There is no magic in her knowing where you were. I told her. She said she was half foreign and I said, 'Then do you know this German, whether his heart is in the middle of his breast or not?' "

All the villagers were thankful for her thus taking on herself the blame, for the young man could not reproach his own mother. Still, lest he let out his anger in some other way, they thought of all they had to do, each man of his field, and each woman of her kitchen and her children, and so quickly they went away and there were left only the old pair and Rudolf and the young captain. It was then that the young man

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noticed that his sister was not there.

"Where is my sister?" he asked. "I have need of her."

Then the mother answered, "She is not here." She lit her pipe again and did not look at him.

"Where did she go?" the young man demanded.

"She followed the half-foreigner," the mother said. But the father said nothing.

"Followed—" the young man began to bellow.

The father interrupted him:

"She went of her own will."

"We let her go," the mother said. "What could she do here?"

But the young man was very angry. "How dared she go without asking me? I would never have allowed—"

The old man spoke again: "Be silent! In this house at least I am still the head. I said, let her go."

But the young man would not hear his father. "I will have her back," he cried. "I will not have her in the city serving the very men whom I spend myself to destroy. She shall come back!" He turned to Rudolf with passionate anger. "You must go and find my sister. Go to that half-foreign woman and tell her I must have my sister back!"

"How can I—" Rudolf began to murmur.

But the young captain broke across his hesitation: "Let this be the proof of your faith to us! If you bring my sister back, I will believe in your plan. I will know that you do not destroy us."

Rudolf considered for a moment's caution. Then he promised. "If that is your will, I will do what I can," he said quietly. At any rate he told himself, he would have to see that strange woman again. He must know what secret she had about Elaine Brian.

ELAINE was in her own room. Never in her life until she had come here to Ta-ming could she have thought that one small room with bare windows and whitewashed walls could have been home to her. But this room had come to be home.

Here, alone, she forgot all the burden which her mother had left her. "I have escaped to life," she thought, waking in the morning to see the sunshine in flickering waves upon the ceiling.

Every day was filled with hard good work. She had learned a great deal. She could now bathe a sick child and make up prescriptions and help at any operation that Rudolf or Father Valerian performed. Sometimes she helped Chen but not often. He was uneasy when she was near. With this young Chinese man, so grave and silent, she had been able to make no friendship, though she liked him and admired his sheer beauty of face and the grace of his tall body in the long Chinese robes that he wore when he was not in the hospital.

In the hospital he took those robes off and wore his surgeon's coat. He was a far better surgeon than Rudolf; even she could see that. Rudolf's fingers were short and thick and all the apparent kindness of his heart could not make his fingers less clumsy. Chen performed more and more of the difficult operations, and Rudolf took over the work that Chen had once done, the management of the hospital and the half-trained staff. Rudolf now was working so hard that Elaine seldom saw him any more. Even at the midday meal more often than not she and Father Valerian ate alone.

"Where is Rudolf?" she would ask always.

"He is busy somewhere," Father Valerian always replied.

She could not be sorry, she thought now, as she made ready for another of those midday meals. She loved to be alone with Father Valerian. Now she had come back to her room to wash before she ate and to change her outer garments. The cold of the northern deserts had come down upon Ta-ming, and the clothing she had brought from home was not warm enough for unheated rooms. She had bought Chinese clothing—long closely fitting robes of durable homespun silks, lightly quilted with silk. The dress suited her and she wore it with pleasure. Now she put on a robe of dull blue silk, knowing very well how beautiful she looked.

She had never been as beautiful in her life as she was now, she knew. She was conscious of it only because she was always thinking about Larch. For months she had almost forgotten him, or so she told herself she had, and then suddenly on the day when she had told Father Valerian of him, he had come back. She thought of him but she told herself that nothing was changed in her. She could not marry and she would not love. But she was glad that Larch was alive. Did he long for her? When she let herself think of him a little while, she was sure he did. She put such thought quickly away.

"He'll probably ask if you can support me. Can you?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

SHE rose early in the morning and hastened to work, and she did not stop until nightfall. But of late because she was sleepless, and when she was sleepless it was so easy to think of Larch, she had been going to the hospital even at night; or if she sat in her room then, reading the medical books that she might work with more wisdom—yes, and that she might sleep and not think of Larch. There was more and more work. Day after day the number of the mysterious wounded swelled. They were brought in from the countryside, from the hills, from far-off towns. Often they died from the long journey they must make to come here. She brushed her yellow hair strongly, pushed it back from her face, thought of Larch and put the thought away. Father Valerian would be waiting for her.

She twisted a small spray of scarlet berries from a branch which she had cut that morning and put it into the loop over the button on her left shoulder, and went out and across the court. Ying Ma, the hospital matron, was at her own door eating rice and cabbage out of the bowl she held in her hand, and she smiled and called out a greeting and watched the young foreign woman cross the grass and go in at the mission house. Father Valerian always left the door open while they ate together unless it rained. She could see them now, sitting down, opposite each other.

"The priest is a good man," Ying Ma thought. "There is no woman and no man in his mind. To him men and women are only souls."

Many a woman of Ta-ming had made secret inquiry of her concerning this beautiful young foreign girl and why she had come. But who could tell anything of foreigners? They came and went across the seas as they liked, and all that Ying Ma could say was to repeat firmly, "She is virtuous and it is all I know. There is no man who comes near her."

Being herself a widow and knowing the hearts of men she did secretly wonder sometimes how long this could go on, especially with the German, but these were foreigners and who could say? Besides, there was the white man who had come from Shanghai and why had he come? None knew. But all in Ta-ming knew that he had stayed with the Japanese, and that Father Valerian had told him not to come to the mission house. Lao Ling had told everybody how the man looked when he gave him a note and had shut the door in his face. The man had gone away and not come back and the next day he went to Shanghai again and weeks had passed. Meanwhile she thanked God and the Holy Virgin every day that she was safe inside the compound walls of the foreigner. Here women were safe from all men, but especially from the Japanese.

In the mission house Elaine had sat down in her usual place with a smile for Father Valerian. There were only two places.

"No Rudolf?" she asked.

"Today he is in the country," Father Valerian replied.

"What does he do on those country trips?"

"He says he goes to hunt."

"Then he is not a good hunter!"

Elaine laughed and Father Valerian smiled without answer. He was putting food on her plate, arranging it with care to look pleasant. She had lost her appetite for the last few days. He put the plate before her and then a bowl of steaming hot rice.

"Now to please me you must eat all of it," he said.

She took up the chopsticks obediently but it was not long before she put them down again. He looked at her anxiously.

"Are you not well, my child?"

"Yes, I am well, Father."

He put down his own chopsticks although he was quite hungry. "Then, dear child, you are not happy."

But she would not have this. "I am happy—I am altogether happy," she protested. "There is nowhere else in the world I want to be but here—with you."

If she had not added those words "with you," he might not have been alarmed. But he knew that he could not make her happy. No, it was not in his power to make a young girl happy. He had spent many long hours at night on his knees trying to find out why Mary had sent her child to him. It was not only that he might come to love her, that he knew. No, Mary had something in mind when she sent her child, something she wanted him to do for the child. But he did not know what it was. Day by day he had waited.

"Then why, dear child, have you not been happy these last few days?"

He looked at Elaine with his piercing priestly eyes, and she could not bear the look. "I am happy," she insisted.

"No, you are not," he said gently. "You have not been happy since you told me of the young man you love."

"I don't—love him," she whispered.

"You do," he insisted in his gentlest voice. "You must never deny love when it is a good love. It is right for you to love a young man and perhaps you refuse God's will when you deny it."

HE WAS tearing at the walls of her heart and she would not have it. She lifted her eyes passionately to forbid him. "You must not say such things! My mother loved my father. I know she did. She loved him desperately and when she found out that he did not love her and that he had married her for her money, her heart died. If I marry—I should be afraid—always afraid—lest—you see, I know—he—likes money. That is, he is poor—he wants to be rich."

"And so he loses everything because he wants to be rich," Father Valerian murmured. "I cannot understand this love of riches."

"Is that why you love your poverty?" she asked.

"I am not poor," he said. "I have my own gold."

She flickered a smile at him. "China gold?"

"I have found it here," he said.

"Then perhaps I shall, too?"

He hesitated and saw himself caught and laughed his rare laughter. "My child, you will not persuade me to say so."

She laughed, too, then, and with tenderness for him she put out her hand across the table, longing to feel his touch. She had come to love very dearly this bearded dark-eyed priest in his rusty robes. She had lost the picture she once had of the young man who had loved her mother. Mark Chappell was dead, and instead there lived this one whom she could love, Father Valerian.

"Dear Father," Elaine murmured,

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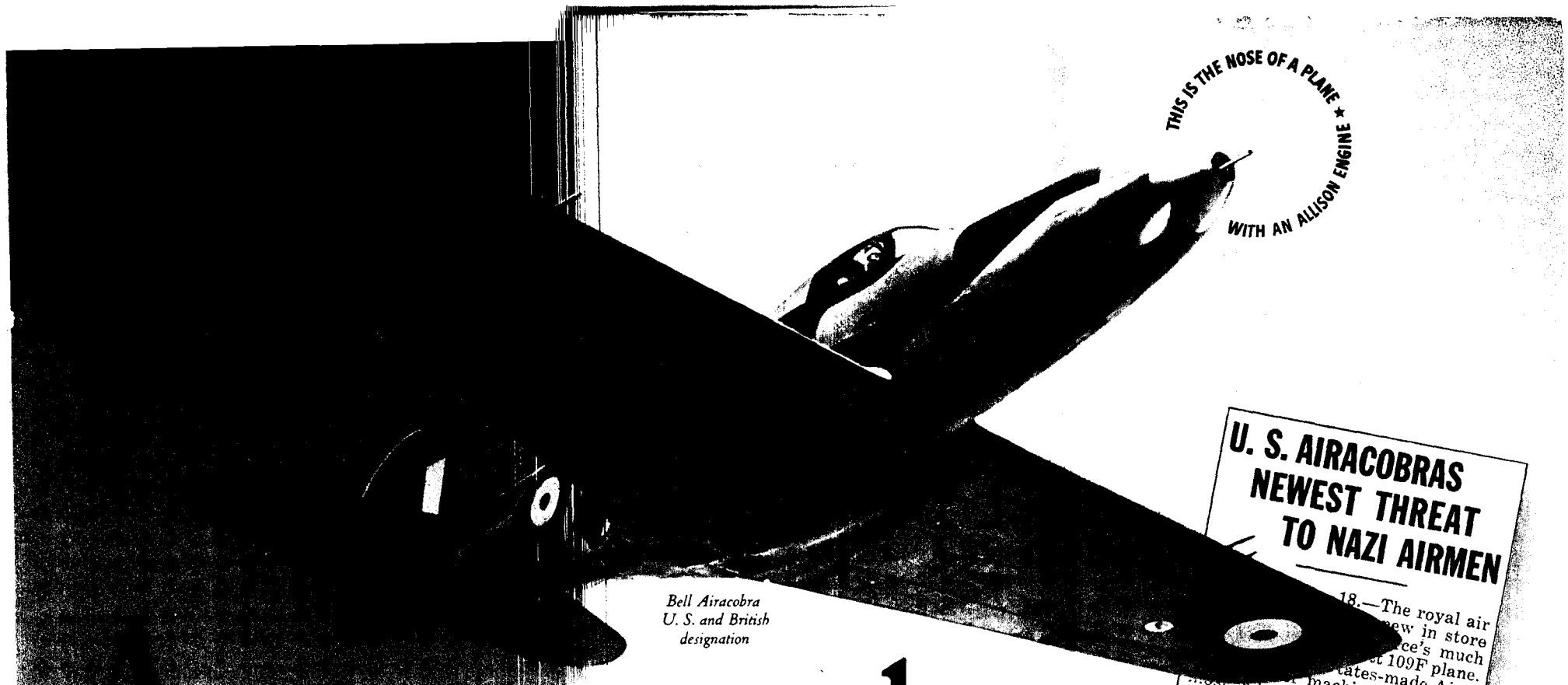

Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation

Action speaks...

These news dispatches from the British fighting front tell more about the Allison engine's outstanding performance than might any words of ours.

Yet they become still more significant when coupled with such facts as these:

—there are, in fact, literally thousands of Allison-powered ships already in service throughout the world, with the Allison plant now producing hundreds of engines every month.

—and some Allisons now being delivered are even more powerful—1325 hp.

Curtiss P-40 (U. S.) The British call it "The Tomahawk" or "The Kittyhawk"

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.) The British call it "The Lightning"

North American Apache (U. S.) The British call it "The Mustang"

—more deadly armament thanks to the fact that the Allison engine permits cannon in the nose of the plane.

U. S. AIRACOBRAS NEWEST THREAT TO NAZI AIRMEN

...18.—The royal air ...ew in store ...ce's much ...t 109F plane. ...tates-made Aira- ...machine, one of the ...advanced airplanes of its kind anywhere in the world.

At a large R. A. F. base "somewhere in England" there are a number of these hard-hitting, cannon-equipped, fast-flying Airacobras, all ready for action, with pilots eager to do battle with them against the Germans. A squadron leader in charge of one Airacobra unit—which has been introduced to these machines by a detachment of men from the United States army air corps—is supremely confident that the "Cobras" will prove vastly superior to the ME109F's in air fights at what he called "low altitudes."

He would not say exactly what he meant by "low altitudes," but in these days when substratosphere heights are every day flying occurrences "low levels" could mean almost anything up to three miles.

...USES

...d to

AIRACOBRA RATED FASTEST FIGHTER BY BRITISH PILOTS

Design Cleanest of Any Ship Now in Use Abroad; Range Exceeds Even That of R.A.F. Spitfire

AT AN R. A. F. AIRDROME. Somewhere in England, Oct. 18.—Pilots flying the first squadron of American-made Airacobra pursuit ships to go into action against the Nazis described the Yankee plane, manufactured by the Bell Aircraft Corporation of Buffalo, as the fastest fighter ship now in regular operation with the Royal Air Force.

"It has the cleanest design of any plane we are using," the commander of the recently organized Airacobra squadron told American newsmen who visited his base. "In theory, it is far ahead of anything we've got. We are very pleased with its maneuverability, speed and horsepower. The liquid-cooled Allison engine with which it is powered, I am sorry to say that ... haven't yet been able to find any ... Jerries in the air on our sweeps over the English Channel to ... the ship in actual combat.

Carries .20-mm. C...

"Whenever we've ... just haven't ... ever, we've bee... and very rude ... a pier in France ... bit rough on some ... The plane, as a ... British, carries a .20 ... firing through the nos... peller, two .50 caliber ... guns located in the nose and f...

through the propeller ... caliber machine guns ... The American model ... mm. cannon, but the ... lighter cannon beca... lieve it more effecti... they want done, nat... struction of enemy b... the smaller-caliber ... can carry more amm...

Best-Armed ...

The tricycle land... new to the R. A. F. ... trouble was experien... ing the pilots to it. ... cations have been ... plane over here, prin... ing the pilot's view f... the take-off spe... sw... the pilot's ... tions ... only three d... modifications, h... is uncrated ... they exp... these char... in the ... as in ... the gene... edge ... American plane ... armored and fastest ... operese... rat... of ... use

Airacobra Best Pursuit Ship In Air, British Say

Fighter Station Somewhere In England ... built ... and outperform Spitfires at low altitude, although they prefer the Spitfires for high altitude.

best ... pilo... Brit... pla... (The Airacobra — it is reported to do better than 415 miles an hour—is said to be the fastest single-engined pursuit plane in production in the United States. It is unique in having its engine behind the pilot, driving the propeller by a shaft running beneath the pilot. It carries a 37 or a 20 mm. cannon, two .50 caliber machine guns and four .30 caliber machine guns.)

U. S. Air Forces Lieut. ... Donald, S. D., who heads a group of six from Selfridge Field, Mich., helping put these planes in operation, stood by while the squadron leader enlarged on the virtues of the Airacobra.

The Airacobras shot up a ship in the channel, riddled harbor installations with machine gun fire and returned to their base without encountering ... man fighters, they reported.

The Canadian, South... Czech and New Zea... ron are confident ... famed Messe... Ameri...

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

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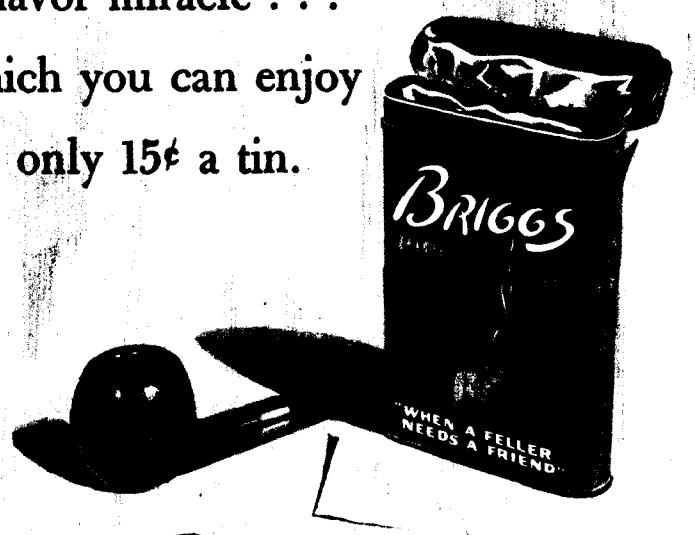
Springtimes
are but milestones
that mark the years of slumber
which Briggs' choice golden tobaccos
spend in their oaken casks . . .
soaking up mellowness,
soaking out harshness.

Briggs is Cask-Mellowed
for years . . . (longer than many
luxury-priced blends) to achieve
a flavor miracle . . .
which you can enjoy
for only 15¢ a tin.



BRIGGS

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

"do you know how much I love you?"

She saw his eyes fill with sudden tears and under his rough beard his face grew pale.

"Child," he whispered at last.

She rose from the table and went over to him and kissed the top of his head. It smelled of the sun.

"Don't be afraid of my loving you," she said. "It's only me."

She went away quickly, her loneliness cold within her.

IN THE great library of the house in New York, Paul Brian read and reread the cable he had received from an unknown man in China. He was filled with a peculiar triumph. The information he had been trying for months to get from Barney was here in his hand, dropped out of the sky in a fashion that could only be amazing.

He had found out in the early autumn before he went to Florida that Barney knew where Elaine was. That is, Wells had found out when he was trying to break that infamous will and had failed. Paul Brian had sent for Barney at once and when the fellow had sent back an excuse for not coming, Paul had written him and threatened him if he did not tell where Elaine was. There had been no way of compelling him—Elaine was over twenty-one. "I am under the strict orders of my client," Barney had said. But a girl is always subject to her father—ought to be, anyhow.

Brian could proceed as he liked now in the matter of the young man, Larch Corpran. Corpran could be useful to him, very useful indeed, now that he knew he could not appeal to the State Department. His lawyer advised him against that. Much as he regretted it. Mr. Wells had said when he saw the cablegram from Elton Field, there was no American law which could insist upon an American citizen leaving any country where she happened to want to stay. Advice was as far as the government could go. The English managed such things better. They still commanded their citizens.

That Paul Brian and Larch Corpran had met was due to the younger man's desperation and ingenuity some months before this day. When Larch had been turned from the door of the house many times, at last he believed that the caretaker told the truth when he said the family had gone away.

"But this girl isn't the family," Larch had insisted. "She's a secretary."

"What's her name?" the old man had asked. He was tired of this brash young man and didn't care who knew it.

"Elaine Brian," Larch had answered confidently.

"Secretary!" the old man had snorted and had banged the door in his face. He would not open it again.

In desperation then Larch had advertised in the personal column of The Times, a small advertisement which was still more than he could afford. "Relatives of Elaine Brian will be interested in information at the address below," it said.

He had waited for a week before he had a letter in answer. Paul Brian read The Times wherever he happened to be and having nothing else to do he read it all. He was in the Florida house, which was for sale but had not been sold yet, so that he had decided that he might as well live in it, so long as Mary's estate was paying for its upkeep. He was somewhat excited by the advertisement and wrote to the young man at once, a dignified letter which said that Elaine Brian was his daughter and he could not imagine any information about her which he did not have. No one except his lawyer knew that he did not know where Elaine was.

Larch came down by day coach on the next train and hired a jaloppy cab to take him out to the particular spot on the coast where the Brian house was. It was from the cab driver, a colored man, that he learned who Paul Brian was. Twenty times he had interrupted the man's soft flow of talk.

"Brians is jes' about the bigges' folks we had hyeah befo' *she* died. 'Cose the money was all hern, and she done lef' it to the girl—Elaine, her name is."

Larch was in the front seat, and by now was faint with the horror of his situation. But why, he asked himself, had

"I always just charge everything. After all, I feel there's enough trouble in life without worrying about money"

GARDNER REA

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Elaine lied to him? He hated lies, and his anger at having been told one by her sustained him momentarily.

"Is she home now?"

The driver swerved cleverly around a black cat crossing the road. "Naw, suh, she ain'. Ole man's aw by hissel' now."

Larch's heart, which had been knocking around inside his chest, subsided suddenly. She was not there! "Look here," he had told the man, "I've got a hunch I'd better not go on."

The man slowed down reluctantly. "Well, jes' as you say," he said. "You scared of black cats?"

"No," Larch said. "It's not the cat."

"Might as well go on, then," the man suggested. "I ain' afraid of 'em mahse'f. I got steady bad luck anyways."

"Go on, then," Larch had agreed, changing his mind again.

So they had gone on and in half an hour or so the great white mansion had loomed up among palm trees, its front lawn sloping to white-sanded beaches.

"Hyeah we is," the man said.

Larch got out cautiously. "You'd better wait," he told the man. "I've got a hunch I'm going to be kicked right back out of that house with this cab."

The man grinned. "I'll wait then," he said, amiably, and had settled back to sleep.

But Larch had not keen kicked out. Instead he had been shown into a wide room where a handsome white-haired man with a delicate thin profile sat gazing out to sea. He rose when Larch was announced.

"I am Paul Brian," he said. Larch had grasped his hand but Paul Brian had withdrawn it with a wince.

"You're a very strong young man," he remarked.

"I'm sorry, sir," Larch had said.

But Paul Brian had only smiled. "I am an invalid," he said gently. "It has been many years since I have been strong."

Then when he sat down he had asked point-blank, "And what have you to tell me about my daughter?"

There had been nothing for Larch but to make a clean breast of it all, how he had met Elaine, how he had fallen in love with her, how he had thought she was—what she said she was. Paul Brian listened to the story, irony in his handsome eyes.

"I cannot imagine why my daughter hid her identity," he said.

"I certainly can't," Larch said.

There was a pause.

"Is that all your information?" Paul Brian had asked.

Larch smiled ruefully. "I'm afraid that's all," he admitted. "I guess I am not so honest myself. I wanted to find out where she is."

BUT Paul Brian had not told him where she was. He had risen and Larch found himself compelled to rise too, and before he knew it he was shown out of the room courteously enough and then shown out of the house by a butler. Outside the jaloppy was waiting. The colored man woke.

"Anyways, you got kicked out kinda soft," he said.

"Kind of," Larch agreed, getting into the back seat.

He scarcely heard the talk that went on in the front seat. The enormity of his discovery horrified him. "I would go and fall in love with the Queen of Sheba," he groaned to himself. He had not asked again where she was because he did not now know whether he wanted to know where she was. What would he do with a wife who was the richest woman in the world? It occurred to him now for the first time that she might not want to marry him, and he groaned again with sudden amazement at the self-conceit he did not know that he had.

"I'd better go back to Median where I belong," he thought.

He had not gone home, but he had taken the day coach back to New York and, more serious than he had ever been in his life, he had gone on with his work. Just now that work was in an import and export house where he had risen to be a submanager. He liked his job. There was no use giving it up, he had decided, and he had not meant it about going home to Median. But he had been very quiet ever since he came back from that great white mansion in Florida. His fellow workers teased him a great deal about his gravity, missing his laughter. But he had scarcely smiled.

"She might as well be dead as the richest woman in the world," he told himself, and tried to forget the way Elaine's fair hair curled about her neck, and how straight was the beam from her blue eyes. She was such a little thing, he thought, so dear in her smallness. It seemed wicked that upon her should be put the heaviest of burdens. He was a sensitive young man inside his big body, and because he thought of nothing else but Elaine and who she now was, there came to him gradually a perception of what it must be to her to know that she had this weight of gold upon her.

"No decent fellow would dare to propose to her," he thought. "How could he make her know he was thinking only about her?"

SO WHEN Paul Brian's second summons came to him he did not know what to do. He read the letter over and over. "You may be of use to me," Paul Brian said, "and also of use to my daughter. If I were younger I would not call upon you. But our family is singularly without younger members, and it occurs to me, besides, that you might be pleased to perform this service for us." Larch decided, upon a fifth reading, that if he could be of use to Elaine he had better go and see how.

This time Paul Brian had written from the house in New York, and it was into its shadowy vastness that Larch now came. He entered with reserve in his manner and independence in his heart. He had determined that though he would listen to what Paul Brian had to say to him because of Elaine, yet no one could make him seem to be doing what he did not want to do—that is, to be interested in a woman's money. He gave his hat to the butler coolly and followed him into the library where Paul Brian's lonely figure sitting in a big carved chair seemed as remote as a statue.

Paul Brian did not rise as the young man came across the long stretch of polished floor. "You must excuse me," he said as Larch drew near, "I am not at all well today. Indeed, I rose from my bed to meet you."

"I'm sorry to hear that, sir," Larch said and sat down firmly on the plainest chair he could find.

Paul fluttered a long pale hand and coughed behind it. "I have had the most extraordinary news from my daughter. Let me be frank with you, Mr. Corpran, since I sincerely need your help. When we last met I did not know where my daughter was. I did not tell you at that time because it seemed to me to be—not quite your affair. But now—I am helpless, of course, and an invalid. As I told you, I have no connections. That is—no relatives, practically speaking—a few distant cousins, whom I have never cultivated. I am extremely anxious about my daughter—my only child. She—it amounts to—she ran away from home, Mr. Corpran, after her mother's death."

"Ran away!" Larch's voice was full of horror. "But why?"

(To be continued next week)

Grandpa enlisted today

Grandpa didn't really join up, of course; all he did was buy some clothes.

But he practiced a principle of conservation that will help to win this war. He bought better, longer-lasting clothes!

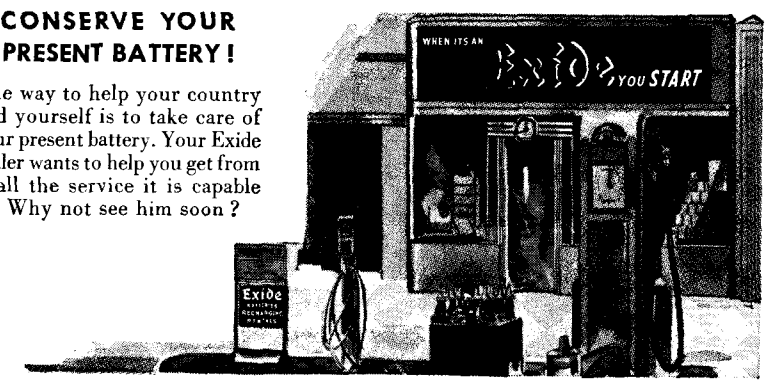
He'll be using fewer suits and shirts, etc. In cloth, in use of weaving machines, in tailors' time . . . all along the line there's a saving that an all-out war must have.

It's the same thing with batteries. When you buy a long-lived, dependable Exide it means less frequent battery replacement. That's thrifty too, for in so doing you also get better value. Remember the wiser you buy the more you help to conserve labor and materials.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

CONSERVE YOUR PRESENT BATTERY!

One way to help your country and yourself is to take care of your present battery. Your Exide dealer wants to help you get from it all the service it is capable of. Why not see him soon?



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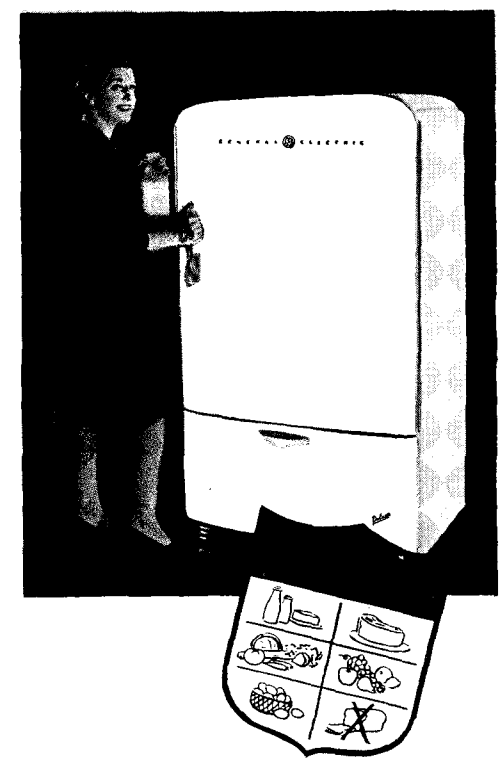
You and Your Family Need These Six Kinds of Food for Healthful Diet

YOUR HEALTH and your family's health are of tremendous importance to your *country, especially in wartime.*

Good health requires a daily diet of six foods: meats, dairy products, eggs, fruits, vegetables, cereals. Five of these six foods need constant refrigeration—first, to prevent loss of the vitamins you need; second, to prevent food waste and spoilage. So, if you have a refrigerator that maintains temperatures below 40 degrees, keep it in good working order. Naturally, there will not be many new electric refrigerators available this year, but if you purchase a G-E you can be sure it will be of the same high quality that has made the General Electric "tops in preference, tops in performance." Actually the 1942 G-E Refrigerator provides *lower temperatures and better food preservation with even less current than the 1941 model.* And, of course, the G-E 5-year Protection Plan applies as always.

JUST OFF THE PRESS—Timely new 24-page booklet "How To Get The Most Out Of The Food You Buy." Write General Electric Co., Dept. XG-292A. Bridgeport, Conn. Enclose 3c stamp to cover cost of mailing.



You'll always be glad you bought a G-E!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Philippine Incident

Continued from page 12

"But you have prospects. You will soon be a big man in the province. I am one who knows people. I have watched your career with interest. It is well known that you graduated first in your class."

"But to open the office, to support it, took all my father allowed me. As yet I have had two cases only. Both," Sixto laughed ruefully, "litigation as to the ownership of carabao. Neither client has paid. So you see?"

Nagato patted his shoulder and laughed. "For you and Paulita I would make a wedding gift in any case. So . . . you must say the wedding follows the engagement gift. And the engagement gift is my wedding present."

Sixto felt his heart leap. But he could not accept such an expensive gift, and not this special gift. It must be from him.

Excitedly now, without his legal smoothness of talk, he explained this to the smiling Japanese. While he talked Nagato again reached into the tray of gleaming gold and shining stones. He held out a thin gold band, studded with starlike stones.

"This will be your gift. For thirty pesos. And that other will be mine. Now we will talk no more. Wait, I will put these in handsome boxes."

Stunned, shaking with delight and guilt, Sixto watched the Japanese and wondered at his calm. And wondered at his idle talk as his slender, clever fingers worked.

He asked about Sixto's father. Sixto told of the morning's events. Of his own side of the argument, with growing heat.

Nagato looked up from the tiny boxes, knotted the last bit of blue ribbon. He smiled sadly and shook his head. "I am sad to hear of your father's hallucination. He has left, you say?"

"For Camp Stotsenburg. He met some of his old troopers the other day on a maneuver patrol. It stirred him up. The sound of a bugle."

NAGATO was looking at the boxes in his hand. "A patrol? There were other troops, then, in the vicinity? Did your father mention where?"

"Tarlac, I believe. A division."

"I was wondering," the Japanese said carelessly, as he smoothed the ribbon on one of the boxes, "about Lingayen. And Aparri. They are close enough by motor. I have a fine new stock of jewelry of the sort soldiers would like for Christmas. If there were large enough forces there it might be worth my while to send a trusted man there with some fine stock. Would you—Sixto, it would be a chance for you to make some money for your wedding expenses. I have known you since boyhood: others I could not completely trust with such stock. What an excellent idea! Now don't . . ."

Sixto smiled sadly. "It would be wonderful. And I could, in a sense, repay you for your great kindness. But it would be a waste of time. There are no troops at either place. My father mentioned it when I argued against his long ride to Pampanga. I hoped he would go to a nearer place and be quickly disillusioned. But the troops are all at Tarlac and Stotsenburg."

The Japanese made a low, hissing sound, bent again to the tiny boxes. "Well . . ." and he looked up and smiled. "There are none here or at near-by Vigan. So maybe it is better . . . since you are to marry soon. But later. In case clients are slow in coming. We will think of it, Sixto. Now"—he laid the boxes carefully in Sixto's hand—"take these with my best wishes. And save the thirty pesos for your wedding. Pay that when you have a rush of business. It will come."

He almost thrust Sixto from the door of the shop, smiling, bowing and very, very happy.

Sixto blinked in the sun on the street, drew a deep breath and said with deep conviction, and deep gratitude:

"And *he* is a *Japanese!*"

THE stars were still bright, bright with the last of the night. They were low, thick in the sky. Paulita shivered a little and pressed herself closer into Sixto's arms. She laughed giddily.

"When my mother misses me, there'll be an uproar."

They were sitting in the deep white coral sand, their backs against the smooth rocks that rose up from the bay. They were high and could see the eternal glow of the stars on the softly moving, restless sea.

Sixto sighed and his arms tightened around the girl.

"But then we shall tell her. It won't be a great surprise. Except," he lowered his head and touched the ring on her finger with his lips, "for *that*. You can tell her then how I wanted to place that on your finger here. In a place we both love. Near the sea by our rock."

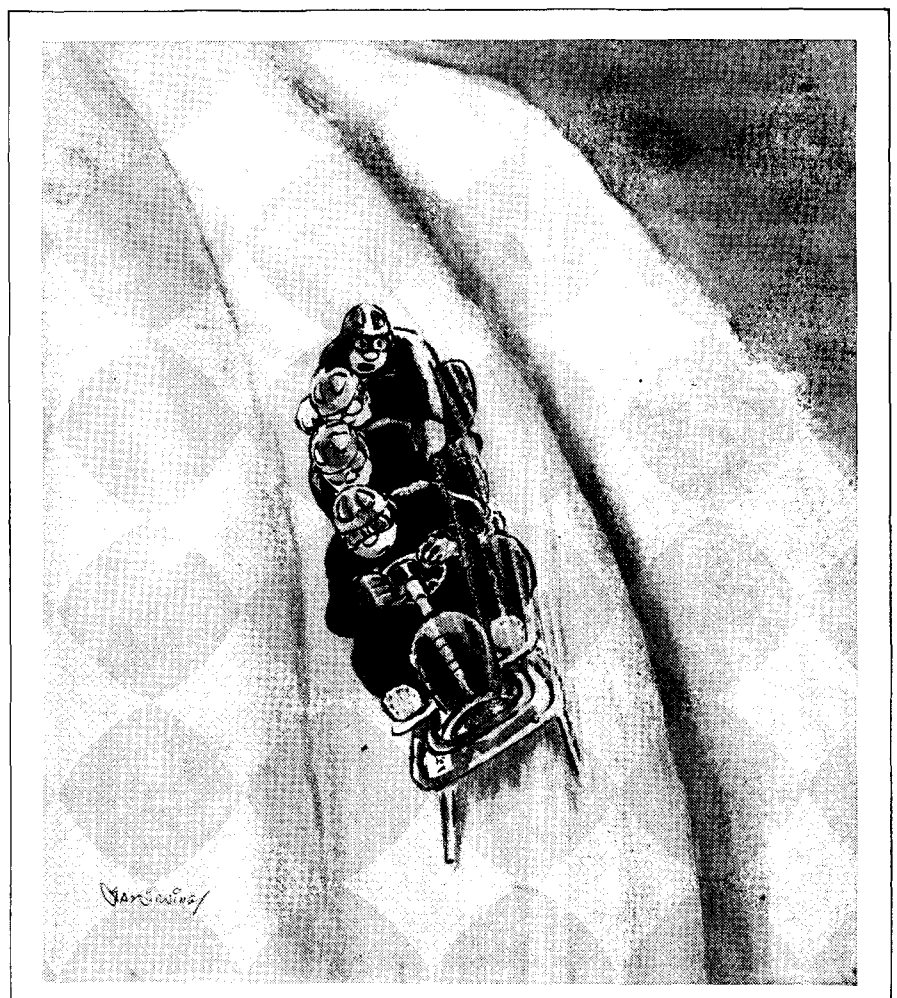
She laid her head against his. "I am glad you remembered, Sixto. The first kiss, here. We both knew at once. We both were sure, I mean. The night they were all fishing, and you and I beached our dear little boat and slipped up here unmissed? Oh, I am so glad you remembered! It is worth the scolding I'll get. Slipping from my bed in the dark to meet you. . . ."

She nestled against him happily and lifted her face to the rising dawn wind from the sea.

"Look, the stars are paling. See how they lose their depth, Sixto, as the light drains from them. Where does it go, do you suppose? I'm being like a child, not"—she laughed brokenly—"a well-taught schoolteacher. I could answer that if the children asked me. If I wanted to. They did once. That little Sixto I call *Pequeño*. I have always loved him best because he bore the same name as you, my Sixto Grande. And because of his great black eyes and his long black lashes. Just like you, my dear Big Sixto."

She pressed closer against him and brushed her warm lips across his eyes; and, as she did, she lifted her head away from him, startled. They both looked up, out toward the sea.

"Planes," Sixto said and they sat unmoving, listening. The drone came faintly, growing louder from out over the sea.



"Hold it a minute, Eddie. I want to get comfortable" JAY IRVING

"No lights on them. Or are they too far yet?" Sixto said, and he drew her once more close to him.

She put her head back. "They are too far, and too real and too unlovable for us, my Sixto," she said softly. "We will forget them and watch for the sun.

But the first bombs fell before the coming of the sun.

RUNNING over the rocks, Sixto clung to Paulita's hand. The edge of the new day was here and he could see the people in the streets, fatally clustered, dazed with the awful sight above them, about them. Clouds of dust and smoke rose above the town, sinister against the pale morning sky. Explosions shook the frail houses and already the red fangs of flame flashed in the murk.

Sixto dragged Paulita so that he could hold her close to him, his arm about her slim waist. One thing only drove him: safety for her. Flight from this deadly, man-made typhoon. He knew now; he understood. For as he raced from the high rocks to the plain below, he had seen the marks on the planes in that deadly covey that hid part of the sweetly colored sky. The red ball of Japan.

He heard Paulita cry out and he turned, white-faced, toward her. The planes were low now, and the snapping sounds of bullets were all about him. The dust leaped up in ragged, increasing furrows in the street and something tore at the sweater he had worn against the night cold.

Paulita dragged away from him and he thought she was hit. She was down on her knees, bending across the body of a woman and she held a child in her arms. Blood was on her coat.

The eyes of the child were open: and Sixto knew. "Great black eyes and his long black lashes." He knew before he heard her voice calling the name of the child.

And the little Sixto looked up, the dullness in his eyes going as he heard that known voice, saw that loved face above him.

"Ticher . . . Ticher. . . . Hass hurted me something. And Momma," he said and his little body shook, his stubby fingers clutched convulsively at Paulita's breast. *Then* she knew. She bent and touched her lips to the mop of hair. Sixto relaxed in her arms. This was the end. The end of little Sixto, the end of Santa Maria, the end of all their lazy dreams of tomorrow.

HER tears fell hot and swift on the still face. She felt a sudden engulfing tenderness for all the babies she knew now she would never mother. Little Sixto . . . *her* little Sixto. Oh, gently, carefully, my small one, I will take care of you now . . . too late, I will take care of you.

She broke into terrible sobs, and the sound of that awful grief made the sound of the inferno about them a mere annoyance to Sixto Gruspe. He reached for her, but she would not lay the child down. She clung to the small, slender body and the tears blinded her eyes.

Sixto pleaded with her:

"Come. We must get out of the town. They've passed over. But boats will be coming. Men with machine guns and rifles and grenades. They have come to kill. We must get to the hills. To the jungle. We will go by your house. Quickly, darling."

She refused to let him take the little body from her arms. They stumbled on, by the dead, the moaning wounded, and they saw that they were among the last now. Ahead, people ran, the panic in them driving them toward the sanctuary of the distant hills. The little town was a hell of fire, the ashes and the flaming nipa from the roofs driving into their faces, burning them, killing the air they must breathe. The ground rose from the beach steeply here and the breath from them came in gasps.

And then Sixto saw his father. He was on the old horse Lagarto and the horse dripped sweat, stumbling now at a slow, rocky trot. There were others: Sixto recognized some as ex-Scouts, retired like his father, and with them, running behind, were perhaps a score of armed townsmen.

His father called to him hoarsely and pointed. Sixto turned and saw the Japanese Nagato. Not smiling now, Nagato stood by the place he called his bodega, that deep-in-the-ground place where he

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stored his speculative rice. For Nagato had had many irons in the fire since his business career in Santa Maria. And one that, until now, none had guessed.

Sixto stared in shocked wonder at the uniform Nagato wore. A strange uniform, but there was something about it that marked it for what it was. The Japanese was giving orders, his voice calling to other men back in the dark of the bodega. But he kept his eyes on the approaching Filipinos and he drew a pistol from the shining holster at his side, and fired it almost casually.

Felipe Baclig fell, lay almost still in the fire-blackened dust. Felipe had gone to school with Sixto. . . . Then Sixto was almost thrown off his feet by the rush of men and he stared, still unable to understand the shots, the flashing bolos, the cursing of men inside the shaking bodega.

He saw Viejo. The old man waved a rusty bolo and screamed curses in his own tongue and in Spanish.

"Viva Aguinaldo!" the old man screamed. "Viva Rizal!"

Quiet, except for panting voices, came and Sixto saw his father. Saw him thrust the Japanese, Nagato, out into the open, hold him while quick fingers bound him with hemp. Viejo danced, spitting, before the immovable, flashing-eyed Japanese.

"Dog's blood! Down with the Spaniards!"

His father thrust the old man away.

"Sixto! Get in there and help. We go to the beach!"

"I am stupid," Sixto thought, and then suddenly he understood it all. He saw his neighbors bringing rifles, machine guns, cases of ammunition from the bodega. And he saw the bodies of the Japanese, bloodied, lying about the concrete floor. The Japanese, most of whose faces he knew. The quiet little one who had run the truck garden outside of the town, the one who owned the curio store, the camera man who took your picture at school graduation. Others he knew less well.

HIS father was explaining in a grim, but quiet voice: "They were safe from the bombs down there. The fishing boat of Nishi saw to it that they were ready with arms. They were all reservists of the Japanese army, living like lice among us these many years."

"But—"

The old Scout waved toward the hills. "Back there. A few men with machine guns could hold many, even Scouts, coming to our help. They were for that. While their treacherous countrymen were securing a beach head."

"You suspected?"

"No. God forgive me! Not until I saw some of those"—he jerked a thumb toward the dead—"running the wrong way. Now, hurry!"

Several trucks, uninjured by the attack, had been commandeered. The men moved fast, piling high the store of Japanese arms and munitions. Sixto, sweating with the rest, found time to marvel at his father. He was dressed in a loose *camisa* and long, shabby trousers. He wore no hat, and his face was blackened by filthy dust.

"Where to?" Sixto called to his father when his own truck was ready. His father smiled grimly.

"To your nest on the point. Where you take the girl. Oh, I know! But it has other virtues. It enfilades the harbor entrance. It has a cover of rocks that even their bombs can't pierce. Where *is* the girl?"

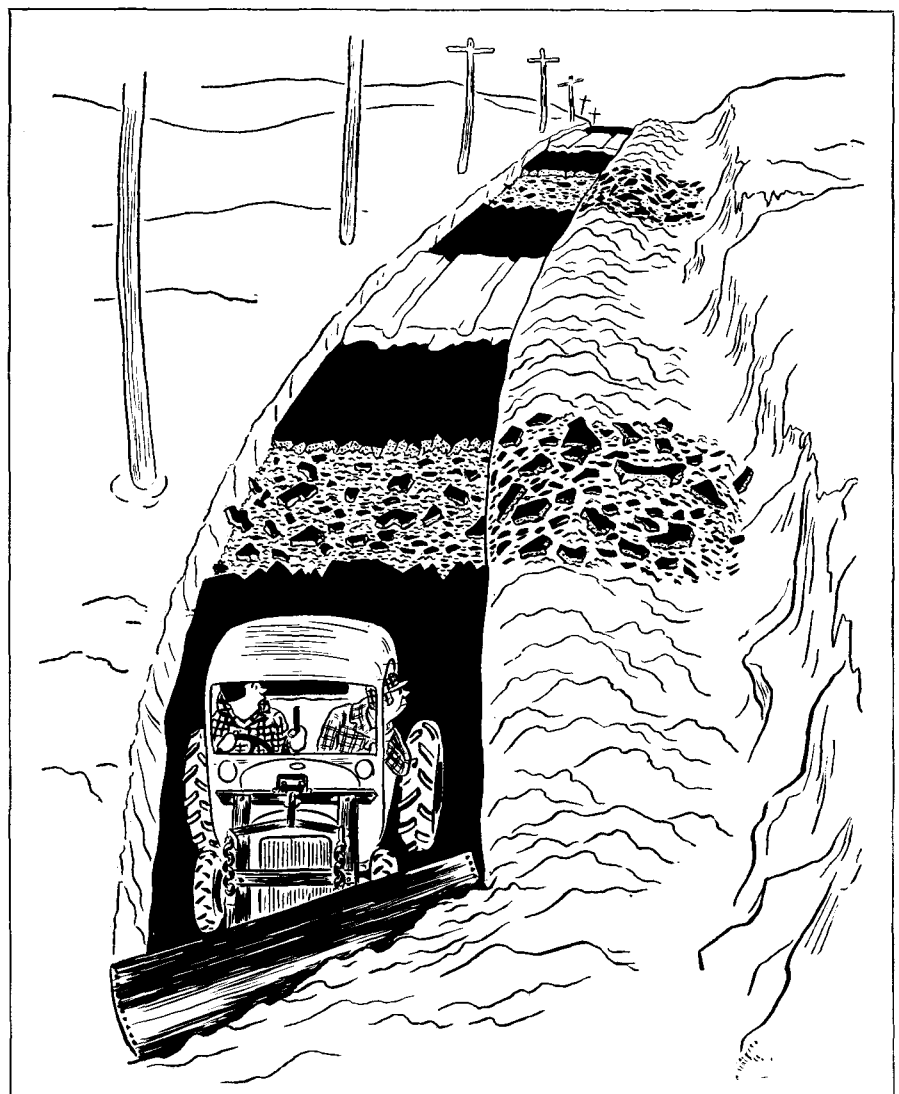
Sixto had been embarrassed. Now he was frightened. He leaped from the truck. He found her. She was sitting in the black dust, her back against the wall of the bodega. The dead child was still in her arms; her head was bent, her eyes staring, wide.

She didn't stir at the sound of his urgent voice. He lifted her; lifted her and her small, still burden. He ran, carrying her and the lifeless child. He climbed into a truck, eager hands reaching down to help him. He saw his father strike the sides of the old horse with his bare heels, and the dust rise up behind him. . . .

THE sun came as the last heavy gun was placed.

"We are ready," Sixto heard his father say. "Ready with the sun. Range . . . two thousand!"

The last words rang, echoed back from the rocky slope. Sixto saw the edge of the sun, saw the gleam of it on the field glasses his father held to his eyes. And watching where those glasses pointed, saw the first of the enemy boats.



"I just can't seem to strike a happy medium this morning"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

One came in the lead, not fast. It was broad, snub-nosed, and it was packed, as fish in a can are packed, with men. Others strung out behind it and from the distant horizon Sixto saw the smoke of the mother ships of this vicious brood.

"Fire!"

Even with the naked eye, Sixto could see the sudden turmoil of water about the nearest boat, for the sea was calm. It seemed almost, in the first instant of that burst, that the sinister duckling wallowed to its end. Spray covered it—and it was gone. Dots of men bobbed in the smooth swell, like the insensate corks of a great fish net.

The guns ceased, the silence vibrated. Sixto looked at his father. He had lowered his glasses, turned, and now stood staring at the Japanese, Nagato.

"I could wish," he said, "that you were unbound. So that you might view through these glasses. The first boat. The first of many."

Sixto looked at Paulita. She was back under the rock overhang and her eyes lifted, met his in the dimness. He went to her, bent and kissed her cold lips.

"We will have our revenge."

The Japanese cursed, jerked his head toward the sea. "Wait!"

Sixto saw the planes then: rows of nine, not high; innocent-looking, almost. The roar of their engines grew and they could see the bombs leave them, far out over the sea. And before the bombs arrived, they could see the flashes from the two destroyers.

But the bombs arrived first. The ground shook, white sand and black volcanic earth obscured the new, red sun. Rock, like shattered glass, rained about them; loosed stones from above rolled down, bounding, leaping over them and rattling on down to the sea.

The shells burst high, the quick glare of them ripping the dust haze. The machine guns, tipped up now, their noses lifted to the sky, poured out a stream of tracers, following, until the planes passed overhead.

Sixto heard his father's voice, ranging the guns once more on the nearing boats. He heard the wild triumphant cry of Viejo: "Sink the Americans! Down with them!"

"Shut up!" he yelled. "*We* are Americans. You are mad, old man."

"Mad!" Viejo thrust the rifle he held out at arm's length and fired wildly. Sixto lifted his own rifle. He ran the sight up to extreme range. He lay against a low rock and fired carefully.

THE sun was high, and most of the guns had been knocked out of action.

The Japanese, dismayed at their swift losses, at the precious time being lost, had displayed a white flag, requested parley through a loud-speaker. Nagato urged Sergeant Gruspe:

"You have no chance. Send me to the beach. I will insure your safety, your property in the town. I am to be its new presidente."

The haggard-faced men, mostly civilians, looked at the old scout. He read their eyes. They had been brave, given of their blood; wounded, most of them. Their wives and children were already safe in that high green behind the town. One of them nodded.

"We can join the troops back there, live to fight on for our country."

Gruspe shook his gray head sympathetically. "They display the white flag because they think us many. An advance element of the Scouts. Even now as they wait they may send men to our flanks. To them the white flag is but another means of trickery."

Sixto had looked at the child Sixto when his father had first spoken. Now the eyes of Paulita looked back deeply into his own. The pale face, the disordered hair, the sudden childish thinness of her tore at his heart. He spoke in quick, broken words:

"We have the trucks in the rear. While Nagato walks to the beach we can move back through these broken rocks unseen. He cannot shout as their loudspeakers do: as yet they could not understand any warning he might give."

The father stared at him, not with anger, nor contempt, nor shame. Almost, his bloodshot eyes were thoughtful.

Nagato was quick to take advantage of what appeared to him indecision.

"See," he pointed to the hand of Paulita, taut against the bomb-ripped *camisa* of the child. "Ask of Sixto Gruspe," and he told swiftly of his own generosity, his gift of the ring, his love of the Filipino people. And mostly of his love of his townsmen which had inspired that gift.

PAULITA, for the first time, laid the body of the child down. She stared, her eyes demanding denial of Sixto. But he nodded his head in shamed confirmation, and the Japanese nodded with him, in avid accentuation.

The circle of dark faces turned, all watching Sixto. Paulita moved toward the Japanese. The ring was off her finger, held as a knife might be held.

"Hold him, Sixto. His head!"

The face of the Japanese was wet and gray. "My eyes! She will tear them with the stone! Stop her. I am a prisoner of war. I am your only hope of life. You will die of torture. Stop . . ."

Sixto pinioned her, held her wildly squirming body. "Time is short."

Sergeant Gruspe had not moved. He said calmly:

"Yes. You are young. You may have yet a few days of life and love." He called to the village priest. The priest, himself wounded, got up from his knees, smiled down at the man he had just finished binding, and inclined his head toward the sergeant.

"Father . . . did you hear?"

The priest nodded.

"I want you to marry them. Back at the pass behind the town where the Scouts should soon arrive. Already I have sent word for help by car. They should come soon and the Japanese will be driven off."

Again the priest inclined his head. He wore a torn, brown smock, blood and sweat coursed down his thin face.

"I am an old man. And I would stay with you, my son. There are other priests. And, never fear, they will be where our country needs them. Remember, *I* was a chaplain of the Scouts."

The loud-speaker in the nearest hove-to Japanese barge blared out: Decide at once, show a white flag, it warned, or parachute troops would be dropped in the rear.

Sergeant Gruspe laughed harshly. "It would already have been done if pos-

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sible." He snapped open a wicked-looking knife, cut the hemp that bound the Japanese, Nagato. He tore the white *camisa* from his own back and thrust it at the man. "Raise that to your rising sun! Walk so that you may stand at the edge of the sea, always in my sight. And when you are near enough for them to hear your voice, you will still be in range of my ears. And—of this." He tapped the barrel of his rifle and went on softly:

"With this I once won the highest award of the Scouts: firing at a black spot no larger than the head of a woman's pin at one thousand yards. Walk very slowly, yellow man!"

Nagato's eyes gleamed. He snatched up a jagged length of driftwood and tied the shirt to it with swift fingers. He waved it high and the faint breeze from the sea caught it. He stepped by the rocks and moved slowly toward the beach below.

THERE were some twenty men left and Gruspe spoke carefully to them:

"Go. In the trucks. But it must be slow so as not to raise dust. They are watching like cats through their glasses and the guns of their ships are trained. My son! My daughter!" He touched Sixto's hand and smiled at Paulita. "I wish you happiness."

"My—father!" the girl said, and she drew in her breath sharply. "You and the priest—"

"Must remain. While Nagato walks to the beach. For none here can shoot as I; and the wish of the priest must be respected. Where is Viejo?"

He turned back to watch the steadily walking Japanese. He was halfway to the beach now, still in the open. Talk broke out, calls for swift movement. They broke to the rear and the trucks started behind the rocks. The sound died. It was very still: just the gentle sound of the rush of low waves on the beach and then, low and steady, the whispered prayers of the priest.

"Father!" Sixto stood by his father. Paulita was by his side, her hand tight in his. He had come back on silent feet. His father did not turn, take his eyes from the moving back of the Japanese. "Go, son. Soon he will call to them. Perhaps direct their fire accurately to the trucks. There is only one hard road they can use without dust and he knows it. The Japanese destroyers are close in, their guns ready. Not one of our people would reach the cover of the hills."

"*Father.* I wish to tell you—I have so much shame!" This time the sergeant turned. There was anger in his eyes and then, of a sudden a great softness.

"It was for you, my son and my daughter-to-be, that I agreed for all to go. I could not send you and not them. I wanted to give my son a little of the love due all men before his time to die."

"No matter now," Sixto said quietly. "The trucks have gone. And that love is still ours. Only for a shorter space of time until we die. I remain with you, Father."

"But the girl?" his father growled.

Paulita lifted her head higher. She put an arm about Sixto's waist.

"That space of time is our country's," she said simply.

Sergeant Gruspe grunted. "*All* our family, then. So be it."

The hawklike eyes of the old soldier gleamed. He saw the rifle in her hands; the one in the hand of his son. The priest made a sign of benediction. "He signals with the flag," he said quietly, cutting the holy words off.

Sergeant Gruspe turned, his eyes intent on the distant figure of the Japanese. He could not read the signals of the whipping white flag, but carrying back on the sea breeze he heard the accompanying words, Japanese words, but one of them he knew. The word for truck.

And he knew, as Nagato now waved back toward the left, where the cliff cut off his own view of the beach, that a flanking Japanese boat had landed stealthily there under cover of this white token of peace.

He fired, and the distant Nagato stooped, lurched onto his face like a ludicrous, stringed doll.

"A possible," Sergeant Gruspe said, and he drew back the bolt slowly, a faint smile on his face.

A blast of close fire came from their left. Rocks chipped about them. The flanking force was moving up. They heard a familiar voice:

"Good! I am back in time. I have ridden fast. Look what I have, son!"

They looked up, behind, and the Viejo, blood running on his face, leaped down from the rocks above. His arms were full of clothing; metal gleamed in the folds.

"They have landed from one boat on the left, and soon will be on us. Here, my son, cover your nakedness. I rode the old horse back so that you could fight as befits a soldier of the Scouts. The medals I found in the pocket. The old horse died back there from the blast of a rapid-fire gun. I came the rest of the way on foot."

The old man stood, shaking with his effort. Sergeant Gruspe took the uniform coat, slipped it on quickly. "Sixto, the grenades there in the box. High and to the left, well over the out-thrust. My father . . ." His smile was warm. "I thank you!"

He turned to Paulita. She was bending over the still face of the child Sixto. She was putting the tiny gold cross from her own neck about the stiff little throat.

In silence Sergeant Gruspe placed a loaded pistol near her. "You may be the last," he said. "And they are not men coming now."

She gave him a long, steady look, and her head bowed. He turned, squatted by one of the two machine guns still functioning. The priest was already pouring fire toward the beaching boat now racing shoreward.

SIXTO was standing, like a young athlete, the morning sun on his clear brown face, hurling with quiet grace the last of the grenades over the defilading rocks.

Sergeant Gruspe wrenched back the gun bolt, let it clang forward. He trained it on the close open space where the flanking Japanese must first appear. "Just one burst," he prayed softly. "Just what is left in the belt, is all I ask, God above."

The guns of the destroyer belched flame, the shells whistled overhead. Viejo was firing as fast as he could work the bolt of his rifle. He looked up, calling to the passing shells:

"Too late, bats of the night. Too late, *tik-tiks*. By now they are in the hollow, for the trucks went fast in the smoke of the town. And soon the Scouts will arrive and our job here will be over."

"They come on the left!" Sixto called from behind his rock, and his father's finger drew back, tight and steady on the trigger of the gun. But he looked once more, from the face of his boy to the face of the woman his boy loved. He smiled and turned away. For he saw the eyes of those two meet, hold for a long moment. He didn't want to see that look end.

He turned, crouched over the gun, saw the first yellow men coming up the slope, the white beach at their back. He drew slowly, with infinite care at the bit of metal under his index finger.

He threw one brief look at his father.

The old man smiled, nodded.

"For us—the end. But for our country—never!"

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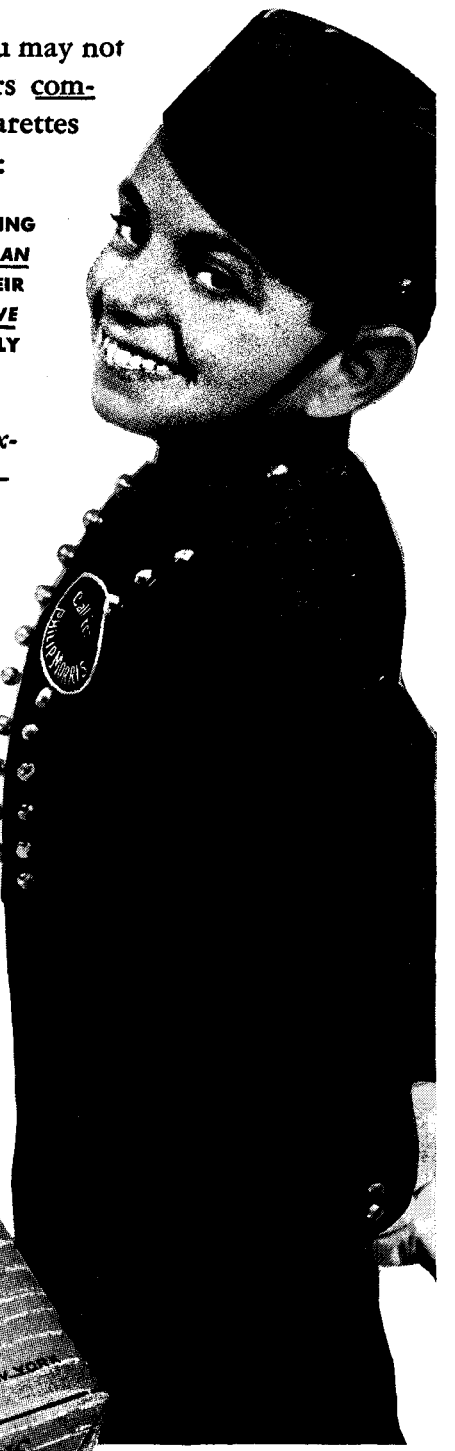

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OUR FIGHTING MEN

SGT. JAMES B. DEERIN, JR.

DOUGHBOYS. Only complete bread-making unit in the Army is the 94th Quartermaster Bakery Bn., based at Camp Livingston, La. In the field, ingredients are mixed in barrels, allowed to ferment for two and a half hours, then put on a molding table (above)

The two-pound loaves are baked 90 minutes, cooled for 24 hours, then packed in cardboard boxes (left) for shipment. Heavy-crusted G-I bread, baked and cooled longer than the commercial product, keeps for 21 days, but soldiers say it gets tough in two weeks

NAVY RECRUITING STATION, Boston. This establishment is going all-out for slogans. "An Applicant a Day Keeps a Jap Away" is one. For its V-1 program, which enlists students between 17 and 20 and permits them to finish their school year, there's: "Ahoy, Schoolboy! Be a Shipmate While a Classmate." From the substation at Manchester, N. H., comes: "No Naps for the Japs." . . . Gilbert Tourtellot, visiting Providence, R. I., wrote Pat Joyce, a pal back home in Pittsburgh, that he realized they'd always been inseparable buddies and stuff but he'd made up his mind to go to Boston and join the Navy. Pat wired Gilbert to hold everything and shortly thereafter arrived in his car, nonstop from Pittsburgh. The Navy got two hands instead of one. . . . Scarcely had they signed up when in walked James P. Boyle, of Cambridge, lugging a mess of weird luggage. The Navy found out he was a magician and hopes he can show the Japs some tricks. . . . George Flood, of Framingham, joined up just to keep things even in his family. Brother Wallace was in the Navy but brothers Francis and Raymond were soldiers. Of the three remaining brothers one plans to join the Army; so the only way the last one can keep things even—if his next older brother joins the Navy—is to get into the Marines. Or have you lost track? . . . "Well," said William A. James, signing up from Quincy, "we never fought with a loser." His father was in the last war, grandfather in the Spanish-American, great grandfather in the Civil and great great grandfather in the Revolutionary. . . . High School Teacher Robert Bronner, of Reading, was invited to a pupil's home for supper. The boy's father, Chief Electrician Frederick C. Struss, in charge of the recruiting substation at Lawrence, did a lot of talking about the Navy. Next morning, the first customer to walk into the recruiting office was just the man you might guess him to be: High School Teacher Bronner.

CAMOUFLAGE artists at one Atlantic Coast fort did such a good job they fooled even the soldiers stationed there. At one place, a depression between a hill and a concrete gun ramp is bridged over with chicken wire, on top of which turf and grass make it look like one big hill. It looks, in fact, so much like one continuous hill that several sentries, pacing their posts at this particular spot, marched off onto the terra infirma and all of a sudden learned about camouflage. There's another place where the ground make-up men have run a dummy road off a real one, snaked it over a gun emplacement and back onto the McCoy macadam. It has a tar surface, and a flimsy bridge carries it over the gun. One of the officers who figured out the job was wondering if it would really fool anybody when a visiting dispatch rider, who had been having trouble with his motorcycle, appeared on the scene and made a test run on the phony boulevard. "Damned if he didn't go around that dummy road three times," said the officer, "before I stopped him. And with that silly bridge wobbling like an orange crate. I didn't know which would collapse first—me or it."

FORT JACKSON, S. C. How to make money: Open a laundry and run it Army style. More than 1,600,000 pieces of clothing were washed last month at the Quartermaster laundry here at a cost of a little more than two and a half cents per piece of clothing—yet the government made money on the project.

8TH DIV.

THE 13th ("First at Vicksburg") Infantry is, so far as we know, the first regiment in which every man has a share in a War Bond. Each of the twenty-one companies and detachments of the 13th now holds a bond, purchased from company funds normally used to buy comforts and conveniences for the men. On the occasion of their delivery, the band played First at Vicksburg, the regimental march written by 13th Infantrymen Pvts. Dick Uhl and Tom Adair, composers in civilian life. The copy sent to this department hasn't been played yet but looks good on paper.

FORT BENNING, Ga. To now, the biggest slice of glory has gone to the parachute troopers, but the troopers themselves pass all the credit to a little group of privates who stand unnoticed at long tables and patiently repack the chutes. One slip of the wrist, one careless second, and fouled rigging might be the cause of a man's death. "It is my duty," reads the chute packer's creed, posted in the buildings where he works, "to keep the parachute equipment of the organization in the best possible condition, and I intend to do it by being ever mindful that minor things, when left undone, cause major troubles. In my inspection I will not pass over any defect or neglect to repair it, no matter how small. Through my diligence and attention to duty, I will inspire confidence among the young men of this organization. I will foster the spirit of helpfulness of those less experienced then myself. I will stand ready to use any parachute, the maintenance of which is charged to me, whenever a doubt arises." Perhaps every man thinks of that last sentence as he works.

2D ARMORED DIV.

LAST week this corner revealed a slight case of non-coöperation between the Army and Navy when a Navy plane flipped into an Abilene, Texas, reservoir (Army territory) and started an argument between Army engineers and Navy salvage crews. Eventually, as it was told to us and so reported to you, the Army squished off in high dudgeon with the operation half completed because the Navy didn't like the way the Army was performing it. In order to

(Continued on page 61)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America has the trains — modern, fit, ready!

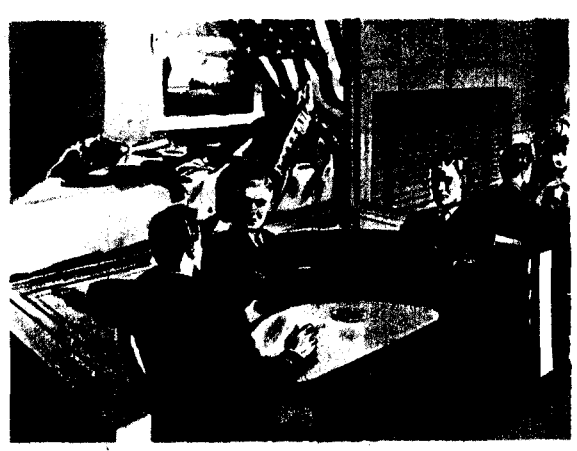
This war will be won not alone through greater and superior production, spirit and courage—it will be won also by the ability and capacity of the railroads to keep troops, materials and supplies rolling.

Count on the Pennsylvania Railroad to play its part!

You may not realize it, but in keeping with its traditional policy of farsightedness, the Pennsylvania has over the past 12 years spent nearly $670,000,000 in improving its system and enlarging its equipment. Never in point of technical efficiency and state of equipment has it been so fit for the added responsibilities of war.

Yes, and its skilled army of 140,000 men will see that everything rolls swiftly, safely, smoothly!

To the extent wartime demands permit, the Pennsylvania will continue to make available in public travel those comforts, luxuries and innovations which have made travel over its lines so great a pleasure.



Enjoy modern Pullman comforts! In addition to attractive Pullman Lounges which have among their modern touches, radio, so you can keep up with the news—the Pennsylvania offers up-to-the-minute accommodations: Roomettes, Duplex Rooms, Bedrooms, Compartments, Drawing Rooms, Master Rooms. Section Sleepers also.

Ride all-coach trains at low fares! *The Trail Blazer,* New York—Chicago; *The Jeffersonian,* New York—St. Louis. *The South Wind,* Chicago—Miami. Observation-Buffet-Lounge; reserved reclining seats; low priced meals; attendants; train passenger representatives. *The Trail Blazer* and *Jeffersonian* serve Washington, also.

LEADERS OF THE FLEET!

BROADWAY LIMITED (16-hour *All-Room Train*)
THE GENERAL **THE ADMIRAL** **THE PENNSYLVANIAN**
New York . . . Philadelphia . . . Chicago

"SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"
New York . . . Philadelphia . . . St. Louis
Washington . . . Baltimore . . . St. Louis

LIBERTY LIMITED **THE PENNSYLVANIAN**
Chicago . . . Baltimore . . . Washington

THE PITTSBURGHER (*All-Room Train*)
New York . . . Pittsburgh

THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE
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And daily trains serving Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Columbus, Dayton, Akron, Louisville, Indianapolis and other cities.
40 trains daily between New York and Washington

FARES ARE LOW

Pennsylvania Railroad

SERVING THE NATION

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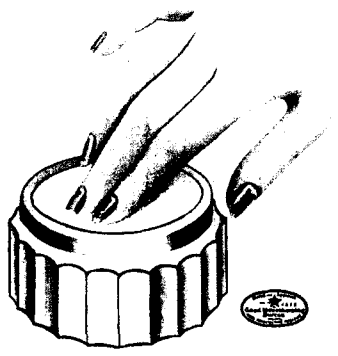
New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant ... try a jar today

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39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

MAGAZINES—
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HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

VEAL SHOULDER CHOPS taste great with old-fashioned HEINZ CHILI SAUCE

57

Makes Thrifty Meats Taste Better

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

on their blouses. Ensigns Robert Dimmitt, George Hopper, Thomas Moore and Gordon Snyder seemed to feel that Evelyn had a lot to do with their success in passing the rigid final Navy aviation course and they wanted her to see their wings.

WITH the award by the C.A.A. to the International Telephone & Telegraph Company of a contract for a score or more of blind landing systems, we wish we could report that from now on you airline passengers will complete your schedules on the second regardless of the weather conditions at the other end—but we can't.

However, we can state that a very constructive step forward has been taken in this matter of blind landing, which has plagued the airlines and others interested for nearly a decade. That is, approximate unanimity has been reached by all possible regular users of such a system so that they are willing to accept the I. T. & T. system until something better should come along, if ever.

Several years ago, optimism over blind landings—airliners mushing through a zero-zero condition at the airport with the ease of a sunlight landing—ran very high. And it was legitimate optimism, for such blind landings in actual blackout weather conditions, not to mention those made under the hood, had been made. Still, there were a number of ideas on what constituted a perfect, foolproof blind-landing device. At one very solemn conference of airline pilots and operations people, the charged atmosphere was cleared only when an outspoken blind-landing expert of the Department of Commerce, himself an inventor of a very simple system, declared: "You can throw an empty whiskey bottle out of any window and be sure to hit someone who has developed the ideal blind-landing system." This philosopher was Irving R. Metcalf, one of aviation's true pioneers (he soloed in 1911), and now in the Technical Development Division of the C.A.A.

The system agreed upon by potential users, such as the airlines and the Army and Navy air cargo services, has been under test for several years at the C.A.A.'s experimental station at Indianapolis Municipal Airport. It is radio-operated and conveys to the pilot in flight the location of the runway, the edge of the airport and a glide path that he is to fly down as though it were a roller-coaster. All these indications are given on the instrument board in the cockpit by a simplified dial that warns the pilot instantly if he is veering off the runway approach or gliding in too steeply or not enough.

These blind landing systems are going in now at LaGuardia Field, N. Y.; Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Kansas City, Oakland, Indianapolis and Washington. Other key points on the airways system eventually will be so equipped. For at least a year or two, they will be utilized under favorable conditions until all airline, Army and Navy and itinerant pilots, with the proper receiving sets, will become thoroughly acquainted. The ceiling and visibility minimum at the various airline terminals will remain unchanged. Conceivably the curtain might ring down unexpectedly on a plane some night and when it does, the pilot will be able to come in anyway with this system. But for the present that will be the exception instead of the rule. Aeronautical science has accomplished miracles, but it has yet to offer an unimpeachable substitute for the human eye.

R.A.F. fighter pilots operating over the Channel and German-occupied territory on the continent carry no maps. They fly entirely by compass and radio. One reason advanced is that a map captured by the enemy would reveal the present and future plans for sweeps and sniping in which the fighter command now indulges.

Suppose a fighter pilot gets lost? When he is sure he doesn't know where he is he calls into his microphone the code word of the day. Immediately a powerful station in England sends out a bearing. The fighter pilot hooks onto it and flies on in entirely by compass. Our boys over here wouldn't think of going on cross-country without a map. But they may have to come to radio and compass navigation entirely, so training to that end is going on.

TRANSPORTS and their counterparts in the Army and Navy fly close to a million miles before they are brought in for major overhaul. Engines, instruments and other vital parts come up for thorough reconditioning at much less intervals. As is pretty well known by now, the life of a plane or part thereof is figured in hours, but we are so used to thinking in terms of miles with our automobiles that the mileage figure is used in this case because it is more impressive.

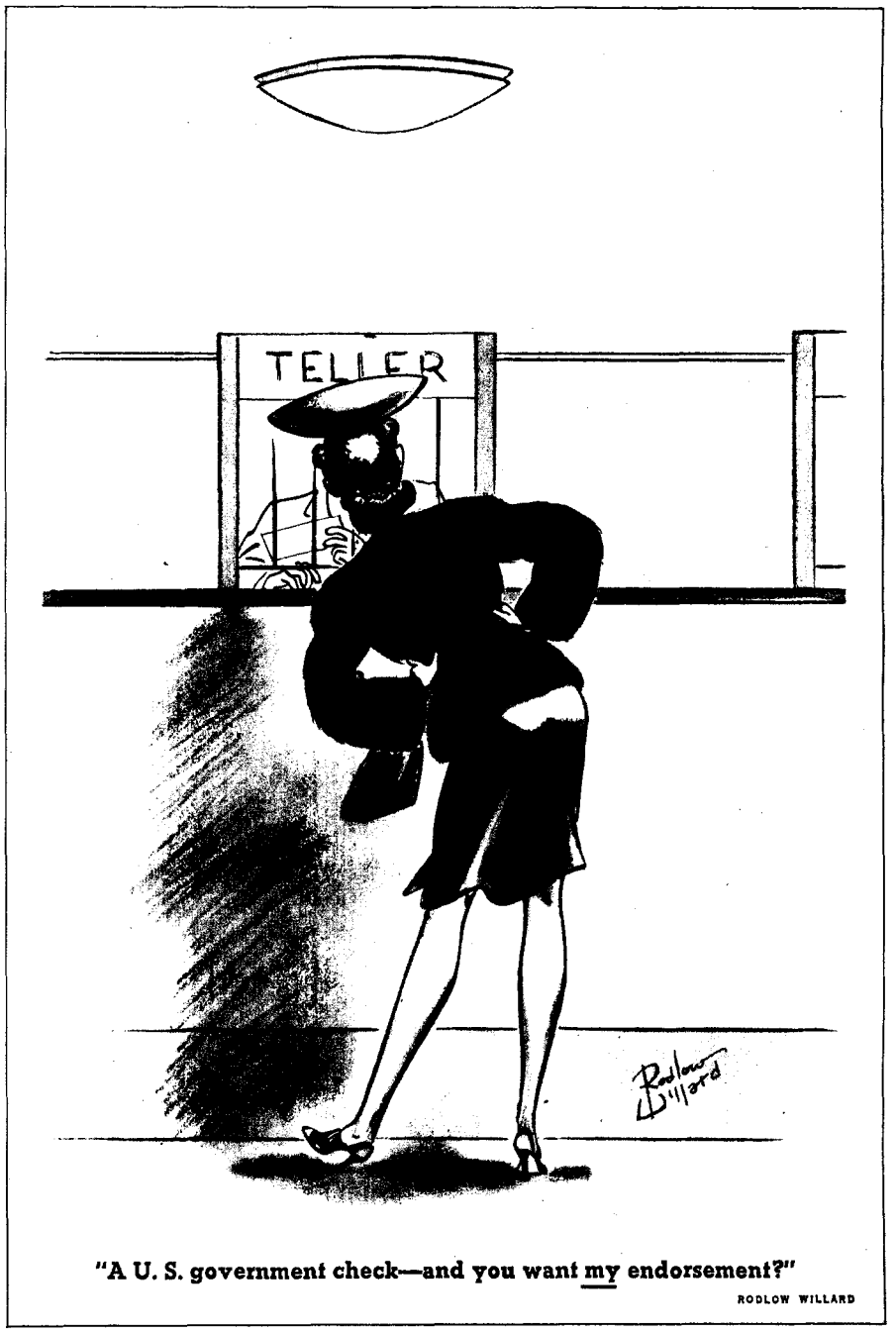
Most airlines compute the flying time of their planes on a block-to-block basis, but a good minority figures it on time-off the ground and time-on. Incidentally, the block-to-block business has nothing to do with railroads, but represents the interval from the moment the blocks are removed from the wheels and the plane starts to roll out to its take-off position, until it taxies up to the unloading platform at the next stop and the blocks are placed against the wheels.

THE strawberry-blond telephone operator at an important airline terminal in the East has been there since the day it opened and has come to have such respect for the authority of the air traffic control tower and the police who patrol the air base that it borders on worship.

The war was still new enough to take first place in all "hangar flying" around this airport, particularly on this day when it was closed because of zero-zero flying conditions. Speculation was advanced as to what might happen if the place were attacked from the air.

Bristling with indignation and security, the telephone operator looked up from her board and declared: "Huh, the moment any enemy bombers got in touch with the control tower, they'd be promptly reported to the police. Number, please!"

F. R. N.



"A U. S. government check—and you want my endorsement?"

RODLOW WILLARD

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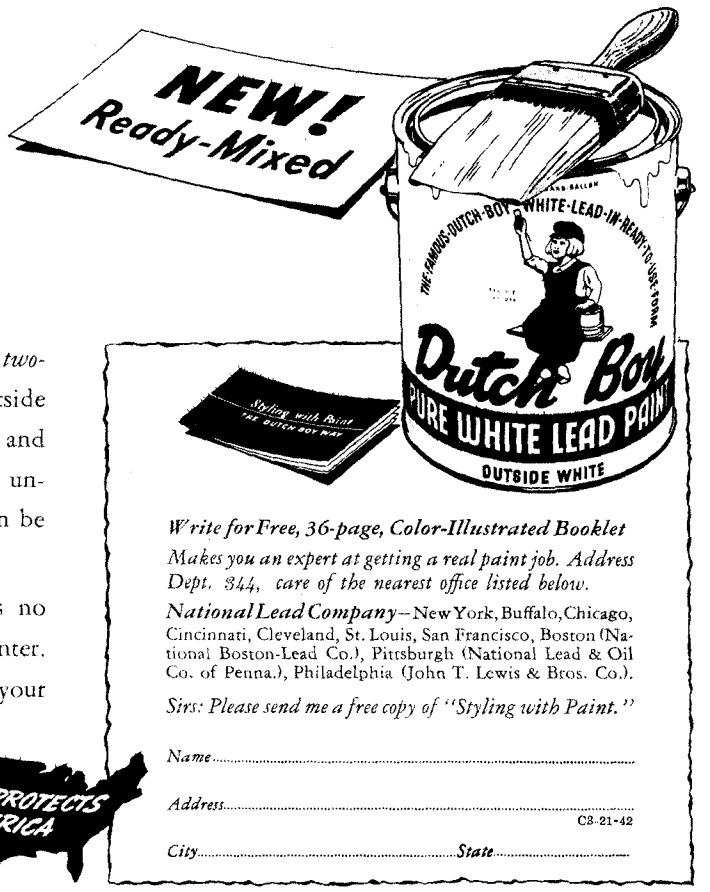
The Best Known Boy in the HOME Guard..

Everybody knows the Dutch Boy! He's been guarding American homes since before many of us were born. In fact, White Lead grew up with America.

Small wonder Dutch Boy White Lead is now in the front ranks of Home Defense. It holds the home front with Dutch stubbornness . . . wears long, doesn't crack and scale. Thus, when it finally *is* time to repaint, you save the expense of burning and scraping off the old paint.

Today, Dutch Boy White Lead—formerly sold only as a *paste* is now also sold in a new form — as a ready-mixed *paint*. This new paint is pure white lead, all ready to spread! *Especially designed for two-coat work,* it comes in Exterior Primer and Outside White. Together they give sparkling whiteness and complete coverage with two coats, even on unpainted wood. Of course, white lead paint can be readily colored if desired.

Remember, for real home defense, there's no combination like good paint and a good painter. And whichever form of Dutch Boy goes on your home—the new paint or the famous paste—"you're money ahead when you paint with white lead."



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"I dreamt I forgot to spring-clean my radiator with Sani-Flush"

This is no time to gamble with radiator trouble! Use Sani-Flush to clean out dangerous rust and sediment when you remove anti-freeze. Costs only a few cents.

Don't take chances on just flushing with water. Sani-Flush is thorough. Use it yourself, or ask your service station. Tests have shown Sani-Flush harmless to engine or fittings, used according to directions on can. It's in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold in grocery, drug, hardware and 10c stores. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

NO RETAILER Has Ever Failed to Increase Sales Through Store Display of **MAGAZINE ADVERTISING**

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Best RUM *bar none*

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Iron Man McGowan

Continued from page 16

blades (most of them made twenty years ago and *still* held) include his two miles in 5 minutes, 39.2 seconds, at Minneapolis, January 25, 1926 (Claus Thunberg, 1924 Olympic champion, needed 5:52 for the same distance in his first appearance in this country), McGowan's mile in 2 minutes, 24.2 seconds (Edmonton, Canada, January 26, 1923); his ½ mile in 1 minute, 15.2 seconds, at the Boston Arena, March 31, 1921; his ¼ mile in 36.1 seconds, at Minneapolis, January 18, 1926; and many records at intermediate distances. And, of course, that amazing motor-paced 4.2 hundred (Lake Onota, Pittsfield, Mass., January 20, 1924), which is over 71.4 feet a second—nearly a mile a minute.

McGowan's social life has always been rather boisterous and to keep in training he relies upon bicycle riding and relaxation. If he isn't on skates he's on a bicycle and if he isn't on a bicycle he's lying down somewhere. He believes in building up energy by hard exercise, and then saving it for when he needs it.

The Act That Almost Wasn't

After several years with the Ice Follies, and the Ice-Capades (which he helped organize) McGowan is at the moment readying an ice show of his own at his rehearsal base out in Hollywood. Sitting in the stands you see McGowan hurtling through his famous Apache number with his pretty and talented wife, Ruth Mack, doing the most difficult spins and lifts of any team on the ice. The finish of the act is a full-arm "lift." McGowan sweeps his partner high above his head; holding her there, he shoots at full speed down the whole length of the ice and out through the narrow stage exit.

Watching this amazing feat of strength and co-ordination, it's hard to believe that only three short years ago doctors hung a seal of doom not only on McGowan's career but on his whole active life.

McGowan had a siege of pneumonia from which he didn't fully recover. One day he felt an odd stiffness in his back. He dismissed the pain as a cold; the next day his side bothered him, then his neck. In two more days he could not turn his head; he walked in a stiff-legged travesty of his usual joyously free stride. Finally he went to a doctor, then to dozens of doctors one after another, doctors all the way from New York to California. None of them seemed to know exactly what was taking place in his system.

This went on for agonizing months. McGowan took hot baths, cold baths, had his tonsils out, most of his teeth out . . . did everything his corps of doctors could think of—and grew steadily worse.

Then, with a stubborn insistence, the growing weakness began creeping over McGowan's powerful body. It was a terrifying affliction for a man whose very livelihood depended upon a beautifully attuned physique. McGowan—Iron Man McGowan—could not lift a book; he could not pull himself up from a chair. He was naturally frantic; the more so because the only point of agreement among the doctors was their universal bafflement. One attributed the growing stiffening to rheumatic fever; another to sciatica· another, less optimistic but nearer the truth, termed it a form of progressive arthritis of the spine. McGowan was rapidly becoming helpless and hopeless.

Finally, in December of 1939, a doctor in St. Paul advised him to go to the Mayo Clinic, which had scraped the barnacles off many an equally hopeless human ship.

He managed to get to Rochester. There he was examined as only the Mayo Clinic can examine a human body. And when they were all through, they told him he had spondylitis, a nice big round term meaning inflammation of the spine. But worse than what they told him was what they did. They made him a cozy steel corset and asked him what he could do to earn a living besides ice skate.

It was like hitting a man right between his wide-open eyes with a torture chamber. A man can take death, but this *slow* business. . . . How was a bedridden former athlete supposed to support a wife and daughter?

In his despair McGowan ransacked every recess of his brain for some providential way out of this thing. For some reason he kept thinking of his old friend and skating coach back in St. Paul, Ralph Cressler, who was not an M.D. at all but an amateur horse doctor. Cressler, after twenty-five years of training and driving harness horses and coaching speed skaters, was now manager of the Hippodrome Ice Skating Rink in St. Paul. What could *he* do? But McGowan somehow couldn't stop thinking about him. After all, a horse doctor treated the most delicate bones in the world. Ask any trainer of race horses—he'll tell you a few things about delicate bones. Hadn't Will Rogers once said that a good horse doctor was the best doctor in the world because a horse couldn't tell you what was the matter with him?

McGowan fought his way to St. Paul, to Ralph Cressler. Cressler looked him over, and finally outlined a process of breaking down McGowan's rocklike bone structure so that the blood could flow through to wash away the excessive calcium concentration; with circulation re-established, his spine would then rebuild itself. But—*BUT*—the only way he could be absolutely sure of what he was doing and not take the chance of injuring McGowan's back irreparably, was to do the whole thing without any anesthetic. It was really a matter of breaking McGowan's back—not in one, but in countless places.

Even today McGowan doesn't like to talk about the next seven days. For long periods he hung by his neck, hung there while weights on his feet and hammer blows on his tortured spine gradually broke his bones apart. Cressler had made a leather head harness, with ropes leading from it up through hooks in the ceiling and back down to swinging handholds.

First thing each morning he'd bake McGowan under a light to warm up his rock-bound back. Then McGowan would struggle into the head harness, take a deep breath, and pull his pain-racked body off the floor for the "treatment" of weights and pushes and blows. When he couldn't stand it any longer he'd yell, and Cressler would ease him down to the floor. In a few minutes they'd do it all over again.

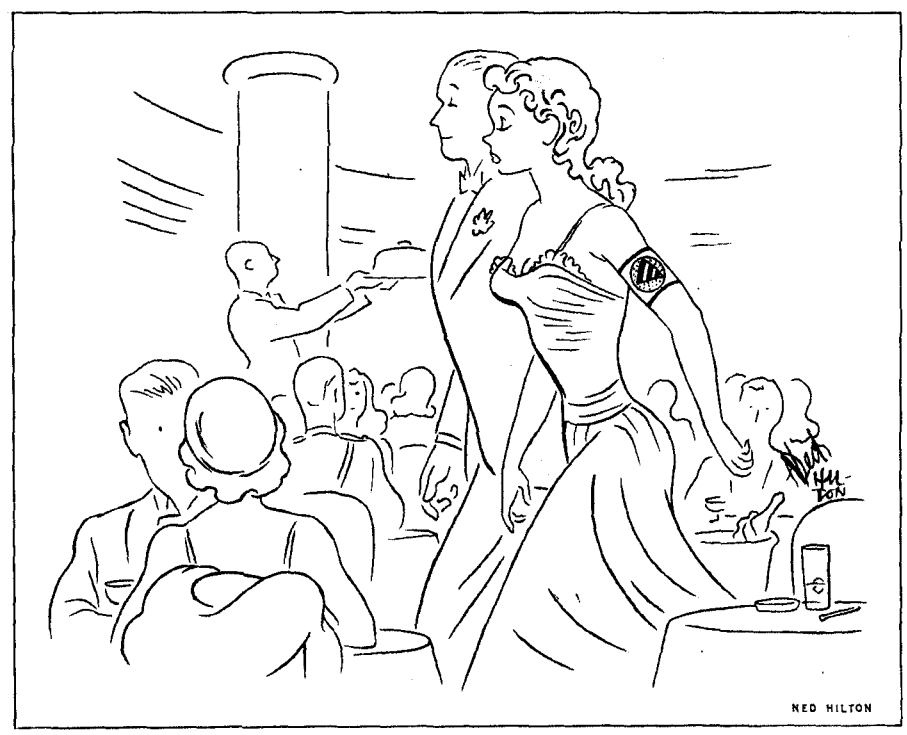
Anyway, It Worked Once

For seven days this went on—until finally Cressler was hanging his whole 180 pounds on McGowan's swinging legs. There were no medical journalists there, no reporters or cameramen, no fanfare—just two men alone in a room, fighting desperately to save the life of one of them.

And it worked. Under the hammer blows, McGowan's twisted back straightened slowly and stubbornly like a bent spike. The solid wall of bone broke apart and became a spine again. Gradually the calcium, or whatever it was, passed off, and the returning blood surged in to bring new elastic life to his bones and muscles. At the end of seven days, McGowan could walk upright again like a man, swinging his arms; he could skate.

Would the same odd and rigorous treatment work on any other arthritis victim? McGowan and Cressler think it would; most medical men who know of the case think it *might*, but probably wouldn't. Who can say? Arthritis in any form is a cruel and evasive foe.

But it worked once. Today McGowan's steel-strung body flashes across the ice with all its God-given agility. And tomorrow, when Iron Man McGowan shoots out into the spotlight to do the thing he loves and the thing he still does so extraordinarily well, skating on ice, his every powerful movement will be a living tribute—to the athletic gods and a St. Paul horse doctor.



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Our Rendezvous with DESTINY

WITH the world the battleground for freedom, we face the gravest crisis in our history. Because this is *total war*, certainty of our victory is possible only as we become soldiers all. There's a soldier's job to do on the farm, in the mine, at the factory, yes, and in the home. America united is America invincible.

The order of the day for soldiers of Democracy in and out of uniform is, "Fight with *everything* you have for *everything* you hold dear." Only in that great day of final victory will we have kept our rendezvous with destiny and be able to "look forward and move forward to a future worthy of men with peace in our hearts."

We of the vast army of aircraft production soldiers again pledge our total effort to build in overwhelming volume the wings with which fighting America will triumph in justice. Whoever you are, wherever you are — in your own way, you can do no less.

Donald W. Douglas

PRESIDENT, DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO.

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"Suppose an old lady talks for a change!"

Her subject is beer and the men in the home

"I am a grandmother now. I've raised a large family and I think I've seen a lot of life.

"It seems to me that never before in our time, have men worked under the strain they do today.

What a wife can do

"When a husband comes home from his day's work, he deserves peace, and understanding, and complete sympathy. He looks to his wife for a smile of welcome . . . a cheery word.

"Tiring as a wife's chores may have been, they do not hold a candle to the vexations and worries of the average man's daily work.

"A good wife, if she is really worth her salt, will do all in her power to give her husband the quiet contentment of a peaceful fireside.

"I've found that in this life, a little bit of give-and-take can do wonders to help out. A little tolerance goes a long way to prevent extremes.

"I think it's like that, when it comes to beer and husbands and other grown-ups.

"A man should be able to relax at home in the way he likes best . . . with a glass of mild and friendly beer, if that's what he enjoys.

"Served that way, by a wife's own hand, beer is truly a beverage of moderation, as Nature intended it should be.

A mother's sons

"And when our children reach manhood, they'll remember this spirit of parental understanding at home. It will help in guiding them to moderation and good sense in a rounded life.

"If wives and mothers would look upon beer with tolerance and wisdom, they would soon discover it to be an ally in keeping their men happy, fit, contented . . . and above all, men of moderation."

The brewers of America are eager to have beer win the place it deserves in the confidence of forward-looking women: a beverage of moderation for the nation. As a tolerant and modern-minded woman, won't you help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program...to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. It is described in a booklet sent free on request. Address: Brewing Industry Foundation, Dept. B14, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

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The Corporal Sees His Duty

Continued from page 15

gathering experience, Cobina the Elder had the problem solved: Hollywood liked repetition.

"Take a name," explained the sad philosophers, "and hammer it into their ears until they're sick of it. Then they give up."

Thanks to this sage theory, Cobina the Younger was a Hollywood personality long before she ever appeared in a motion picture. Her photographs appeared in the magazines; her nightly tour of the hot spots with carefully selected escorts was dutifully listed by the columnists; she was a celebrity at the swash previews; no proper social affair was complete without her.

As the campaign progressed, the pressure on the producers increased. It was Lt. Col. Zanuck who cracked first. Since it was plainly impossible for an individual of such fame to be kept out of the movies, there was nothing to do but call in the barristers and fill out the papers. Then, and then only, did Mamma Wright let down the barriers. The wealthy and more than slightly fabulous Mr. Rex St. Cyr took over Ciro's completely for a night and had as his guests four hundred of the town's elite to meet Cobina Wright, Jr. The binge ran into the thousands, what with champagne being used as a gargle and the pressed duck having little more rarity than ice cream cones.

"Meet the girl indeed!" cried the skeptics. "How could anybody have missed her?"

And Along Came the Corporal

In any event, Miss Wright was soon seated in her dressing room at Twentieth Century-Fox, whence the publicity gentlemen of the studio eventually panted forth to present this morsel of biography:

"Cobina's childhood was one of great opulence. She had a specially built miniature automobile in which she was driven to the polo matches at Sands Point, L. I., N. Y., by a midget chauffeur. She took her little friends sailing on her father's yacht; was attended by fourteen servants; and lived in her choice of two houses between trips to Europe where she was admired by Noel Coward, the Duke of Westminster and all the heroes and heroines of the Sunday supplements."

Excitement was added to the affair by the fact that when she came on the Fox lot she was knitting on a white sweater. When Bob Stack drew near, she draped it on his manly form to see how it would fit. George Montgomery was also utilized as a model; Robert Cummings stood patiently quiet during the operation. When the sweater was done, the press boys practically went mad with dither. "She has mailed it to Prince Philip of Greece!" they cried in a hoarse whisper. "He's in the British navy."

The publicity that had created Cobina the Younger was now used to establish her as an actress. After a slight chore in Murder Among Friends, she was allowed to appear in Moon Over Miami. The resounding din of silence that greeted these efforts was rudely shattered by the arrival of Corporal Beaudette from his post at Seattle. Taking advantage of leave from Fort Lewis, the corporal had visited Cobina in Hollywood and, romantically, had overstayed his leave. When he reached Oakland on his return, it was evident that only desperate expedients would keep him out of the guardhouse. It was too late to reach the camp by train; the regular planes had gone. The corporal hauled out thirteen one-hundred-dollar bills and cried:

"A plane! My country calls!"

A few minutes later the corporal was seated by himself in a 28-passenger job en route to Seattle, where he was met by the press with questions.

He explained that he had visited Miss Wright and that they were to be married in New York early in November. But on a dude ranch near Reno, Cobina

"I like to get away from the old grind between rounds"

LEONARD DOVE

Only REGENT gives you all this!

● REGENT is a new kind of cigarette...with many superior features designed to give you better smoking at no extra cost

KING SIZE...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool...giving you refreshing, natural coolness

OVAL SHAPE...Regent's oval shape gives you a more distinctive cigarette, easier to hold, more comfortable to smoke

CRUSH-PROOF BOX...Regent's handsome crush-proof box keeps each cigarette really fresh, fully protected...always in perfect smoking condition

MULTIPLE-BLEND...Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines many choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos in entirely new proportions...for exceptional mildness, finer taste

REGENT..... a new standard of smoking enjoyment!

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Makes Nose Feel Clearer In Seconds!

Get greater breathing comfort —quick—with the new, handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication that makes a cold-stuffed nose feel clearer in seconds! And you can use it as often as needed!

VICKS INHALER

COUGHING COLDS Relieve cough ing and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep. **VICKS VAPORUB**

FREE HAIR

AND SCALP OF LOOSE DANDRUFF. MASSAGE VIGOROUSLY DAILY

with this common-sense antiseptic hair tonic

JERIS

FOR LOOSE DANDRUFF

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

the Elder expressed surprise over the engagement announcement.

"We find Palmer very charming and like him very much, but there is no truth in the statement that Cobina will marry him. She is too much interested in her career to marry him or anyone now."

It soon became apparent that Mr. Beaudette was no ordinary corporal since he maintained a suite at a hotel in Seattle at a cost of $84 a week while drawing $54 a month from the Army. He was the scion of a wealthy motor manufacturing family of Pontiac, Michigan, and he continued to insist that the wedding would be held as announced.

The outcome of this was that the corporal proved to be correct and Cobina the Elder wrong. This was not necessarily a setback for Cobina, Sr., but it was a novelty. As one of the Cobbs of Boston, she had kept herself in a state for years trying to decide whether to be an opera singer or a society matron. She sang abroad in opera for a time but whenever it seemed that her career was really launched, she would disappear on a yacht trip and lose the advantage. However, it must be said that she is a woman who has always been master of her fate. When the Wright fortune began to crumble in 1929 and fell apart for good in 1932, she went back to her trade of singing and was not ashamed to appear at night clubs or on the radio.

If she was not penniless, she was also not the fortunate Cobina of old and it was only through her own efforts that Cobina the Child was kept at the exclusive Miss Hewitt's school in New York, where her special chum was Brenda Frazier. Their debut into society was followed by the aforementioned era of insanity which has only ended with the aforementioned nuptials of the corporal and Cobina. Brenda Frazier became as well-known as a cigarette slogan, and Cobina trailed along right behind her as first substitute, winning the co-operation of patriotic editors who feared that an epidemic of nausea would ensue if another Brenda appeared.

The interlude proved of great value to the Wrights because they were desperately in need of work and nothing creates work like publicity. In 1936, Cobina, Jr., won a singing contest at a Palm Beach hotel. She was only fourteen but she was tall and looked mature. The prize was a two weeks' engagement at the hotel and the following summer she broke in professionally at the Hotel Astor in New York City and has appeared since in everything from the Ritz Carlton in Boston to the Chez Paree in Chicago.

Too Tall for the Movies

There was a sharp setback when she tried the stage and had the misfortune to join shows that never reached Broadway. The big chance was with Philip Merivale in Lorelei but that frittered its life away somewhere in the provinces. There was even worse luck in Worth a Million, a musical with Charlie Chase, which was closed abruptly upon Mr. Chase's death. It was hoped that these experiences might somehow attract the film scouts but they were coy because of her age and her height.

"Five feet eight and aged fifteen," they chanted in horror. "This business can stand only one Charlotte Greenwood."

Halted in these quarters, the Cobina campaign swerved off into modeling. In that sphere her career reached a pretty peak by reason of the current mania for society-tinged beauty. Just what goes on behind the scenes in beauty contests is not known but it is certain that Cobina got none the worst of it from the judges. She was selected as America's Most Beautiful Girl by the American Society of Illustrators and Artists in 1939; she was Miss Manhattan for the New York World's Fair; the Apparel Manufacturers selected her as the Best Dressed Girl in New York; she even worked in a small number known as the Most Talented Girl in Society. Just who were qualified as arbiters in the latter competition was never established but the newspapers seemed glad enough to mention the honor.

Even during her modeling work and singing engagements Cobina kept her lines intact with Society and it was a source of some bitterness among her working associates to know that instead of going over to Lindy's for a pastrami sandwich after her last number she would be headed for El Morocco with Woolworth Donahue or Julia Gerard, Jr., or William Livingstone, all gold-plated and guaranteed not to tarnish.

But it was plain even then that the main chance lay in Hollywood and the Cobinas, mother and daughter, kept an eye always in that direction. "When no beckoning finger sought to attract their attention, they made the assault frontally. Their first day in a swank apartment on Sunset Strip was made memorable for them by the appearance of two officious gentlemen.

"You a front for the gyp that runs this joint?" they demanded menacingly.

It developed that the apartment had formerly belonged to a bookie, now ardently desired by the law. Somehow, it became symbolic of the opposition the ladies were to encounter. When Cobina, who was honestly interested in dude ranches, turned up in Hollywood with a ten-gallon hat, there was open derision. Her further avowal that she liked fishing brought only the reply:

"What with? Platinum flies?"

When she was caught in a rip tide at the beach at Santa Monica and yelled to heaven to attract the life guards, the cynics only said:

"Quite a plug for a fair voice."

While singing at the Beverly-Wilshire she went fishing one day, had a run of luck and forgot about time. She got back just in time to get into her evening gown and go on for her first number.

These were tragic moments but they had no weight in halting the Cobina Cavalcade, which indeed could have been stopped by nothing. It was in the stars that she should get a contract and eventually she landed it. This immediately did two things: (a) it transferred Cobina the Elder from the limelight to obscurity, and (b) it put Cobina the Younger on her own. On the theory that she had done her job in getting the contract, Cobina, Sr., retired to the shadows. She kept firmly away from the studio; she refused to take part in interviews concerning her daughter. If Cobina, Jr., made it from now on, the triumph or failure would be her own.

Her Luck Holds Good

The Cobina luck held good even in the choice of studios. At any place but Twentieth Century-Fox her height would have been a handicap. At Warner's for example, playing opposite James Cagney, George Raft or Edward G. Robinson, it would have been necessary to cut her off at the ankles to get her into the frame.

Even her range of romantic interest had been narrowed by her altitude, as was seen in the famous interlude with Mickey Rooney. Mickey had been brought over to her table to meet her at a hotel where she was appearing as a singer. The little man sat down and started to unfold his line. At this juncture Cobina had to get up to do one of her numbers. At that moment the Rooney ardor began to cool. Cobina looked to be eight feet tall.

"Why doesn't a guy like me ever hurry and grow up?" said Mickey morosely.

If it worried Mickey, it also worried Cobina, but all such is now of the past. The matter has been settled by Corporal Beaudette. He likes her as she stands. He has seen his personal and patriotic duty and has done it. With one mighty stroke he has killed the Age of Glamor and America is in his debt.

We can now get on with the war.

BUTCH — **By Larry Reynolds**

"You won't be too severe with him now? He was awfully good about not taking my defense bonds"

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Three Men and a Girl

Continued from page 13

of the nation, there is little chance that the liberals will assert themselves. The Brazilian people's pro-democratic feelings were recently very evident when Mexico's Ezequiel Padilla visited Rio and made pro-American liberal speeches.

I asked several Brazilians why they were enthusiastic about Padilla. They replied, "Padilla says for us all what we'd like to say ourselves. He is a democrat." Gomes, more than any other single man in Brazil, represents this liberal Brazilian element. Vargas also has recognized the people's regard for Gomes. Gradually Gomes, supported by anti-Fascist elements within the army, who look upon Army Chief of Staff Góes Monteiro and War Minister Eurico Gaspar Dutra as fifth columnists, has risen to a position of prestige and power in the armed services.

The chances are that General Monteiro and General Dutra are not as much pro-Axis or Nazi-Fascist as they are mightily impressed with the success of the German military machine. For a long time they were convinced that the Axis would win the war and this was the powerful argument they presented to Vargas to keep Brazil's face turned toward Germany rather than the United States. With America's entry into the war, however, Gomes bobbed up from the depths of army councils.

It is Gomes who makes the final recommendations to Vargas regarding what equipment America shall send down to Brazil. It is Gomes who keeps prodding Vargas to make Uncle Sam keep his promises to provide Brazil with arms and munitions in return for the Brazilian rupture of relations with the Axis and complete economic and political co-operation in the Western Hemisphere's war effort. Gomes' friendship for the United States is as indisputable as that the sympathy of either Monteiro and Dutra will remain doubtful until we start winning victories. But Gomes can't forget he is a hero. He is pro-Brazilian before being pro-American, and behind the façade of solidarity with the United States there is a dramatic story in which tall, pedantic Gomes, a youngish man in his middle forties, is the central figure.

Gomes Can't See It Our Way

Around Gomes at the moment centers a dispute between wide-awake American military officers and the Brazil government concerning the defense of the exposed 1,500-mile northeast coast of Brazil. At the easternmost point of this coast lies Natal, only a few hours' flight from Africa. The coastline itself constitutes an approach to the Panama Canal. Bases secured along it by the enemy would bring Axis planes within striking distance of the Venezuelan oil regions, Guiana bauxite deposits and Allied bases in the Caribbean as well as the Canal itself. Moreover, Natal has become the springboard from which our bombers leap across the South Atlantic to British West Africa and thence to the battlefields of the Middle East, India, Burma, Australia and the Dutch East Indies. Brazil is only a stepping stone for the transfer of air power from democracy's arsenal to democracy's Asiatic and African battlefields.

U. S. Military Attaché General Miller and Air Attaché Lieutenant Colonel Thomas White for months have been aware of the possibility of an enemy attack along the edge of Brazil's bulge. They have sought to obtain the Brazilian government's permission to bring down several squadrons of bombers and fighters with complements of fliers and technicians. They wanted to distribute them strategically at points where they could establish adequate patrols of Atlantic approaches to the coastline in order to safeguard against another Pearl Harbor, and also be ready to take the offensive in the event of an attack.

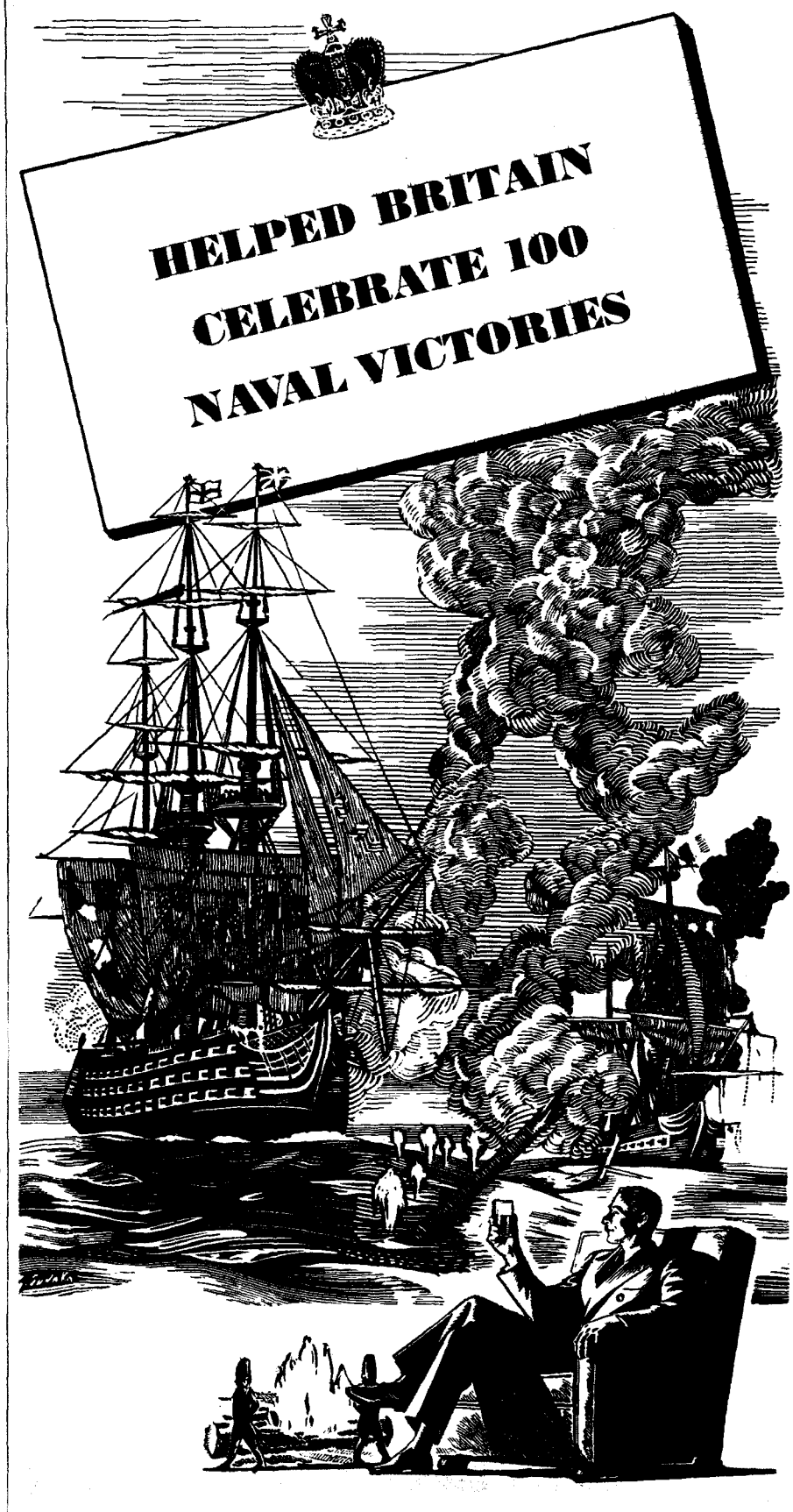
Gomes—whether on instructions from Vargas or on his own initiative with Vargas' approval is not known—has vigorously opposed Miller's and White's plans. Gomes insisted that planes be sent without American crews and turned over to Brazilian aviators. When American attachés pointed out that this was impossible because Brazilian fliers, good as they might believe themselves to be, aren't quite of the caliber required to pilot Flying Fortresses and our latest fighters, Gomes suggested that Americans could train Brazilian personnel. Patiently Miller and White explained that this would require a year or more and that meanwhile the danger to Brazil's security and to the hemisphere's defenses increased daily, as Germany prepared to begin its drive on the Middle East, at which time it would be necessary for the Axis to attempt to sever communications between South America and Africa.

A Triumph We Paid For

Through the backing and filling which occurred during the negotiations with Gomes, our military attachés failed to receive the full support of the State Department. Welles returned to Washington from the Rio Conference flushed with what has been called the biggest diplomatic-political victory for the United States in more than a hundred years of Pan-Americanism. That victory was obtained at a price. In return for Brazil's political assistance in influencing Latin-American nations to keep promises they made one another at the last Pan-American Conference—that they would consider themselves collectively attacked if any one of them were assaulted by any non-American power—the United States promised: First, a hundred-million-dollar loan; second, top priority rating for Brazil above all other noncombatant nations; third, weapons and munitions and transport; and fourth, practically everything except the Liberty Bell. Gomes is out to collect.

While military men in Rio are keenly alive to the dangers that confront the Western Hemisphere, our State Department appears anxious to avoid any pressure that might distort the nice sleek exterior of what has everywhere been touted as a great political triumph. From all I was able to learn, Ambassador Jefferson Caffrey has not been particularly helpful in swinging Gomes and the Brazilian government to the military men's point of view.

In view of the passive but dangerous fifth column which exists in northeastern Brazil, American military people also want to send an adequate American expeditionary force to protect key points along the coast and to defend the bases which the Brazil government has granted the United States. You have to be careful you don't call these bases "American." On this point, Brazilians are very sensitive. Even hard-boiled Aranha bridles if you call them American bases. Recently when a picture magazine captioned a photograph of one of the air fields as "American," Aranha wrote across a printed copy of the picture, "To the best of my knowledge, sovereignty



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GLOVER'S *Imperial* CAPSULES

over this region is still Brazilian." You see how matters stand.

Gomes, with Monteiro, Dutra and, to a certain extent, Peixoto has absolutely refused to accede to American recommendations that an expeditionary force be sent to Brazil.

The best Miller and White have been able to obtain, so far, has been permission to give six weeks'—*six weeks'*—training to Brazilian pilots for our planes. Up to the end of February, Brazilians had received very few if any planes—at least, no big bombers. The United States Army won't trust them in inexpert hands. About two million dollars' worth of equipment, largely trucks and ammunition, has been consigned to Brazilians. Seven million dollars has been spent on airfields and bases.

It is the safety of these areas which directly concerns American military men. The Brazilian army, to which has been assigned the defense task is known to be veined with pro-Axis elements. The other day one of our bombers exploded in midair after the take-off. Also, the Brazilian army is poorly equipped and couldn't possibly make an effective stand against an Axis force. Nevertheless, Brazilians insist through Gomes the hero, the nationalist, the patriot, that they must be first to "shed blood in defense of Brazil."

The War Comes to Brazil

To the pleas of Miller and White that the U. S. A. be allowed to send troops and technicians for a joint American-Brazilian defense of the nations' strategic areas, Gomes replied, "When and if we fail, then you may come—but not before."

It was hoped, however, that the sinking of Brazilian ships, and particularly the submarine attack on American tankers off Aruba, would help convince Brazil of the urgency of permitting United States planes to be based in sufficient numbers along the northeast coast to enable the United States to patrol those vital seas. Brazil's first reaction was unfavorable.

The hand of Dutra, who had been the only member of the Brazilian cabinet to urge that Brazil join the other Latin-American countries only after the nation had received the war materials the United States had promised, and who had insisted more or less firmly that it might be best policy to remain completely neutral, was strengthened by the Axis attacks on American and Brazilian shipping. He was inclined to say, "I told you so."

Despite Dutra, the Axis had fulfilled Brazil's or Gomes' insistence that Brazilian blood must be the first to defend Brazil. It was spilled when the Buarque went down and when, a few days later, another Brazilian ship was sunk. American officials worked hard to convince the Brazilian government that these attacks meant that war had come to the Western Hemisphere and demonstrated that Brazil's security was menaced.

American military men and the most astute diplomats were optimistic that Aranha would overcome the objections of Gomes, and possibly also of Monteiro and Dutra, to the presence of American planes and troops on Brazilian soil. Latins, however, are sometimes unfathomable people, and immediately following the Aruba attack ugly rumors spread throughout South America that perhaps the wisest of the nations which had participated in the recent Pan-American Conference were holdouts Chile and Argentina.

Brazil, however, has been patient about the fact that the United States hasn't delivered as much lend-lease armament and equipment as was promised. Their government recognizes the needs of our own armies at home and overseas and the high priority rating of Great Britain. Gomes' impatience in this respect isn't shared by Vargas or by Peixoto, who has also vigorously plunged into the job of cleaning up fifth columnism, which is where he comes in.

Peixoto is a solid, chunky man about the same height as his father-in-law. He has slick black hair, wears horn-rimmed eyeglasses and has a frank, steady look. His English is haltingly precise. He is a lawyer and has made a reputation as an excellent administrator. The belief that his wife wears the political and intellectual pants of the family is fiction. Fortyish, Peixoto stands firmly on his own legs, and if Vargas has any successor in mind, his son-in-law is the man. As governor of one of Brazil's twenty-two states he would seem to be politically unimportant but obviously because of his close family relationship with Vargas he is in a position to influence El Presidente as few other state governors can.

I talked with Peixoto in his office in the governor's summer place in Petropolis among the cool green hills above the capital. Beside him sat the lovely Alzira, who is twenty-six, dark-haired and a bit on the plump side. She was pale and shiny-nosed from a full day's work doubling in brass as her father's confidential secretary and her husband's aide.

Peixoto and his wife both admitted that Brazil was stiff with Germans and pro-Nazis and plastered with Japs. But both insisted that while danger existed from all the Axis elements—with the racially indigestible Japs most dangerous and the well-digested Italians the least harmful of all—agents, potential saboteurs and fifth columnists were being disarmed, arrested or otherwise rendered harmless. What they said didn't jibe with the opinions of well-informed Americans and other official sources, but Peixoto pointed out that Brazil began cleaning up subversive elements long before the United States began exterminating its fifth column.

Peixoto seemed to take a middle-of-the-road stand on whether American troops should be permitted to help in defense of Brazil. He said he believed it would be unwise for an American expeditionary force to be brought down at present. He said he wouldn't want to see an American army in Brazil "until the time comes." I asked him when he thought that would be. He replied, "At the proper time." Then his eyes narrowed a bit and his chin lifted and he said, "It might be a good idea to take Dakar and occupy strategic points on the west coast of Africa. If Americans would do that, then the danger to Brazil and to the territorial integrity of the Western Hemisphere would be removed or materially reduced. Also for once the democracies would be taking the initiative.

"Nothing succeeds," Alzira cut in, with a twinkle in her eye, "like success!"

The Lesser Figures

Other figures besides Aranha, Gomes, Peixoto and the plumpishly petite Alzira move across the Brazilian stage. There is redoubtable Monteiro and cagey Dutra, both of whom have almost a physical horror that Brazil might be betting on the wrong horse in this war. There is Captain Aurelio Py, boss of the state of Rio Grande do Sul, who is reported daily to be doing a thorough job of breaking up fifth columnism in his heavily populated coffee, cotton and cattle region. And there is astute Senhor Filinto Muller, chief of police, who is almost pathologically anti-Communist in a nation where there aren't any Communists and who, for his Red-baiting and anti-Semitism, has earned the reputation of being pro-Axis. But insofar as Vargas, whose suave aloofness suggests that he is unapproachable, is influenced at all, he is currently influenced by these three men and the girl.

It is the girl's job among many other chores to choose what her father reads. She feeds him much American reading material and a balanced literary diet which included Mein Kampf and Adolf Hitler's conversations with Hermann Rauschning. In Rauschning's reports, Vargas read what the Nazis intended to do with Brazil, one of the few areas in the world left to colonize and exploit. It is estimated that four hundred million people could be supported in Brazil. Vargas took heed. Smart girl, Alzira!

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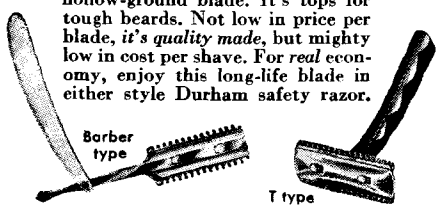

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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 50

keep peace between the two branches of the service let us now turn our attention to the reddish hue around the collars of the 2d Armored Division personnel. This is how they got it. A 28-ton tank was being ferried across Benning's sluggish Chattahoochee River for a demonstration before the Infantry School. All of a sudden—flip went the ferry, ka-floom went the tank and damn went the men of the 2d Armored. Stymied by fifteen feet of water the Army called on the Navy, and a pair of deep-sea divers were flown up from the Pensacola Naval Air station. Being used to considerable depths, these men glanced scornfully at the three fathoms of water, hooked a few cables to the tank and quickly retired from the scene. Blushing, the Army yanked the tank ashore.

CAMP WHEELER, Macon. Pvt. Emmett O. Thweat's faith paid dividends, finally. When Congress decided to discharge all enlisted men over 28, Pvt. Thweat sadly left his Quartermaster Corps truck and wandered back home. Came the war and Pvt. Thweat rushed back to his truck so fast he forgot to re-enlist. Nobody said anything about it, especially the paymaster. This went on for two months before our subject, finding that faith alone produced no income, mentioned the situation. "We don't," stated Capt. Arthur M. McCoy, "punish a man for patriotism. Pvt. Thweat will get every cent the United States owes him."

CAMP CLAIBORNE, La. It took half a day of frenzied telephoning to clear up the matter and almost made a nervous wreck out of the camp newspaper's editor. Seems that, in setting up the dummy form for the next issue of the paper, the editor penciled in the headline, "Japs Bomb New York—1,000 dead," merely as a guide for type size. Half an hour later a reporter from one of the units popped into the office to write a little story about something or other. Glancing idly at the editor's desk, he caught the headline, turned ashen and scrammed hastily from the building. Editor and assistants were somewhat baffled, but work in the office soon resumed a normal keel and twenty minutes went by before the editor, returning his attention to the dummy, put two and two together, grabbed the phone, and began to dial every unit in an attempt to locate the reporter. Two hours later he got his man and was assured that the phony headline had been relayed only to the men in the reporter's company. From then on the mental strain became more tolerable. The exhausted editor merely had to get in touch with every top kick in the regiment and explain the whole affair in detail and at great length. Gives you an idea how innocent rumors get started.

CAMP WOLTERS, Texas. Our colored brethren continue to crash through. Latest morale-building anecdote concerns the Negro sentry at this camp who ordered a civilian employee of the Office of the Area Engineer to get out of his government car and advance to be recognized. At ten paces the sentry halted him again and asked for credentials. The employee produced a billfold, extracted a pass and held it up for the sentry to see. "What," asked the guard after a few moments, "do it say?"

CAMP BULLIS. Three noncoms working on a sub-post of this camp hardly ever see anybody they have to salute, and reveille doesn't mean beans to them. They're range riders, whose job it is to patrol the 35,000-acre Leon Springs Military Reservation and keep an eye out for fires and trespassers. Each of the four—Sgts. J. M. Lacey, A. A. Smith and C. M. Dunschen and Corp. W. H. Laird—has an allotted area and lives somewhere near the middle of it, a considerable hike from neighbors. Horses provide patrol locomotion. The range rider's time is pretty much his own and the boys with more confining duties regard the job as a pipe, despite the maneuver area's fifty miles of fence line. Busiest time for the riders, who double as game wardens, is the hunting season.

SAN FRANCISCO. Two soldiers doing night guard duty at a strategic point paused under the windows of a big apartment house and discussed at length the fine points of banana cream pie. Next night, the doorman handed them a banana cream pie, but refused to answer any questions. Following evening, the soldiers paid high verbal tribute to chocolate cake with thick frosting. They got one of those, too. On the third night they expressed fervent desires to meet some nice girl who was a swell cook and had a friend. That brought a note: "Me too," signed, "An Old Bachelor Who Is Tired of His Own Cooking."

SAN RAFAEL. And speaking of cake: "If we buy a birthday cake for a buddy," propositioned two Hamilton Air Base soldiers to a local baker, "how much would it cost to have his name put on the frosting?" The baker, having said "Nothing, maybe," stood firmly on the maybe when the guys handed him the name typed on a slip of paper. The name was "Pvt. Samuel Kamuwela Kamakaipolaniwehelanihnahulania Kekae Kunane, Jr." The owner of what Hamilton Field boasts is the most elegant moniker in the Army is a native of Hawaii and hopes to be transferred there. Clerks at the air base give up when they try to write Sam's name but he can rattle it off easy as poi.

TWENTY-NINE PALMS. This little edge-of-the-desert resort suddenly has been turned into the one Western flying school where a student pilot never has to worry about running out of gas. It's the Army Air Corps' new gliding training center. The weather guarantees year-around gliding, which can't be said of the Army's original glider school at Elmira, N. Y., and the course runs four weeks, with instruction in two-, eight- and fifteen-place motorless ships.

SAN DIEGO. "Step right up, boys—you're about to take part in the most exciting, colossal, stupendous show on earth!" It's the greeting Acting Master-at-Arms Eddie Berryman gives recruits at the Naval Training Station. Formerly a circus barker, Eddie likes to keep in practice. "You aren't," he tells the boys, "going into any two-bit sideshow. This is the main attraction." His come-on line does a job on civilians, too. In an hour, during a Red Cross drive, he talked in $297 in loose change. "And," says he, "it was the first time in my life I didn't have to keep my fingers crossed when I was giving out with fancy promises."

GENERAL

THE January 10th issue of this very magazine contained a two-page exhibition of airplane silhouettes identifying both U. S. and enemy ships. Lt.

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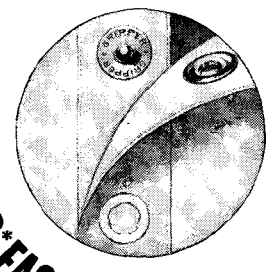
"Our club has banned unnecessary sewing, dear... better get shorts with Gripper Fasteners!"



GRIPPER* FASTENERS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

P.S. Get GRIPPER fasteners . . . not ordinary snap fasteners. Gripper fasteners have been laboratory tested . . . proved in use for more than six years. Just say: "Shorts with GRIPPER fasteners please!"

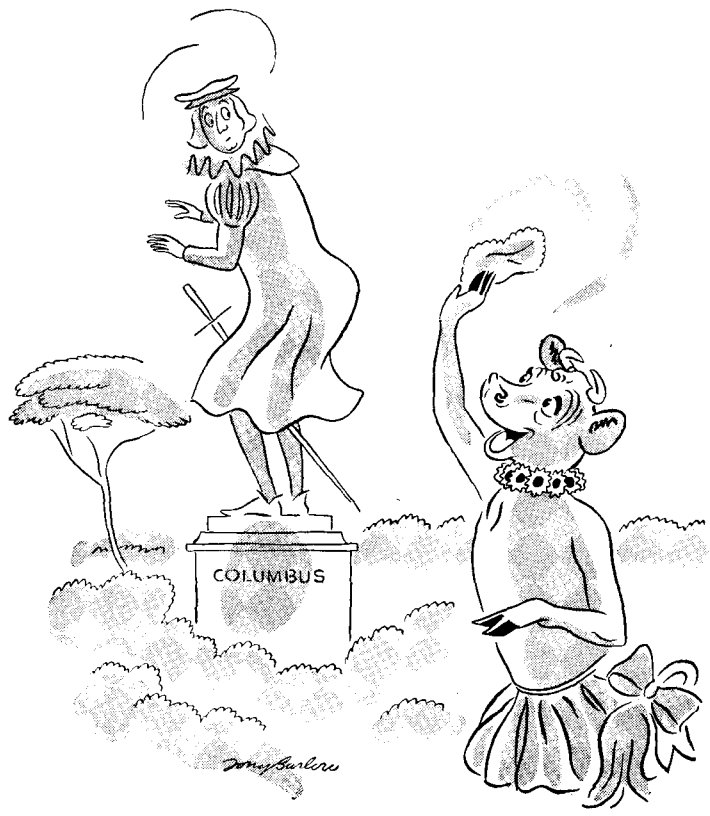
Smart idea! Shorts with Gripper fasteners will solve both their problems!

HE'LL LIKE 'EM . . . because Gripper fasteners are neat, convenient . . . can't and won't come off in washing or wearing . . . stay snug and trouble-free for the life of the shorts.

SHE'LL LIKE 'EM . . . because they put an everlasting end to button-sewing . . . buttonhole-mending. They'll leave her free to do Red Cross and other volunteer war work.

Think hard! Wouldn't shorts with Gripper fasteners do just as much good for *your* family? Sure they would . . . ask for them at your favorite store today!

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS
**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother."*



Yoo hoo, Columbus, I've discovered Borden's HEMO—a new way to drink your vitamins and *like* 'em!

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Col. H. A. Sears, Assistant Chief of Staff, Headquarters, 4th Armored Division, wrote to ask us if we could supply him with a number of reprints. We could. Lately we've had another letter from the colonel. "You may be interested," he writes, "in knowing the manner in which the reprints are used. Several sets are issued to each company. One set is kept as a key, the others are mounted on cardboard and cut out. The individual cutouts are then shown to the men for purposes of identification, their identification being checked against the key." Does that give commanding officers of other Army or Navy units an idea? If so, we have a limited number of these reprints still on hand. Not more than 50 to a customer, though.

NEWSPAPERS, in their Army orders columns, quite frequently carry an item something like this: "Gordon, Frank; Capt. Inc., to Ft. Knox, Ky." The "Inc." is a typographical error consistently pulled by linotype operators. What they should set is "Inf." for Infantry. Just thought you might have noticed it. Many people have, and were reasonably puzzled. If we get hold of any really vital information, we'll keep it to ourselves.

YOU too?

G. W.

COLLIER'S SHUT-MOUTH POSTER AWARDS

For Officers and Men in Our ARMY • NAVY • MARINE CORPS • COAST GUARD

COLLIER'S believes, as you do, that rumors should be suppressed, that loose talk is dangerous, that "Shut Your Traps and Beat the Japs" is one of many good slogans. So we invite the officers and men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard to design and submit for competition posters which seriously or humorously symbolize the importance of spiking rumors. One hundred dollars will be paid for each poster, not exceeding five, adjudged suitable for reproduction on the weekly page, Our Fighting Men.

Here are the contest rules:

1. The Poster Contest is now open to officers and enlisted men in active service in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard.

2. Posters may be drawn in any medium on any kind of drawing paper, but must be neither more than 18" by 20" nor less than 8" by 10" in over-all size. Unfinished or "rough" sketches will not be considered. All entries must be presented in complete, finished form, either in black and white or color. The name, service unit, and address of the contestant must be on the back of each drawing. Addresses will be held confidential and will not be published.

3. $100 will be paid for each winning poster, which will become and remain the property of The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.

4. A contestant may submit as many posters as he wishes, but entries which win no awards will not be returned unless the entries are accompanied by letters setting forth the method of return shipment desired and sufficient funds in postage stamps or money order to cover the transportation cost.

5. Judgment will be based on the originality and effectiveness of the idea and on the artistic merit of the poster. When similar ideas appear in several entries, the poster which most closely approximates Collier's standard of art will be selected.

6. Entries must be mailed to the Poster Contest, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., and will be received until 5:00 P. M. on April 24, 1942, when the contest will close. No acknowledgment can be made of entries.

7. The Editorial Staff of Collier's will be the judges, and their decision in all matters affecting the contest and the making of awards will be final.

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A Mighty Man Was He

Continued from page 14

Next day was Sunday. Hattie Farr spent all morning making a devil's food cake. As she was putting it in the oven, there was a knock at the door.

Gabe was there. He had on his blue store suit, for Sunday, brushed until there were hardly any specks of brown lint from the gunnysack he kept it stowed in. He had his hair watered in place except for a little patch on the crown of his head, and his face was all wrinkled up in a big grin.

"Brought back your napkin," he said, extending a big paw.

The napkin was wrapped around some object.

"Careful," he said.

Hattie took the object carefully. "What is it, Gabe?"

"Oh, I just brought you one of *my* cakes."

Hattie Farr looked at the object in her hands, and then at Gabe, bleakly. "You—brought me—a cake."

"Just a common white cake," he said modestly. "It humped up and cracked on top. Maybe a little too much flour, or the oven too hot at first. Can I borrow the recipe for your devil's food?"

HATTIE FARR went to town again next day, and brought back a can of pumpkin. Frank had been wild about her pumpkin pie. It had a lot of eggs in, sort of like custard. She made two pies, one for Gabe and one to sample. From the sample she knew she'd never made a better pumpkin pie, and she drove out over the valley sage and presented it to Gabe.

Gabe liked the pie. He pronounced it a masterpiece. And when the following day he brought over a lemon pie in return, it was with apologies.

But there was really nothing wrong with his lemon pie. It was good. And his white cake had been good, too.

So Hattie Farr invited him to dinner the next Sunday. She served roast chicken with dressing, hot rolls, mashed potatoes with giblet gravy, creamed carrots and peas, and date pudding. It was a joy, watching Gabe eat. He could appreciate good cooking. As one cook to another, he pronounced it wonderful.

So he had her over to the sheep camp the following Sunday. He served pork chops, corn, candied yams, sourdough bread and cup custard. Everything was good.

"All easy to make," he apologized.

Next morning, Clint Shields paid a call. He had a dry farm over the hill to the north, a half-mile away, and was her nearest neighbor. Clint Shields was crowding fifty and was alone now, his wife having died and his five kids run away as they grew up, the boys as soon as they could get a job and the girls as quick as they could get somebody to marry them. Clint Shields believed in hard work. He'd proposed four times to Hattie Farr, the first time just two weeks after Frank's death—"After a decent interval," as he put it, "but in time to get the jump on the other fellers."

Hattie Farr had declined his offer, along with that of several others. She was still young and pretty and undefeated enough to know that love was the only reason for marriage. The big argument of all the proposals had been that she shouldn't try to run the place alone. A man was needed. This was, of course, absurd, as she pointed out. Anybody could plow and harrow with a tractor; it was as easy as driving a car. Combining the wheat was the only work that required help, and everybody contracted that done anyhow. That left the chores, and a woman would be a fine one not to take care of the cows and chickens and hogs, married or no.

Hattie had gone down into the cellar, and she came up the stone steps into the yard to see Clint Shields knocking on the door of the tar-paper shack.

"Hello, Clint."

Clint Shields turned. "Won't do you a bit of good," he declared.

"What won't?"

With a thrust of his lantern jaw he indicated the jar of strawberry jam in her hand. "That there jelly won't. It's no good."

"I got a prize with this jam at the Fair last year!"

"Good enough jelly, but it won't do you no good with Gabe Billings."

Hattie felt her face burning. "I—don't know what you're talking about."

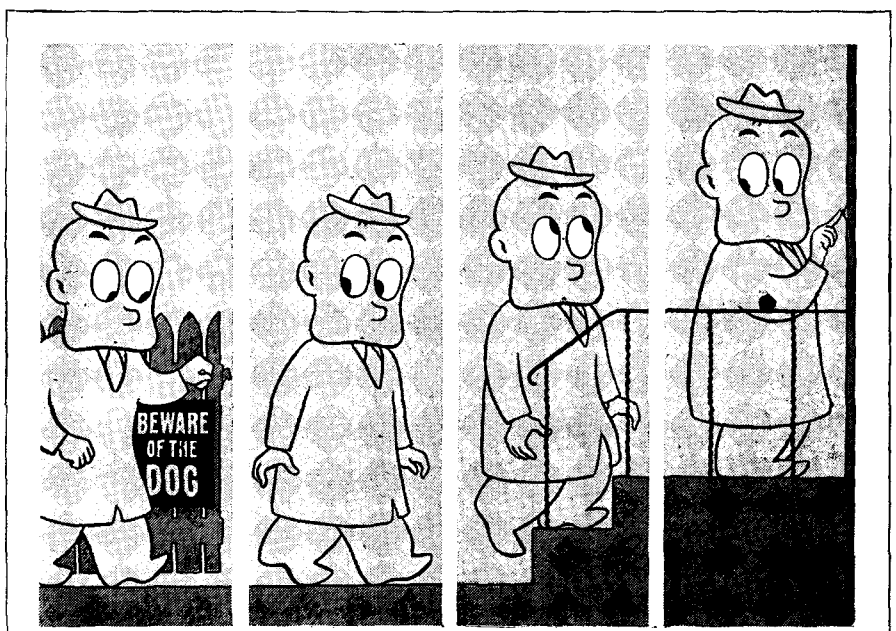
"Huh! You ain't fooling nobody. Got your hair all curled up and you don't wear boots around for ever'day no more. And Gabe he left his sheep alone with the dog twice and went to town to get something special to cook with. Whole valley's a-talking."

"It's—bad to leave the sheep alone."

"That ain't what I'm talking about, and you know it."

"Well, what about it?" Hattie demanded. "It's a free country!"

"Now, don't git het up, Hattie," Clint



Warning

CROCKETT JOHNSON

A Luxurious After Shaving Lotion

It's a real pleasure to use Old Spice After-Shaving Lotion! You will revel in its tingling freshness . . . its clean, tangy scent. This soothing bracer tops off your daily shave with a sense of luxurious comfort and flawless grooming.

The handsome, sprinkler-top pottery containers are decorated with authentic reproductions of historic early American trading ships.

Old Spice After-Shaving Lotion, Shave Soap (in pottery mug), Shave Cream, Talcum, Bath Soap, and Cologne may be purchased individually. Also, attractive combination gift sets . . . $1.75 to $5.00.

After-Shaving Lotion—4 oz., $1.00 8 oz., $1.75

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, Inc. • 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"May th' hielands aye breed guid whisky an' guid men!"

In shipping Teacher's Highland Cream to America, these good Scotsmen share with us one of their country's finest and most typically Scottish products.

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Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

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Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

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Where's that BOTTLE?

Is something missing from your meals? Whet the old appetite with savory A-1 Sauce. Dash it on and dish it up—with meat, fish, eggs, beans—it coaxes out flavors you never knew were there!

Write for free booklet, *"Cooking for a Man."* G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. 931, Hartford, Conn.

A-1 SAUCE

The DASH that makes the DISH

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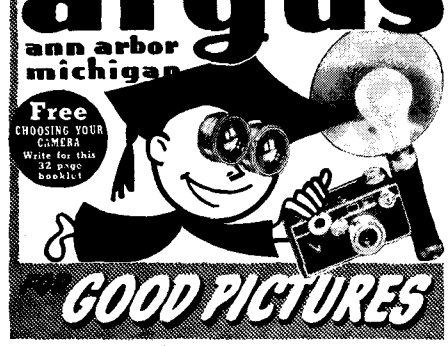


FINE AMERICAN MADE CAMERAS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth Street, New York

Shields soothed. "I'm just here to tell you that you ain't got a chance. Gabe he's too good for you. You can't ketch him. It's been tried a-fore."

"Who said I was trying to catch him?"

"Then what you been baking him them pies and cakes for, and having him in for supper? Now, I'm just trying to make it easier for you, Hattie," Clint said protectingly. "You might's well give up right now. Women have been baking cakes for Gabe Billings ever since he started to sprout whiskers, and he's still single. You know why?"

Hattie tossed her head. "I don't care why!"

"I'll tell you why—'cause Gabe he can do anything a woman can, and do it better. That's why. Man in a sheep wagon has got a lot of time to learn how to do things. And Gabe's learned. But he ain't no sissy. No, siree! Don't git that idea. He's as good with men's work as he is with women's. Strong?—he's strong as a horse. Fight?—you ought to see him when he really gets wound up. Cuss?—he can peel the bark off'n a cedar post. Smart?—why, Gabe—"

"I believe I understand, Clint Shields!" Hattie cried. "A mighty man is he!"

She dashed into the shack, and Clint Shields shrugged as he headed over the north hill for home.

GABE called in the late afternoon. As Hattie opened the door the wind caught at it almost jerking it from her grasp. A storm was blowing up. Gabe stood on the stoop grinning, holding a loaf of bread wrapped in a towel.

"Just baked up a new batch," he said. "Thought you might enjoy some fresh bread."

"Thank you, Gabe," she said politely. He was, she knew, playing with her, demonstrating his virtuosity in the womanly arts. He was politely telling her he didn't need a woman around, just as she'd told Clint Shields and others that she didn't need a man on the farm.

But Gabe didn't know that she'd just been trying in her own way to make him like her, for no earthly reason than because she'd liked him. And now she suddenly hated this paragon who could do everything.

"Little too brown on top," he was saying.

Hattie tapped the top of the loaf. "Yes, it is. And the crust's hard." This was cruel; she wanted to hurt him.

Gabe swallowed. He was a man to take great pride in what he could do.

Hattie broke the heel off, and examined the texture.

"You let it raise too fast," she said.

Gabe forced a nervous laugh. "Really isn't—very good. I know it's not as good as what you'd make."

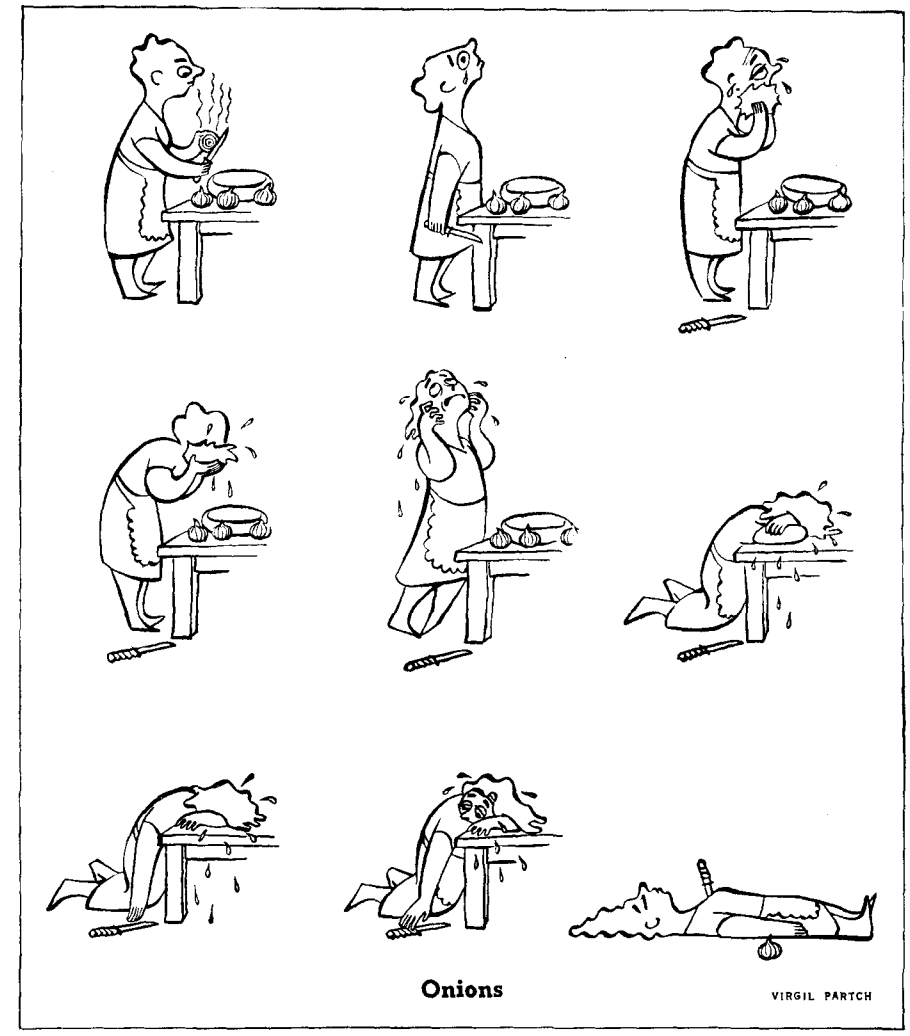
"Well, after all, why should it be?" Hattie asked. "Before I got married I was in charge of a cooking school." She was vaguely amazed at how glibly she lied. "You're a good cook, Gabe, for a sheepherder. But, after all!"

"Well—I just dropped in for a second," Gabe gulped. "Got to go, now. Sheep will be spreading in the wind. Storm coming up."

From her west window she watched him ride over the brow of the plateau and presently appear on the gray-green floor of the valley.

"Well, Mister Paragon," she said aloud, "how do you like it, right back at you?" She would never see him again, she knew. This storm might bring snow. When snow came, he'd take his sheep onto the desert for the winter. In any event he wouldn't come around any more with his smartness. She was glad of that. She'd put him in his place, and she was never so glad of anything in her life.

She flung herself onto the bed and sobbed.



Onions

VIRGIL PARTCH

The storm came that night, part snow and part rain, clammy sleet riding with the wind. The sheep wouldn't stay bedded with the storm unless a man kept circling them. They'd drift with the wind. Gabe would be up all night, wet to the bone.

The storm was still going next day, and didn't ease up until late afternoon. From the dry-farm bench Hattie could see the sheep in little bunches, dirty white spots against the gray-green of the valley. Gabe could be seen riding one of his camp-moving teams in a big circle, rounding them up, heading them back for the bed grounds before nightfall. Occasionally came the dim report as he fired his carbine. The sheep associated a shot with coyotes, and it brought them together as nothing else could. The perfect man! Cocksure of his own ability to do anything! Anybody else would have had sense enough to hire a camp tender for emergencies.

"The cocksure idiot!" Hattie Farr said. "I hope he catches cold and dies!"

Then she was sorry for having said that. Frank had died of pneumonia. . . .

The wind came again with darkness. The sleet came again. The wind moaned in the tin chimney and threw the sleet in waves against the tar-paper shack. Hattie Farr sat in her kitchen, knitting, listening to the storm. The lamp flame rose and fell nervously. Once she went into the bedroom and put her face against the west window. Of course she couldn't see two rods. The sleet scooted along almost horizontally.

She went back into the kitchen, and picked up her knitting. It wasn't of course her business. It was absolutely none of her business that Gabe would be out a second night wet to the bone. Men didn't have a speck of sense. Out all night again, wet to the bone. . . .

With sudden decision, Hattie Farr arose and began bundling up. She put on overshoes, a sweater and a raincoat, and an old felt hat secured with a bandanna tied under her chin. Then she took the lamp into the bedroom, set it on the floor and pulled a steamer trunk from under the bed. There were a few keepsakes in the trunk, and a green sweater. She'd made it for Frank, the first thing she'd ever knitted. For that reason she hadn't given it away with his other clothes, or with the knitting she'd been doing for the Red Cross.

This sweater had been the only thing she'd been silly about. She'd known the dangers of turning backward and living in the past. Gabe would be wet to the bone, cold, and sick by now. Frank had caught pneumonia from staying out too long in a storm, building the barn.

WHEN she got to the sheep camp Gabe was inside his wagon taking a quick cup of hot coffee. The barking of the dog brought him to the door, and he opened the top half and peered out.

"For gosh sakes!" he observed.

Hattie Farr stepped onto the wagon tongue and came inside.

"That's a—long walk," he said.

"Car got stuck," Hattie said, eying him intently. "Let me see your tongue."

"My tongue?"

"Don't argue," she said with the brusque air of one dealing with the petulant ill. "Stick out your tongue!"

Gabe complied, and Hattie Farr peered at the tongue. It looked like any other tongue. "H'mm!" She put a hand to his forehead.

"A fever!" she declared.

"Your hands are cold as ice," Gabe pointed out. "I haven't got any fever."

Hattie Farr, surveying him, had to admit he looked as healthy as a prize bull. She began feeling a bit foolish.

"You'd better get those wet shoes off," she said.

"Only shoes I got," Gabe said, "except my Sunday ones. Say, did you come clean out here on account of you figured I was sick?"

"Well, you might have had pneumonia or something, all alone and up night and day in the storm!" Hattie cried, close to tears. "Go ahead and laugh at me, you big ape! It wasn't on your account! I hate to see a good band of sheep scatter off and get lost and killed by coyotes. That's all!"

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"If I'd been sick, I suppose you would have put me to bed and kept care of the sheep yourself."

"Well, why not?" Hattie demanded, defiantly. "It doesn't take a genius to walk around a herd of sheep! You're not so wonderful as you think!"

She had the feeling that she was becoming more ridiculous every instant. "Here!" she said, taking the green sweater from under her raincoat, where she'd been keeping it dry. "Put this on if you get cold, anyhow. I might as well leave it now I've brought it. Goodby!"

"You'd better stay here where it's warm, and I'll take you home when the storm's over."

"I can get home without your help!"

She whirled to go out, and then he said, "Wait."

His voice had altered with the word, charging it with meaning. She paused.

He was holding the sweater in his big hands, looking at it in the lantern light. "You—made this?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Yes, I made it!" she said. She didn't add that it was the first thing she'd made when learning to knit. It was none of his business.

"You mean—you knit it, yourself?"

"Yes; with my little sweet hands."

GABE grinned. With a big forefinger he traced along the fabric. "Look here—you dropped a stitch. . . . And look down here. You should have purled one more all along this row. And look at the cuffs on these sleeves! And the sleeves—my golly, they're not even the same length! One sleeve is one, two, three—five rows longer than the other! And this pocket—!"

Gabe threw back his head to laugh, cracked it against a beam and cringed, clapping a hand to his head but still laughing.

"Hattie Farr! I never saw such a job of knitting in my life!"

Laughing, Gabe unhooked his slicker and showed a great expanse of chest covered with a red sweater. "See this?" he said, tapping the red sweater. "I knit it myself."

For the moment, Hattie Farr was undecided whether to laugh, scream, or cry. She was embarrassed; she'd made a fool of herself. She was mortified. She was angry. He was laughing at her. He was the perfectionist. The man who could do anything. He was jeering at her. Openly jeering at the sweater she'd made for Frank. She'd brought it here out of kindness, concerned for his health.

A consuming scorn filled her. That red thing he was so proud of. Why, she could knit that with her eyes shut! She'd like to see this smarty-pants put a heel and toe in a sock! Why, the miserable, bombastic, conceited—!

It was then she became aware of the coffeepot bubbling on the tin stove. Laugh at her, would he!

She reached for it, and then he grabbed her. She struggled, but he held her helpless. Showing his manly strength. Toss her out on her nose, no doubt, and then boast about it.

"Oh, honey," she became aware of him saying. "Honey, don't struggle."

"Let me go!" she cried.

He released her. "I'm sorry, honey. But I—oh, you're so wonderful, and I guess I lost my head."

Hattie Farr blinked up at him. "What?" she asked.

"I—I love you," he gulped. "But of course I don't have to tell you that. A woman can always tell."

"You—love me," Hattie repeated.

"Honey, will you marry me?"

"Will I what?"

"Oh, I know you've never given me a serious thought. I'm a fool for thinking you might care. You're so wonderful and I'm such a—well, gosh, the only thing I can do better than you is knit a sweater. I guess that's what made me lose my head. I thought that if I could do one thing better, that maybe in time—"

"The—only thing—you could do—better than me—" repeated Hattie Farr, gropingly.

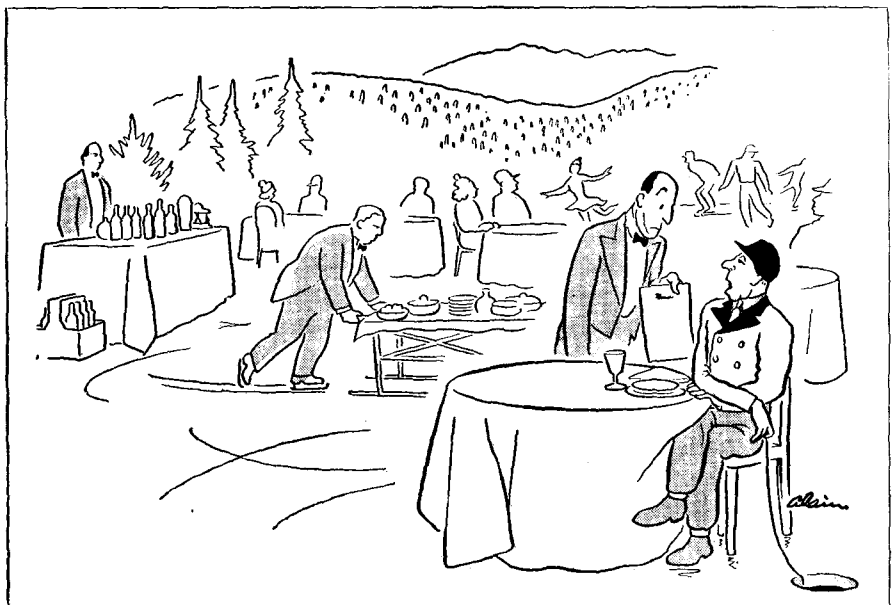
The perfectionist closed his eyes as if in pain. "That devil's food cake! It was perfect! Perfect! I threw away four of 'em trying to make one as good, and finally had to bring you an ordinary white cake in return. And it cracked on top."

"But your cake was awfully good—"

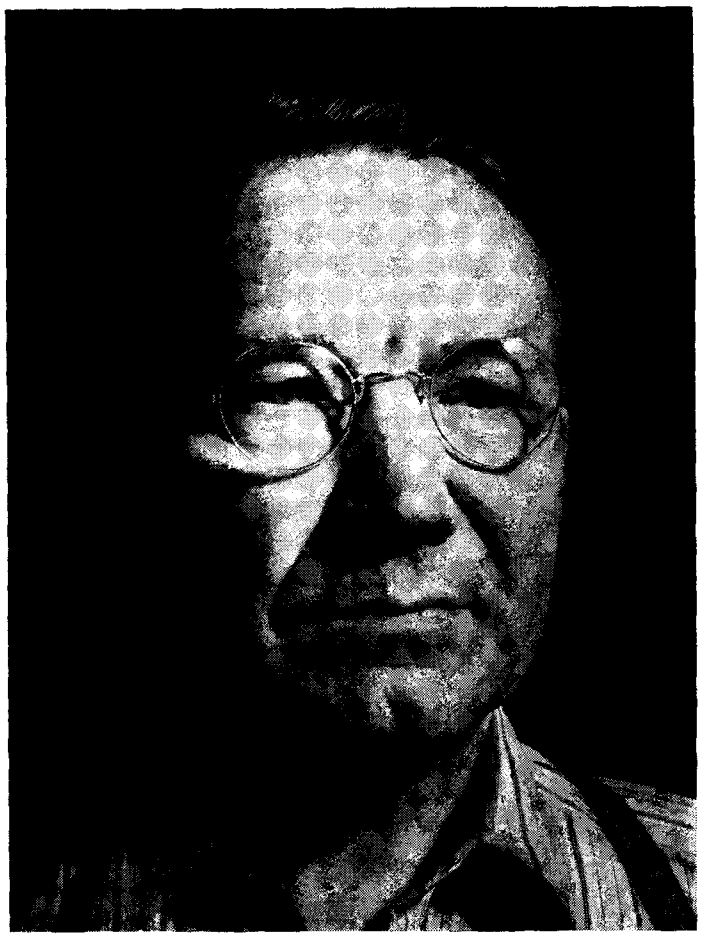
"And that pumpkin pie! I ruined three cans of pumpkin, and then had to bring you a lemon pie. And that dinner of yours," groaned Gabe in misery. "Perfect! Those rolls! That date pudding! That chicken dressing! That giblet gravy! I couldn't do it in a hundred years! And the way you run that dry farm all alone," he went on. "I know, you say it's easy. That's because it's you. You can do anything."

Overwhelmed with admiration and love, the perfectionist seized her again in his arms. "Sweetheart, could you learn to care?"

Hattie Farr intended saying, "What do you think?" but she found it entirely unnecessary to say anything at all. Yielding to him, her only faint regret was for the Red Cross. She would have to help in other ways. There'd be no chance of knitting through all the long evenings, from now on, for there'd be company every night.



"What goes well with pickerel?" D. ALAIN



VETERAN

HE IS independent and proud, yet democratic and friendly. He is the envy of the rest of the world, and its hope. He is generous and tolerant and peace-loving—and withal the most powerful man in the world. He is the American workman.

His hands, accustomed to the feel of wrench and lever and gage, may never have held a gun; his mind, trained to think in terms of tolerances as fine as 1/10,000 of an inch, may never have wrestled with a problem of military strategy; and yet he is the veteran of a thousand campaigns.

His campaigns began in the laboratories, and his prowess was proved in the test pits of American industry. His battles were waged on the factory floor and in the field. His victories have helped to make the citizens of the United States the most fortunate people in the world, and the U.S. the greatest nation on earth.

In the plants of the General Electric Company, working with General Electric scientists and engineers, this man, the American workman, has made giant generators to light whole cities, X-ray tubes to penetrate the mysteries of human flesh and metal castings, radio and television apparatus to project man's voice and image through space over the mysterious waves of the ether.

Today, in the gravest hour of world history, he is engaged in the greatest campaign of all. But there is serenity and confidence in his face, and the experience of a thousand campaigns behind him. He is sure of his own abilities, certain of his country's future. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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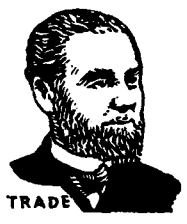
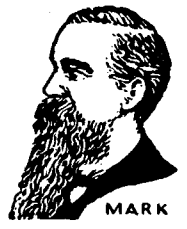
MAD



When a cough due to a cold drives you mad, look to Smith Brothers Cough Drops for s-o-o-t-h-i-n-g, pleasant relief. Two kinds... both delicious... Black or Menthol. Still cost only a nickel. Why pay more?

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢



TRADE MARK

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Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

What We are Fighting

YOU hear it said fairly often that most Americans haven't yet buckled down to this war, because most of them don't yet realize what we are fighting. Here is a check list of some of things we are fighting:

Our Japanese enemies, in their 4½-year war in China, have committed every outrage against civilians as well as soldiers that demoniac imaginations could conjure up.

There were the mass murders and rapes at Nanking, one of the great crimes of all time—and repeated on a smaller scale in captures of other Chinese cities and towns. The Japanese have pillaged and robbed and blackmailed civilians; have kidnaped and tortured and murdered them. Possibly the most rascally device used by the Japanese in China, and now reported in use in Manila, has been high-pressure selling of opium to conquered civilians, to undermine their stamina and weaken their will to resist.

All these things the Japanese have done, painstakingly, even gaily on occasion, because they have been told that they are the master race, and as such ought to treat other people as dirt under their feet.

Our German enemies have adjusted their brutalities to the various countries they have occupied.

In France the Nazi terror operates with what the Nazis apparently consider delicacy. There, they only shoot a hundred or so "hostages" now and then, by way of physical violence. Their main endeavor is to bleed France white by "buying" innumerable French products with phony marks, and by buying into French business with the same currency.

In Poland the going has been tougher for the average person than in France, because the Nazis consider the Poles much further beneath them than they do the French. Little effort has been made to protect anybody in Poland from typhus except Germans. Famine has been allowed to rage practically unchecked. There have been mass executions. Bodies have been left hanging in public squares for days at a time.

In Yugoslavia, where Gen. Draja Mikhailovitch's Chetniks have had the gall to go on fighting as did the Serbs after being officially beaten in the other war, there have been barbarities almost beyond belief. Whole towns have been wiped out by bombs from the air. Street crowds have been machine-gunned. Children have been executed as "Communists."

In Greece, the Nazis simply let 'em starve—from 1,700 to 2,000 a day at last report—while Germany guts the country of foodstuffs.

All these things the Germans and the Japanese are doing to everyday people in the conquered territories—people like you and you—without regard to whether they are rich or poor, honest or crooked, strong or weak. They are doing these things because both peoples have fallen victims to the master-race philosophy, which makes it a virtue to rob, maim and kill anybody you can.

We can't bring ourselves to regard the Italians as real enemies of ours. We think they would break out of Hitler's jail if they could.

But we are fighting the Germans and the Japanese (1) because Americans naturally hate the things those two people are being led to do in conquered territories; and (2), even more poignantly, because they will do the same things to us if they ever get the chance.

This is a war to keep the Dark Ages from coming back into the world. For the average person, the Dark Ages in Europe were about the most miserable period in the history of the world.

Keep Dies on the Job

THE Dies Committee is going through its periodic struggle to get Congress to give it $100,000 to $250,000 with which to carry on.

Second the motion. The committee headed by Rep. Martin Dies (Dem., Tex.) goes after Communists, Bundists, Fascists and their wartime false fronts in this country. Thus, it is a searchlight for democracy. The fact that its victims are forever trying to get Congress to cut off its funds is proof enough, we believe, of its great value to the nation.

Sometimes Dies sinks his hooks by mistake into some innocent person or harmless organization. Oftener, he unveils enemies of democracy who should be unveiled for the general welfare. We cannot see that he has abused his powers or immunities, and we think the good he has done has far outweighed the evil.

A democratic country, and especially one as easygoing as ours, is by its nature continually plagued with crackpots, cranks and foes of its institutions. It needs something on the order of the Dies Committee for its protection. Until a better weapon than the Dies Committee is found, we should go right on keeping this weapon shined up and provided with ammunition in the form of money.

How to be Popular though Married

PERHAPS that title is a little too optimistic. Perhaps it should be merely: How, Though Married, to Keep People from Running the Other Way When They See You and Your Wife (or Husband) Approaching.

Anyway, here's the tip: Don't break in to correct each other's stories. Religiously let your husband or wife finish a story he or she has begun. Don't edit it as it runs along.

Your wife may well be one of those fairly numerous ladies who have a perfect genius for getting facts twisted or missing the point of a joke. But that's just too bad. If you want to keep all your friends, let her tell it in her own muddled way.

Your husband may like to dress up a middling-ripe piece of gossip so that it shines like a mackerel in the moonlight. Too bad, perhaps; but again, the thing to do is to let him go ahead and tell it as he pleases.

People who correct each other's yarns may get some private satisfaction out of keeping the record straight. We wouldn't know, not being thus afflicted. But they annoy listeners atrociously; and if you value your friends and your social contacts it's a habit to stay away from or get rid of, as your case may be.

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...That his taste
And wisdom
Demand the very
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In his choice of
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...and his choice of
Whiskey for himself.

* * * * * *

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PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE OF *Goodness*

DUMB DORA
SHE'S NOT SO DUMB!
ROD! ARE YOU HURT? ARE YOU WOUNDED? DID YOU JUST WASH YOUR HAIR?
DADDY'S FUNNY ISN'T HE?
QUIET, WOMAN! BEHOLD YOGI RODNEY! I SEEK STRENGTH, POWER AND PERSONALITY IN THE SECRET MYSTERIES OF THE EAST. BEGONE, WOMAN!
GOODNESS ME!
ME, TOO!
O, MR. BOGEY. EXCUSE ME, BUT IF YOU WANT POWER 'N' STRENGTH 'N' STUFF I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA.
DAREST THOU QUESTION THE POWER OF YOGI, WOMAN? LEMME SEE WOTCHA GOT.

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THERE YOU ARE! SHREDDED RALSTON! IT'S WHOLE WHEAT, AND YOU KNOW HOW GOOD THAT IS FOR YOU. MUCH BETTER 'N' YOUR OLD YOGI. AND YOU'LL LOVE IT!
WHOLE WHEAT, EH? H-M-M. WELL, IF THIS SHREDDED RALSTON TASTES AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS, I'M CONVERTED.
ISN'T IT DELICIOUS? TASTES LIKE A MILLION, I ALWAYS SAY! WHAT DO YOU ALWAYS SAY, ROD?
I ALWAYS SAY, DORA DARLING, YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB!
IT'S BITE SIZE
BITE SIZE
READY TO EAT
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Shredded Ralston costs less per ounce than most nationally advertised, ready-to-eat cereals—only half as much as some. Order a package and put yourself in this *picture of goodness* right away.

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